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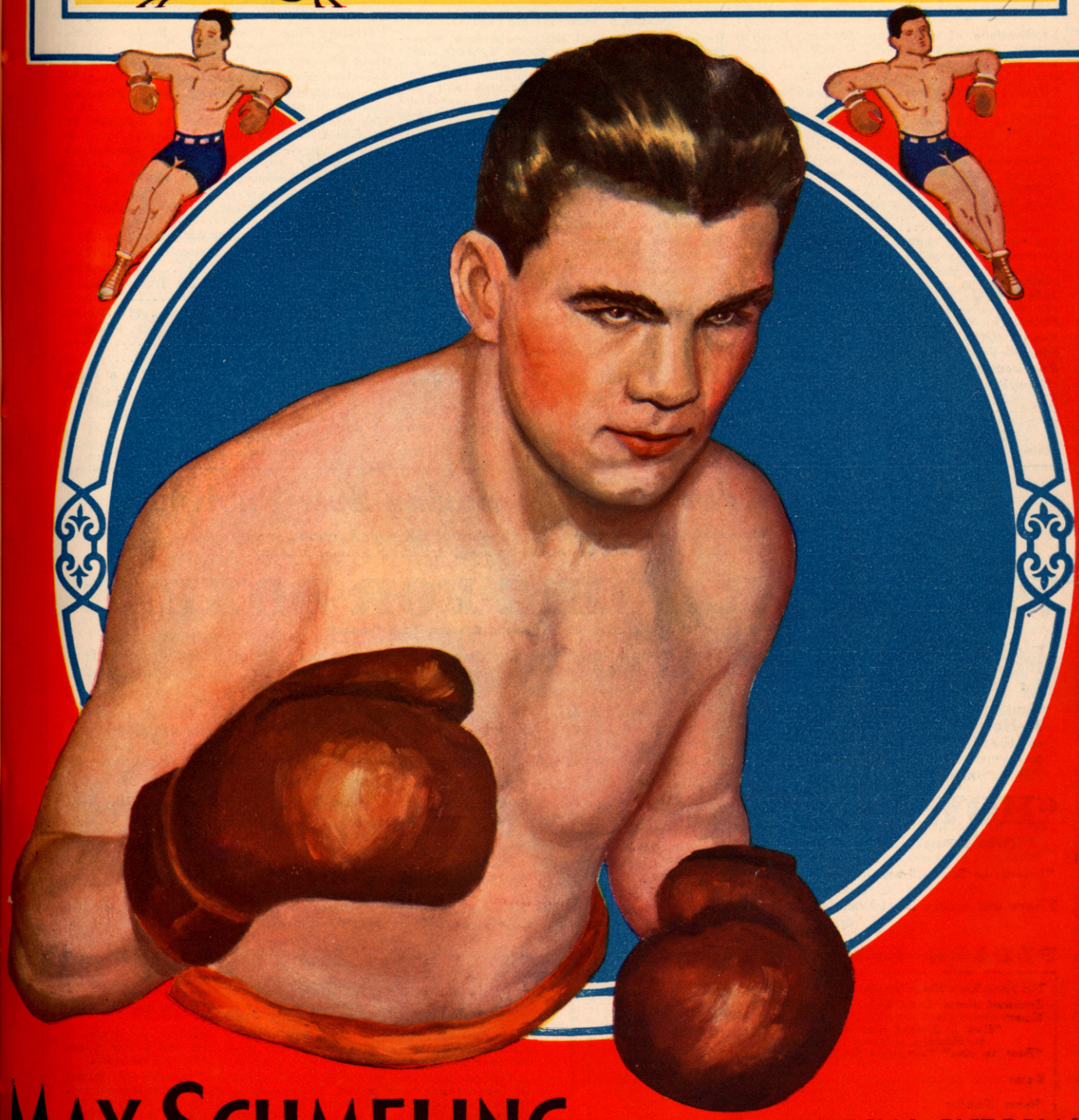

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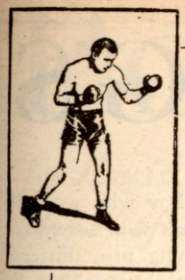

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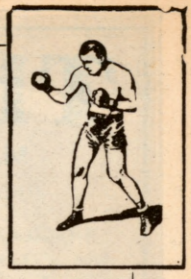

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In Our Next Issue

THE Fistic World is all agog over the next World's Heavyweight Championship fight. You will find in "The Ring" every angle thoroughly covered by experts who will follow the training of the rival gladiators in their camps. Don't miss this special championship number which will contain heaps of valuable information and many thrilling photographs.

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EVERY time boxing commissions in various parts of the country "pull a boner," there is talk about going back to the club membership days. This, of course, will never happen but the interest of the public is always aroused by such comment. Read Clarence Gillespie's story on "In The Club Membership Days of New York," if you want to get a slant on how boxing was staged before commission rule went into effect.

DANIEL M. DANIEL'S contribution "The Ring Globe Trotter", Nat Fleischer's Editorial comment, Eddie Borden's News of the Boxing World and other features will keep you entertained.

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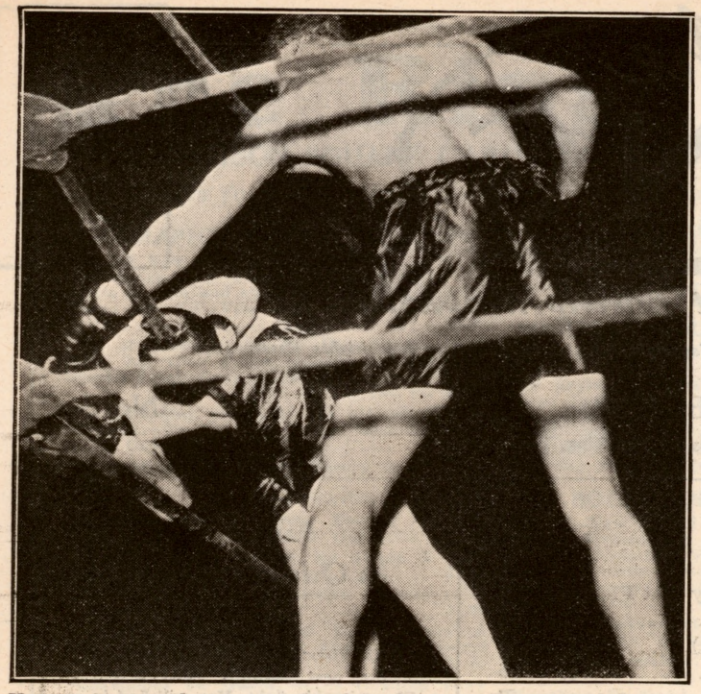
BOXING'S



Here is a typical scene as the fight between Brown and Louis progressed. Natie was determined to stick, even though he received terrible blows to the side as he pushed his head outside the ropes to avoid clouts to the chin. Referee Slim Brennan, contrary to the rules, didn't step between the boys and give Brown a chance to clear the ropes or count over him. He just let Louis bang away.

IF the performance of Joe Louis in his bout with Natie Brown in Detroit is a criterion, then the Black Hope will do as a contender for the world's heavyweight championship. That was the consensus of opinion among critics who flocked to Detroit from New York, Cleveland, Chicago, and other important fistic centers to give Joe the "once-over" in what undoubtedly was his severest test since he began his rise towards international fame.

The shellacking that Joe gave to Brown enabled the critics to judge much better the caliber of the Negro than had he, as was generally expected, put his opponent away in a jiffy. The only reason Louis didn't do that was because he was pitted against a cagy fighter who, in his aim to last the limit, as he had informed the scribes he would do at all costs, went into the fray so thoroughly covered up most of the time that it was almost an impossibility for Louis to locate the jaw. It was that style of milling that resulted in Brown sustaining two severe cuts over the eyes that required eight stitches on each side, a swollen cheek bone and blotches over the side and front of his body that testified to the severe beating he had received.

There is no doubt in my mind that had Brown fought an open battle, he would have been stowed away within three rounds. In fact, the only round in which Brown decided to test Louis in an exchange resulted in Natie being floored with a terrific short left hook that kept the Washington scrapper in a woozy state thereafter. He admitted it after the bout.

* * *

THAT Louis is a hitter par excellence cannot be questioned. He may not be ready for Baer, but he certainly is ready for any of the other heavyweights who are after Livermore Max's crown. There aren't more than four heavyweights at this writing who can stand the acid test with Louis—Lasky, Carnera, Braddock and Schmeling—and after seeing the Detroiter in action, I think he can triumph over Braddock and Schmeling, but would have a mighty tough task disposing of the other two. That is a worth-while compliment paid to a youth who is only twenty years old and who, less than a year ago, hung up his gloves as a Simon-pure to try his luck in the professional field.

What will happen in another year, I do not care to predict, but were I Braddock, Lasky, Schmeling or Carnera, I would much prefer to tackle this new Black menace now, rather than wait until he has had a chance to develop further. I wouldn't want to hold off for another year.

While at this stage I think that the Negro boy who won all but four out of fifty-four amateur fights and has won seventeen consecutive bouts against good men since turning pro, thirteen by the K.O. route, is not ripe for the terrific hitting Baer. I look forward to an exceptionally keen contest, with plenty of thrills, in his coming battle with Carnera. I think that a Louis-Lasky bout would be a humdinger because of the respective styles—both of the stand-up type, good hitters and clever boxers—and I think that in such a contest Lasky would redeem himself for the Braddock defeat.

As for the affair with Carnera, as I have already remarked, I look for the same kind of thrills that kept the fans on edge in the bout between Primo and Baer last year, with the Italian taking the count several times. Though the belief of those who watched the Louis-Brown fight was that the Negro will beat Carnera, and possibly score a knockout, that is problematic. The only way Louis is likely to beat Primo will be if he can fight the Italian in close and play a heavy attack to the body. Joe carries TNT in either hand and if he can land on his opponent, he will batter him down.

But it must be remembered that the best way to beat Carnera is the way Baer beat him—by throwing plenty of overhand rights and using long left uppercuts. A fighter like Louis, whose best punches are short, stinging hooks, will find Primo hard to get to. The Italian's arms will be used as the barrier and it will become necessary for Louis to overcome that obstacle. I fear that Primo's huge arms will be in the way of Louis' powerful right shots and if Louis tries to get in too close, he will find Primo tying him up and roughing him so that the Negro will lose much of his steam.

On the other hand, Louis may cop Primo just one good sock and that blow may win the fight for the young Negro. It is safe to predict that Louis won't win with just one knockdown, for it will take more than that to keep the former champion down, but if Joe can land often enough, as did Baer, he will have Carnera floundering all over the ring. The fight will be an ideal one to test Louis' staying powers and courage, and I look for the Negro to emerge with flying colors. I predict he will win!

* * *

JOE is a much harder hitter at this stage of his career than was Schmeling when he disposed of Joe Sekyra and overnight became a prominent figure in American pugilism. In defense and cleverness, Louis is equally as good as is Schmeling, even now, and that is praise of the highest order.

The Negro has been severely criticized by some scribes because he fights flat-flooted, but in that respect he is following in the footsteps of many other famous ring gladiators. The man whose successor Joe Louis hopes some day to be—Jack Johnson—was a flat-footed fighter, yet they never came any better than he. Johnson was a powerful hitter and one of the ring's greatest blockers, despite his flat-footed stance, hence Louis need not worry about that.

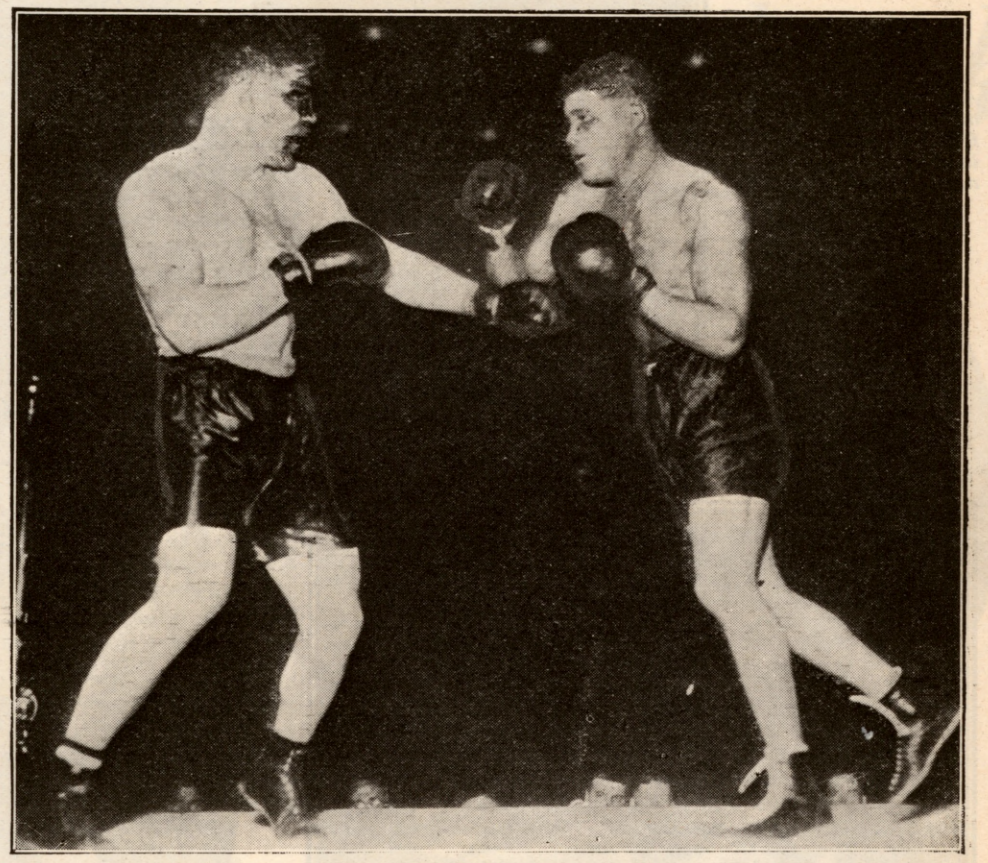
Louis is a good fighter, and may become a second Johnson in boxing skill and hitting powers, but until such time as he meets a man who can hit much harder than any he has yet encountered, we cannot judge how far he will go. True, Carnera, his next opponent, is not endowed with hitting prowess, yet I think the contest with Primo will be an ideal test for Joe, because he will be forced to show at his best to take the Italian behemoth into camp.

Above all, Joe will be compelled to prove his gameness for, even though Carnera is not a dangerous hitter, he is the roughest fighter who has been in the fistic spotlight in the last quarter of a century, and a triumph over Primo would be a big feather in his cap. It would put the Negro right in line for a shot at the champion, be it this year or a year from now. The color line won't save any title-holder, especially if Louis should win by a

POKER FACE

By NAT FLEISCHER

Joe Louis, the Black Hope of Detroit, Looms Up Strong Among the Heavyweight Championship Contenders



A scene in the seventh round of the Louis-Brown battle in Detroit. Note the battered features of Natie. He had deep cuts above both eyes, a cut lip and a puffed cheek.

knockout. The public will see to that!

* * *

WHAT impressed me most with Louis was his extreme coolness, both prior to his entrance into the ring and under fire, his beautiful left hook, his powerful right hand sock, and the manner in which he hits, steps aside and goes right back with a follow-up punch—the style which brought success to Jack Johnson and Kid McCoy. He possesses a world of natural ability, which is being brought out by Joe Blackburn, a veteran who knows what it is all about.

Louis is a short, sharp puncher like Johnson, McCoy and Dempsey. His blows scarcely ever travel more than a foot. In fact he often hooks his punches up so close that it is almost an impossibility to see them. He whips in a swift right, one of the best I have ever seen.

In his bout with Brown I thought for a time that he was right-hand crazy because of the manner in which he cocked that fist for action and kept shooting it in at every opportune moment, but, as the fight progressed, I found, much to my astonishment, that Joe is just as good a left-hand puncher as he is a right. The finest part of his hitting, as Kid McCoy, a spectator, remarked to me after the fight, is the manner in which he follows a hard punch.

It was noted throughout the fight that when he lands with his right, he quickly shifts either backwards or sideways to prevent his opponent from recovering quickly by jumping into a clinch, or leaning against Joe, and, just as rapidly, Louis steps forward again with a beautiful left hook that jars the spine and makes the recipient feel he is ready to hear the birdies sing.

Natie Brown explained that reaction to me with the statement that after the first round, when Joe twice caught him with straight rights and short left hooks, he was in a daze for seven rounds. "I didn't recover my equilibrium," said Natie, "and that's why, I suppose, I kept covering up and bending so far down. There's dynamite in either of Louis' fists."

* * *

IT is the general opinion that Louis should go far, especially because he is a fine, quiet fellow with no vices and only one aim—to win for his race the heavyweight crown. He may not succeed, but fistic followers are certain to see the lad trying hard.

His features are absolutely expressionless. He shows no emotion either before or after a fight, and during the contest, he is as cool as a cucumber. There isn't the least change of expression at any time during a mill.

His stand-up stance, his flat-footedness, his continuous shuffling movement, all increase the fans' interest in this Negro boy. He is colorless, so far as the spectacular is concerned, but what he lacks in that he makes up in hitting power, for there isn't a moment during a fight that the fans aren't following his every movement, awaiting expectantly the delivery of the TNT punch that to date has annihilated thirteen out of seventeen opponents. That may not be the "color" exemplified by Max Baer or others who carry a certain attraction into the ring, but it has a huge drawing power, nevertheless.

* * *

A SUMMARY of my analysis of Joe Louis shows:

1—That he is a terrific right-hand puncher. His right is always cocked, ready for quick action.

2—He has a perfect left hook that carries TNT.

3—He carries the stance of a boxer of the Corbett type, but instead of throwing jabs, he waits for his opponent to lead and before his rival's blow reaches its mark, an effective counter is unloosed that connects with devastating effect and kills the effectiveness of the opponent's punch.

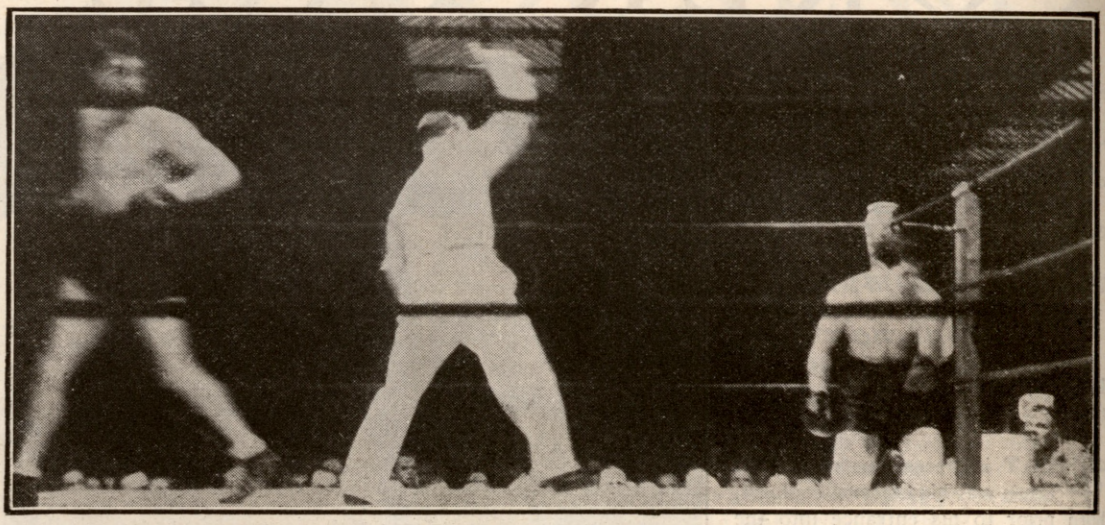
4—He is the coolest, most collected, fighter since Jack Johnson's days. Even when he gets tapped or receives an unusually hard blow, Joe doesn't bat an eyelash. One wouldn't think the punch even touched him.

5—He wields his left in corkscrew fashion like McCoy's famous punch, except that he doesn't screw it downward as did the famed Kid, who, incidentally, is highly enthusiastic over Joe's chances.

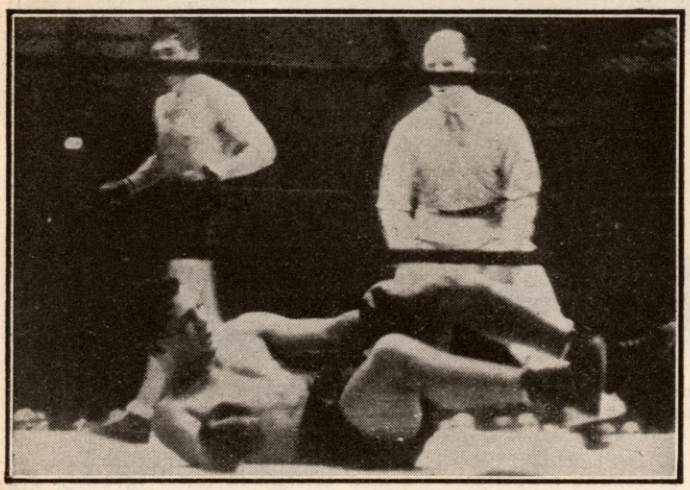
6—He is a short, sharp puncher, whose blows don't travel far but are delivered with the full force of the shoulder and back and land with telling effect.

7—He can take it, as was evidenced three times in the sixth round of the Brown-Louis bout, *(Continued on page 47)*

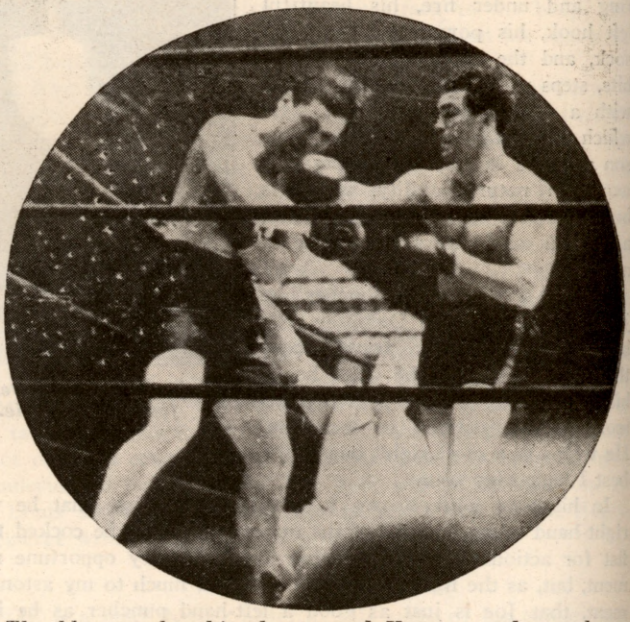
SCHMELING'S GREAT TRIUMPH



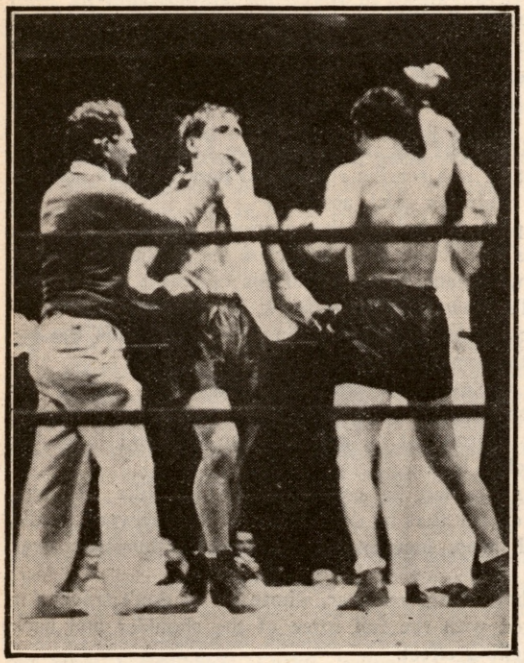
After the second knockdown. Note how wobbly Hamas is as he is seeking instructions from his corner and the referee is counting up to nine.



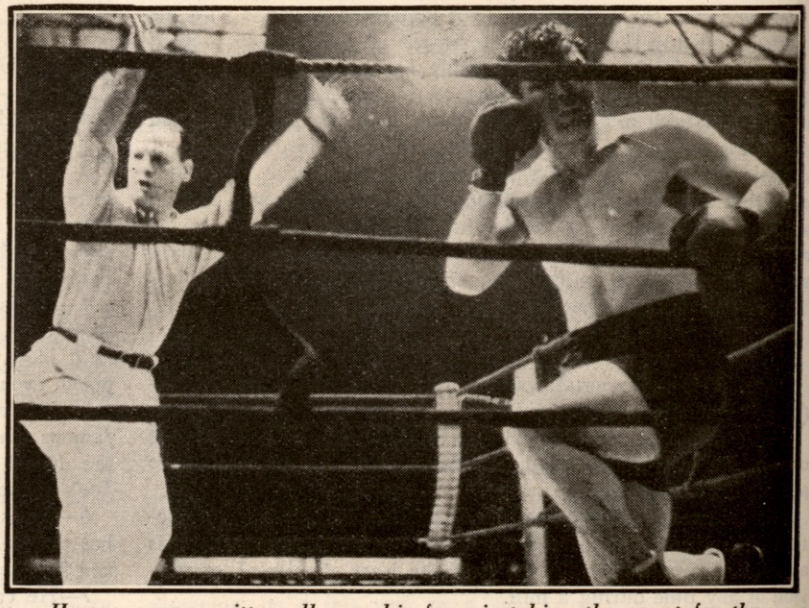
The first of three knockdowns in the sixth round of the Hamas-Schmeling bout in Hamburg, in which the schoolmaster referee, Valoni, halted the bout in ninth round to save Steve from further punishment.



The blow to the chin that started Hamas on the road to ruin. Note the resemblance between this short, snappy right and the hook that Dempsey usually employed.

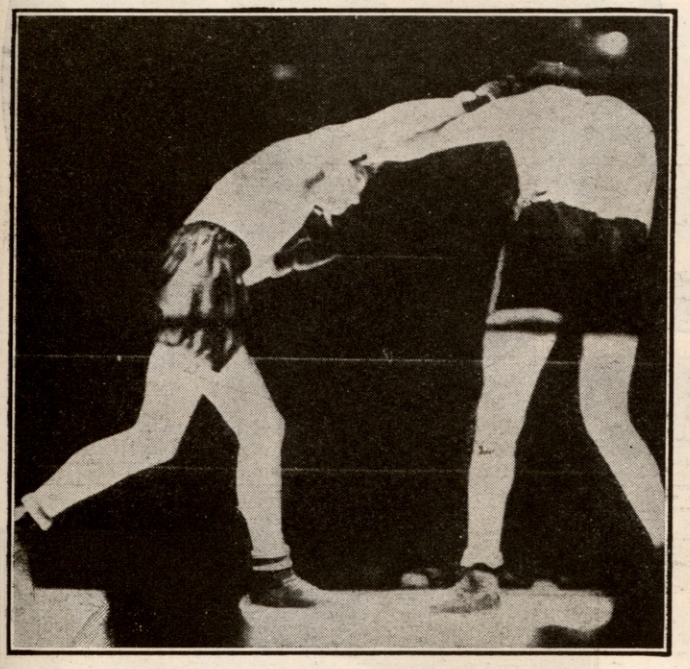


Steve's seconds in the ring, supporting him as Referee Valoni holds up Schmeling's hand in token of victory in the ninth session.

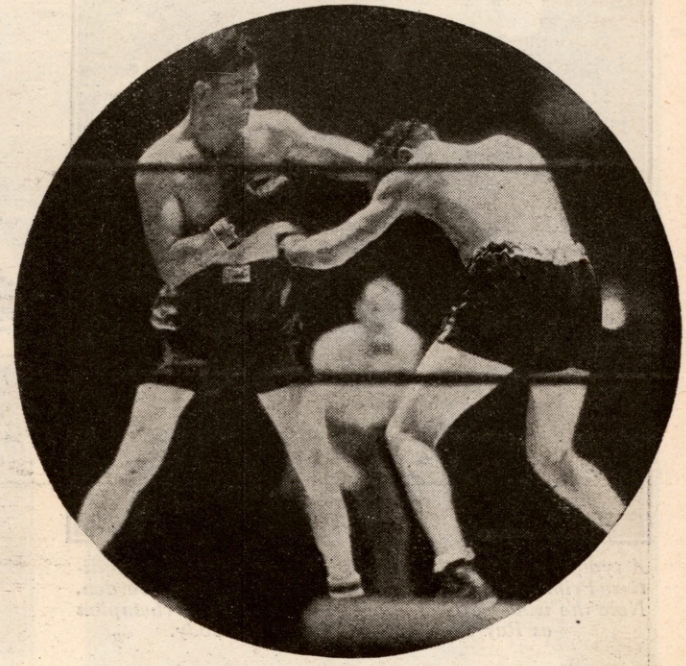


Hamas, agony written all over his face, is taking the count for the third time in the sixth round.

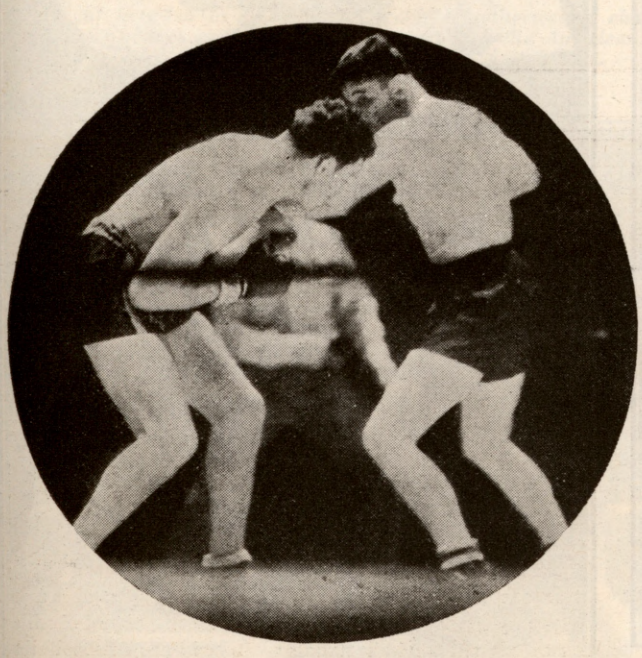
BRADDOCK'S Stirring Comeback



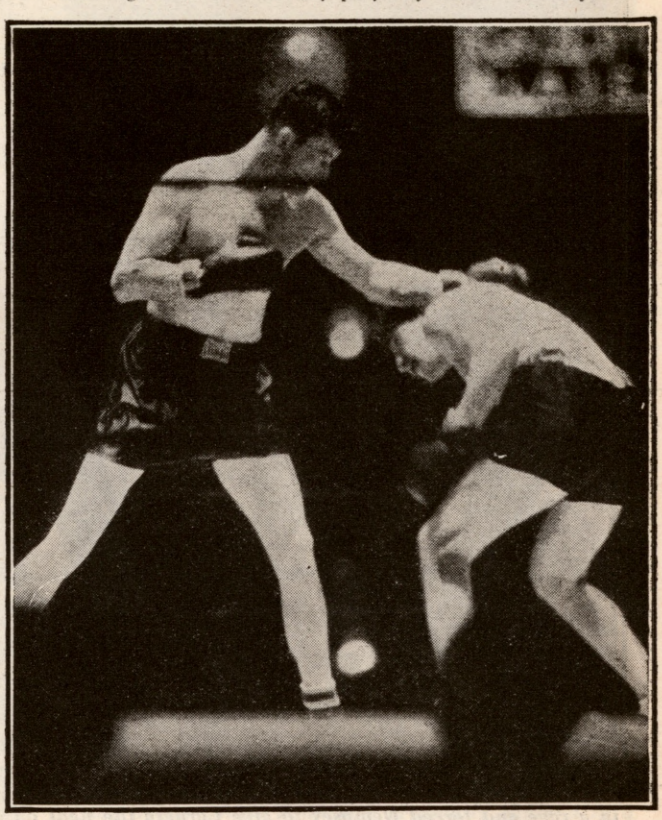
Even when it came to landing with overhand punches Braddock was there with bells on. Note how he has reached Lasky's head with an overhand right, and see how he has his left ready for a follow-up.



Jimmy's left finds its target. It crashes against Lasky's cheek bone and shakes the Californian. No recent heavyweight battle elicited so much praise for a fighter as Braddock earned through his excellent showing. He rated himself perfectly to win handily.

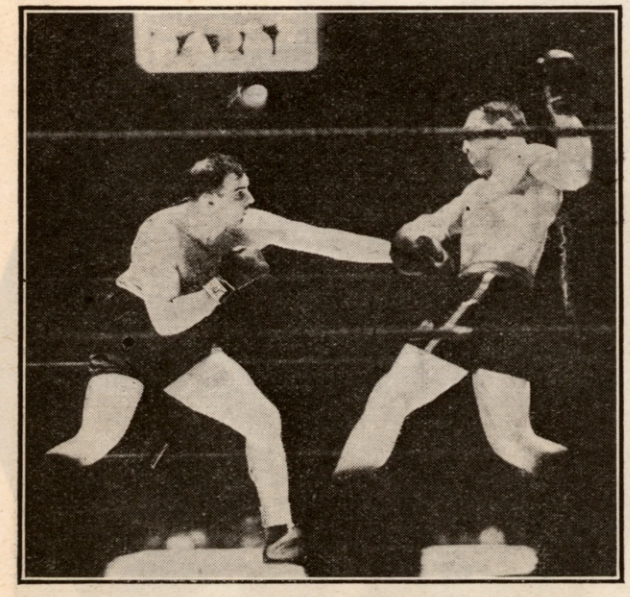


An exchange at close range. Both gladiators fought a fine, heady, speedy battle with plenty of effective punching throughout the fifteen rounds. It was one of the best heavyweight bouts seen in the Garden in many months.

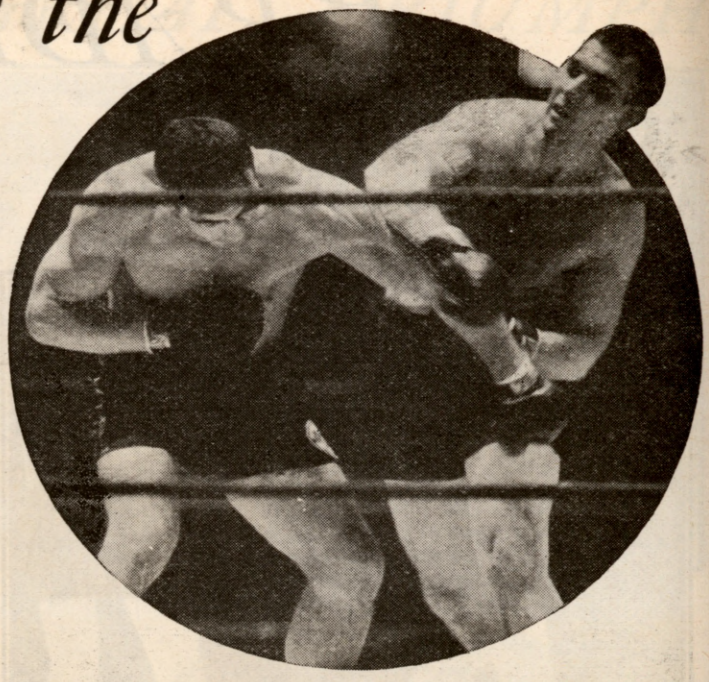


Braddock (left) shoots his stinging left over Lasky's head, but has his right cocked for a shot that comes through with telling effect immediately after.

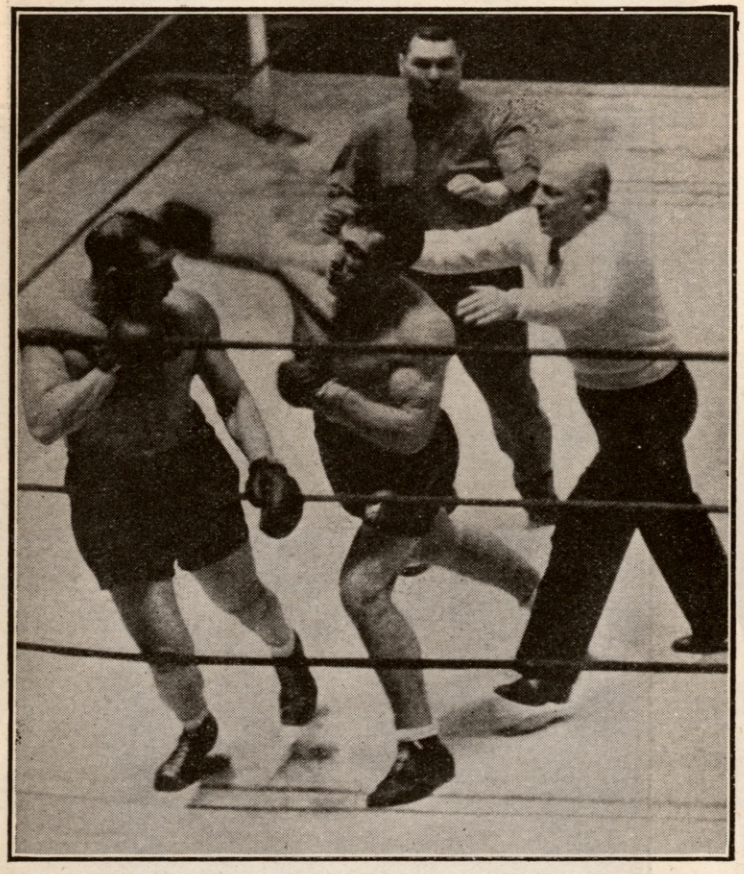
The BATTLE *of the* GIANTS



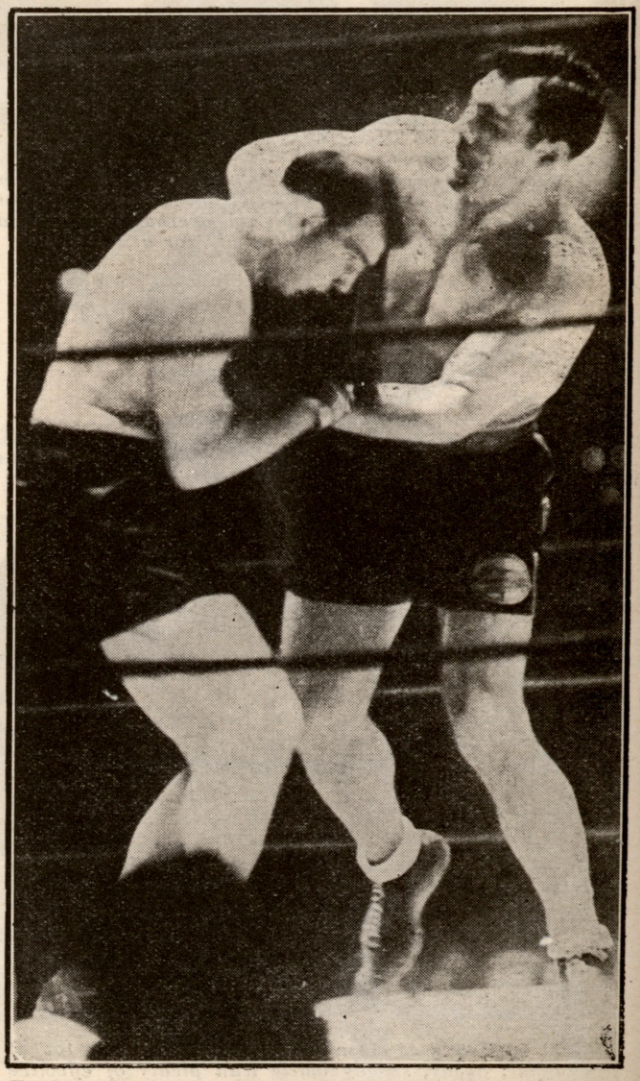
A typical scene in the early rounds of the Ray Impellitiere-Primo Carnera fight in Madison Square Garden. Note the wide opening afforded by the former champion as Ray leads with a left for the body.



Here we see Ray following up a hard right to the body. He cornered Primo but, hampered by the ropes, Impellitiere was unable to follow up his advantage.

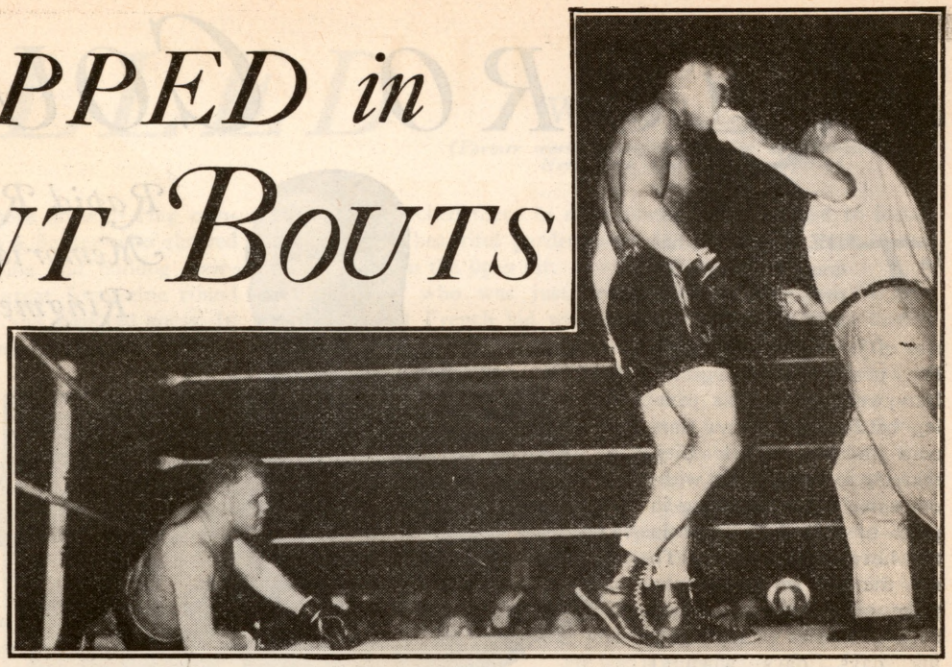


The end of the battle came when Harry Lenny leaped into the ring in a rage and forced Dempsey to give Carnera the fight on a foul, despite the rules of the Boxing Commission that such cannot take place. When Lenny entered the ring, he automatically ended hostilities in the ninth round.

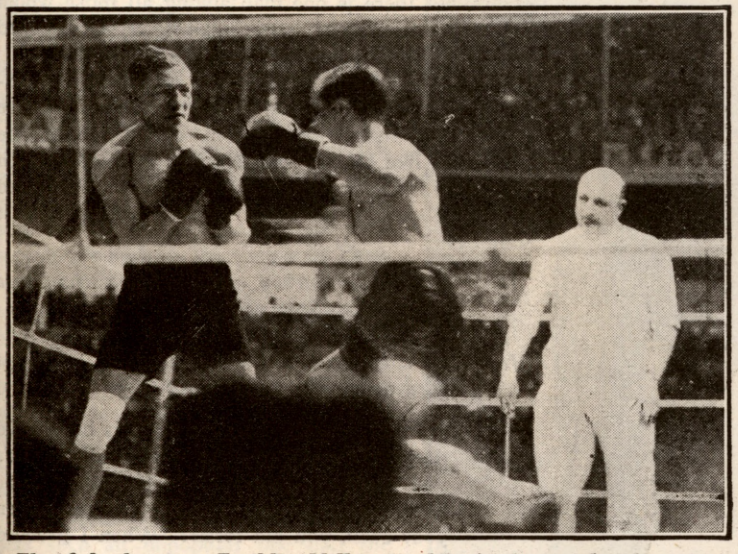


Fouls and rough work were featured in this battle of the behemoths. Here we see Primo with a headlock on his adversary and a firm grip on his wrist.

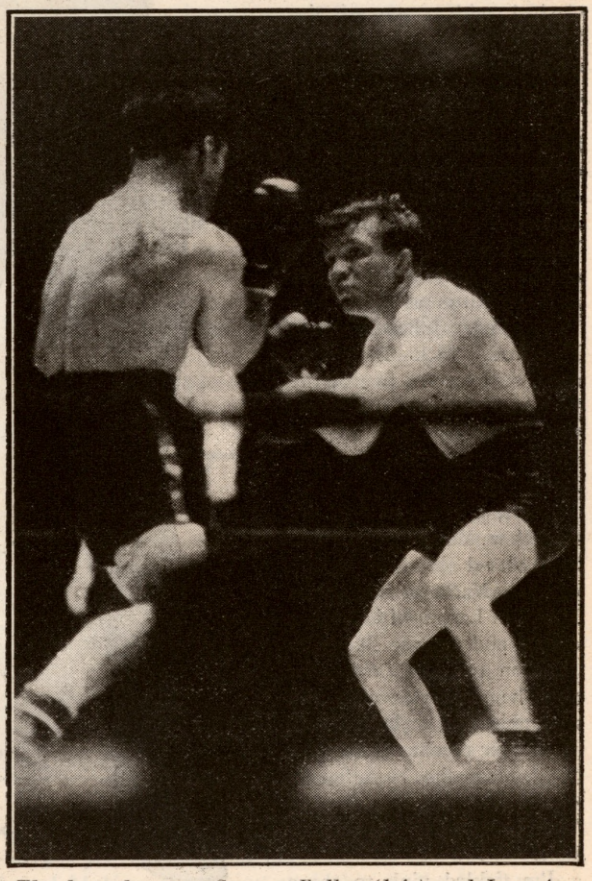
SNAPPED in RECENT BOUTS



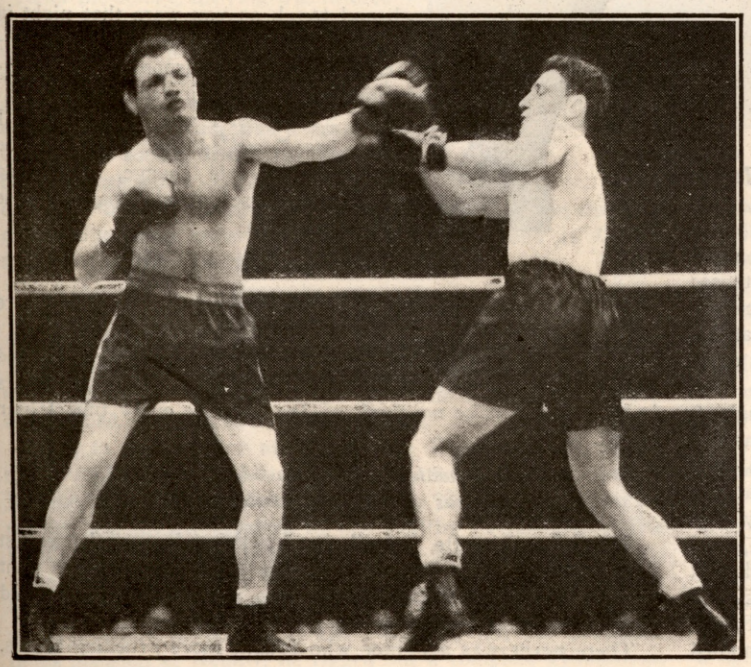
No, Toby Irwin, the Coast referee, is not taking a punch at Joe Louis, sensational Negro heavyweight from Detroit. He is simply ushering Louis to a neutral corner after Joe had floored Red Barry at San Francisco. Red was down four times before the bout was stopped in the third round. Louis will soon be seen in New York against Primo Carnera.



The fight between Freddie Miller, world's featherweight champion, and Jose Gorones at Barcelona, Spain, in which the American scored a knockout in two minutes of the first round.



The bout between Sammy Fuller (left) and Lou Ambers of Herkimer, N. Y., in Madison Square Garden, in which the upper New York State whirlwind earned the right to fight Barney Ross for the title by decisively whipping Fuller. It was a triumph also for the New York Boxing Commission, which had named Ambers the official challenger for Ross, while Fuller was the Illinois Commission choice.



Tony Canzoneri got revenge on Chuck Woods of Detroit for the defeat which Tony had previously suffered in a ten-round mill in the automobile city. Tony obtained a return engagement and outclassed Woods to win the decision. Tony (right) is here shown blocking Woods' left.

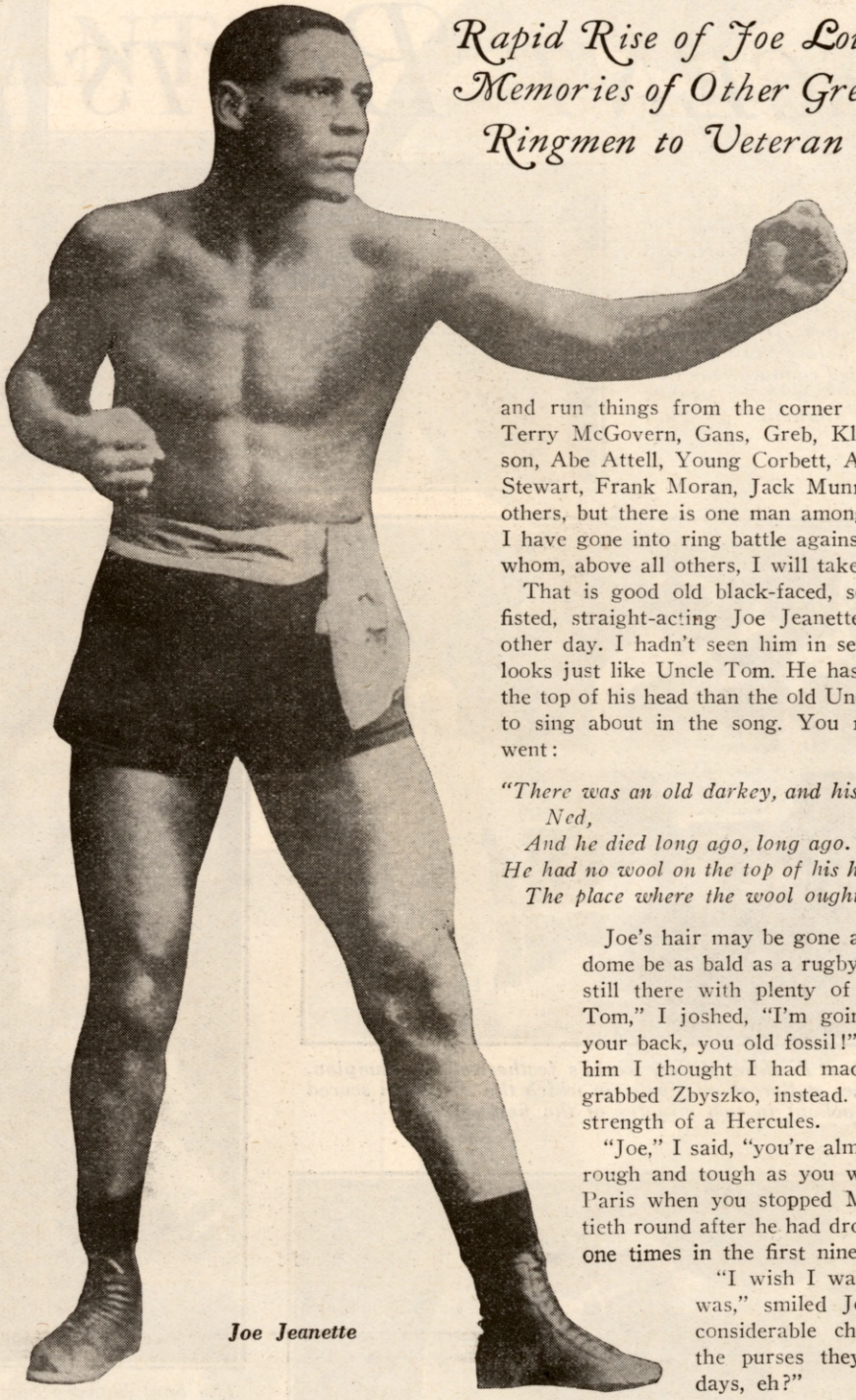
NEGRO COURAGE

Rapid Rise of Joe Louis Brings Memories of Other Great Colored Ringmen to Veteran Fighter

THE Negro race has come back into its own again in fistic affairs. With the rise of Joe Louis to a headline position among the heavyweights, and his coming battle with Primo Carnera in New York City, scarcely a day goes by without some story appearing in print of this new giant in the heavyweight ranks. To me, the rise of Louis to a place of prominence brings back memories of my fighting days, days when I clashed with some of the leading figures of all time in the history of American pugilism.

The name of Louis brings back to me the memory of other great Negro fighters, colored ringmen who rate among the world's greatest. When I was in my prime, I numbered among my friends such warriors as Sam McVey, Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, Jack Blackburn and Joe Jeanette, five of the best heavyweights this country has ever had, one of whom, Blackburn, is now Louis' trainer.

Louis, I've been told by the New York scribes who watched him in action against Natie Brown, hits like Sam Langford and has a stance and defense like Jack Johnson and within another year he should develop into a combination of both. Well, if he ever reaches that stage, we'll have the best fighter of all time, for such a combination would be unbeatable.



Joe Jeanette

I'm tickled pink to see a good Negro boy coming to the front, and if Louis is as good as any one of the five men I've named, then we're going to see some fighter when the Detroiter tackles Primo. Boxing needs a colorful colored lad among the heavies to stir up things, and if what the New York scribes say about Louis is the correct dope, then boxing is in for some lively doings this summer.

The reason why Louis' name excites me is because the toughest, gamest, whitest Negro I ever knew was that other Joe, Jeanette. Let me tell you a story about this other Joe that will fit in quite nicely with the ballyhoo now going on for Louis, but what I'm going to tell about Jeanette won't be ballyhoo. The story is a true one.

For fifteen years I fought them all, big and little, black and white, title-holder and tyro. I met half a dozen champions—Joe Gans, Honey Mellody, Dixie Kid, Stanley Ketchel, Billy Papke, Frank Klaus, Joe Walcott and Sam Langford. I have handled and run things from the corner for such men as Terry McGovern, Gans, Greb, Klaus, Willie Jackson, Abe Attell, Young Corbett, Augie Ratner, Jim Stewart, Frank Moran, Jack Munroe and scores of others, but there is one man among all those whom I have gone into ring battle against, or seconded, to whom, above all others, I will take off my hat.

That is good old black-faced, soft-spoken, hard-fisted, straight-acting Joe Jeanette. I met Joe the other day. I hadn't seen him in several months. He looks just like Uncle Tom. He has no more hair on the top of his head than the old Uncle Ned they used to sing about in the song. You remember how it went:

"There was an old darkey, and his name was Uncle Ned,
And he died long ago, long ago.
He had no wool on the top of his head—
The place where the wool ought to grow."

Joe's hair may be gone and his brown old dome be as bald as a rugby football, but he's still there with plenty of strength. "Uncle Tom," I joshed, "I'm going to put you on your back, you old fossil!" When I grabbed him I thought I had made a mistake and grabbed Zbyszko, instead. Joe still has the strength of a Hercules.

"Joe," I said, "you're almost as strong and rough and tough as you were that night in Paris when you stopped McVey in the fiftieth round after he had dropped you twenty-one times in the first nineteen rounds."

"I wish I was, Willie—wish I was," smiled Joe. "Might make considerable change, considering the purses they're paying these days, eh?"

* * *

JOE JEANETTE, ah, there was the fighter for you! There was the man!

The other night up at the house we had a little party and one of the boys recited Kipling's "Gunga Din." There's two lines in that which make me think of Joe Jeanette every time I hear them:

"An' with all his dirty 'ide
He was white, clear white, inside"—

That's Joe Jeanette, "of all that black-faced crew, the whitest man I knew"—the whitest man I ever knew, any way you want to take him. I never have met a man who had so many good traits or who inspired greater respect.

There never was a fighter who fought more gruelling battles,

RECALLED

By
WILLIE LEWIS
(Former world champion, handler of champions, and New York State boxing referee)

never a ring man who went through a more arduous ring campaign than Joe Jeanette. There never was a fighter who showed more iron endurance, more rawhide stamina and bulldog courage than Joe Jeanette displayed in that great forty-nine round battle with Sam McVey in Paris. I saw it and I should know. In my mind that was the greatest bout in ring history.

No man save one who boasted Jeanette's natural stamina and endurance coupled with Joe's steady habits, clean living and strict observance of every rule of health, ever could go through such a terrific combat and emerge the winner at the end. There never was a stronger temperance lesson than Joe Jeanette preached that night in Paris.

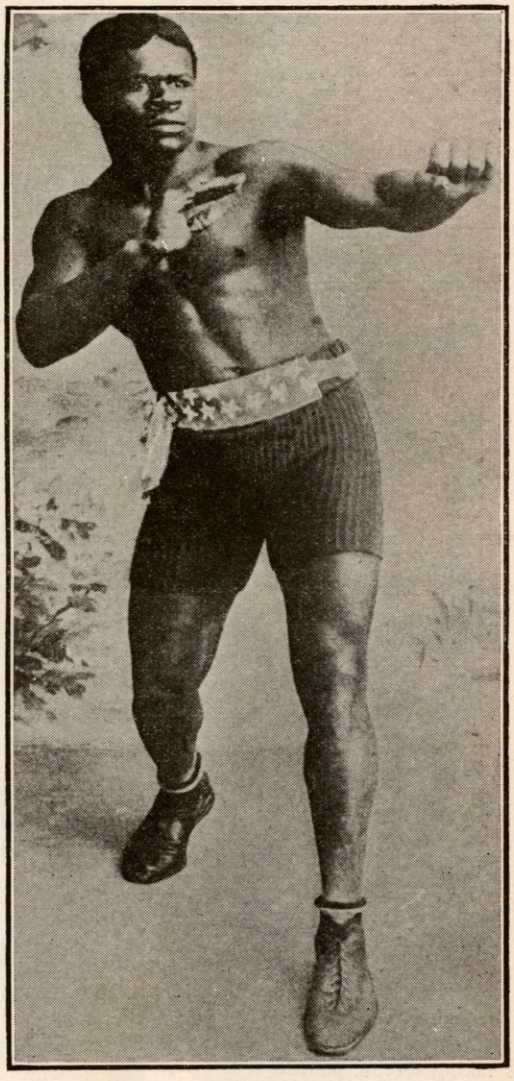
Forty-nine rounds of milling! Such soul-testing, heart-gripping milling it was!

McVey rained sledgehammer blows time and again flush to Joe's jaw, dropping him twenty-one times in nineteen rounds! Almost every knockdown was the kind that you'd swear would keep a man down. Never have I seen a man emerge from such a maelstrom of punishment as Joe Jeanette did that memorable night in the Cirque de Paris back in 1909.

You will recall that Dan McKettrick and I went over to Paris in 1908 and achieved such a triumph that we brought over Jeanette the following year. Joe brought his family along with him. After tumbling over a couple of lesser lights, Jeanette was matched with McVey for a twenty-round bout.

The decision went to McVey, but it was such an unpopular one that the French fans almost tore down the house. They threw everything they could get their hands on at the ring.

After the deluge, the ring was littered with papers, programmes, lorgnettes, opera glasses, walking sticks, hats, women's mesh bags, hatpins, and the good Lord knows what not. You must remember that boxing was a craze in Continental society then, that the nobility of both sexes considered it quite *de rigeur* to be at the ringside. And the gallery gods on this side of the Big Pond never give way to their feelings as I have seen some of the French spectators.



Sam McVey

* * *

THERE was such a storm of disapproval over the decision against Jeanette that the men were matched to meet in a finish fight at the same place, the Cirque de Paris. Dan McKettrick turned Jeanette over to me to train.

I was in training for my battle with Honey Mellody at the time. Frank Moran was my sparring partner. I loaned him to Jeanette. Moran, Jim Stewart, who was Joe's regular sparring partner, and myself repaired to my wealthy French friend Jim Pratt's villa at Neuilly, near Paris, to get Joe in shape.

Monsieur Pratt, despite his English sounding name, was French, and one of Europe's greatest sports patrons. He had racing and show horses galore and estates all over the Continent. In his mansion at Neuilly, he rigged out a complete gymnasium, but society flocked there in such numbers that he had to install a ring in the beautiful gardens outside, and we did most of our public work in the open air.

Carpentier, who was just breaking in at the time, a thin, scrawny, frail French lad who didn't weigh much more than a hundred pounds, used to hang around the quarters. Jeanette, out of the goodness of his heart, used to don the gloves with Carpentier and show him how to box *l'Americaine*. I gave Georges quite a few pointers, too.

Well, we got Joe in great shape for the battle. He was the easiest man to train I ever saw. He had no bad habits. The limit of his dissipation was to take his wife and kids to the theatre and that seldom at night, for he generally was under the quilts by nine o'clock.

He was a glutton for work. He would just as soon think of sticking his hand in the fire as to accept any of the numerous Montmartre invitations that were showered upon him.

Joe Jeanette then, as now, was a quiet, clean-living, home-loving man. Joe's habits helped him become the ring wonder he really was and all boxers should heed the lesson. Unfortunately, he never has been given the credit he deserves in ring history, and that is why I'm giving it here. The craze over Louis in this country, is a duplicate of that which Parisians displayed over Jeanette twenty-five years ago.

* * *

THE only instructions I gave Jeanette when we entered the ring in the Cirque de Paris was not for him to land a single blow to the head until I gave him the word. And I didn't give him the word until about the twentieth round.

"Feint him out, Joe!" I ordered. "Cuff him now and then about the face and threaten him, but don't land a solid punch to the head until I tell you. Keep pounding away at heart and wind. That's the way to wear him down. It will be time enough to try the jaw after you have softened him up."

I was afraid Joe might break his hands on the thick-skulled, granite-jawed McVey, whom you could hit on the head with a bat without hurting him much anyway. Besides, I knew it was going to be a question of endurance, and heart and wind were the best points of attack.

To McKettrick, Stewart and Moran, I warned:

"Not a drop of water on Joe, not one of you! It'll only stiffen him up. I'll give him water on the head if he ever gets far enough gone to demand it, but don't let a drop go on his body."

Once, and only once, during the fight—it was about midway, I think—did I douse Joe with water. He then was on the canvas, dead to the world. I doused a whole bucket of water on his head, almost flooding the ring.

The referee and the police wanted to throw me out of the building, but I pointed out that there was nothing in the rules which prevented it. And there wasn't. It was not until after the McVey fight that the French passed the rule prohibiting dousing a fighter with water.

Well, what a fight! What a terrific fight the Rothschilds, Vanderbilts, George Gould, Countess de Castellane and all the rest of the social cream saw after the gong rang that memorable night!

Forty thousand was a lot of money in those days—a lot of money. That amount was in the house.

For thirty rounds, Jeanette took the most terrific lacing I ever saw a man stand up under and live. In the first nineteen rounds, McVey scored twenty-one knockdowns, averaging more than one knockdown per round. And ninety-nine per cent of those knockdowns were scored by punches flush to the jaw. That is why, at the end of the thirtieth round, Jeanette scarcely had a mark on him, while McVey was a mass of bruises. If Joe Louis displays the gameness of McVey when the Detroiter makes his New York début, I'll be first to acknowledge him as Jack Johnson's successor.

* * *

McVEY was a sharpshooter and he hit like a sledgehammer. He weighed 200 pounds to Jeanette's 185 and both were trained to the minute.

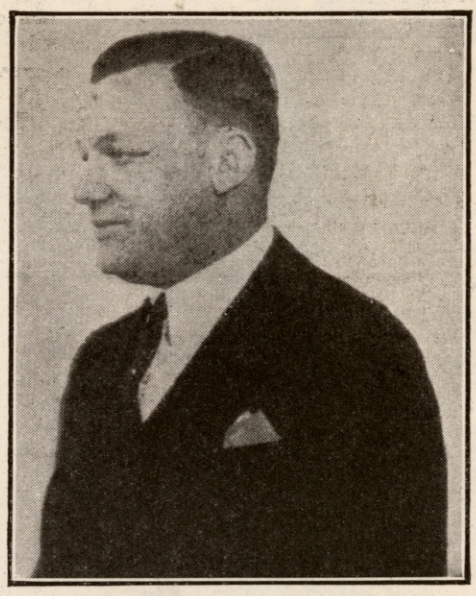
At least a dozen times during the first twenty rounds, McVey's terrific punches to the jaw felled Joe with such force that there didn't appear a chance of his getting up. But each time he either managed to get to his feet or the bell saved him.

In the eighteenth round, and not until the eighteenth round, I permitted the doctors whom we had at the ringside, equipped with bags of oxygen, to administer it to him. Every round after the eighteenth, Joe would inhale a little oxygen. It seemed to make a new man out of him and he came up fresh as a daisy each round, no matter what a terrific hammering he had to undergo in the previous round.

About the thirty-second round, I remarked to Joe that he looked better than at any stage of the fight and that I thought he would certainly win.

"Sure I'm going to win, Willie," he answered. "Sam is losing his punch. He can't hurt me any more."

It was about this time that the bout slowed up some. Both men were so tired they scarcely could lift their arms. They had been fighting at a terrific pace, giving all that was in them. I marvel even to this day how they kept it up.



Willie Lewis

As McVey, under Jeanette's steady body attack, gradually weakened and slowed down, I told Joe he could watch for his opening and play for the jaw. Time and again Joe smashed both hands to head and body, giving as well as taking terrific punishment.

In the thirty-ninth round, Joe hooked a crashing left to the jaw and dropped McVey like a log. Sam was dead game and was up at "five."

By the forty-second round, Jeanette had closed both of McVey's eyes and broken his nose in two places. Sam's lips were swollen to four times their natural size. His face looked like a balloon. And still Jeanette practically was unmarked!

McVey stiffened up as well as slowed up. When he came out for the forty-second round, he moved like a mechanical doll. His steps were jerky and forced. You see, his handlers had kept him continually drenched in water, the worst thing possible in a long fight.

* * *

WELL, at the end of the forty-ninth round, McVey was a pitiable sight. Jeanette had kept working away like a riveting machine and had closed both of Sam's eyes as tight as the proverbial drum. When the gong rang at the end of the forty-ninth round, McVey swayed there, blinded and groping. He could not see where his corner was and had to be led there.

The gong rang for the fiftieth round. Jeanette came to the ring center and extended his hand. McVey got to his feet but could not see. His seconds half carried, half led him to ring center and put his hand in Joe's.

"I can't see you, Joe; I can't see you, Joe!" groaned McVey, "and I couldn't raise my arm to hit you if I could, I've gone as far as I can. You win."

The fight had started about half-past eleven o'clock, as was customary in Paris then. It lasted three hours and fifteen minutes. It was a quarter of three in the morning before it was over.

* * *

JEANETTE would not consent to anything except the usual massage. He said he didn't need it and felt fine and demanded to be taken straight home. We left Joe at his apartment about four o'clock. McKettrick and I reached our hotel and tumbled into bed about half-past four. I had jumped up and down off the ring platform for more than three hours and never was so tired in my life. We left word that we were going to sleep until two or three in the afternoon and under no circumstances to let anyone awaken us.

About eight o'clock, the concierge pounded on the door. I tumbled out of bed, donned my robe and demanded what was up.

"Monsieur Jeanette is here," was the reply, "with the mail and he says he must see you."

I opened the door and there stood Jeanette. He was clad in his road togs.

"What's the matter, Willie?" he queried. "Aren't you going to do your road work? You know your fight with Mellody is only five days off. Come on. I'm going out on the road with you and work the stiffness out of me."

Ye gods and little fishes! Forty-nine terrible rounds, not more than four hours' sleep, and there was Joe Jeanette on hand to help me get in shape to fight Honey Mellody!

For two weeks after the fight Sam McVey didn't leave his bed. Part of the time the doctors and nurses were in constant attendance. Joe Jeanette came around to help me with my road work less than six hours after the fight was over.

At seven o'clock that night he officiated as starter in the Paris six-day bicycle race. And every day for one week, he worked with me helping me get fit for Mellody.

That was Joe Jeanette.

They never made a man like him and I doubt that they ever will again. Paraphrasing "Gunga Din":

"'Tho I've belted you and flayed you (in training),
By the livin' God that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Joe Jeanette!"

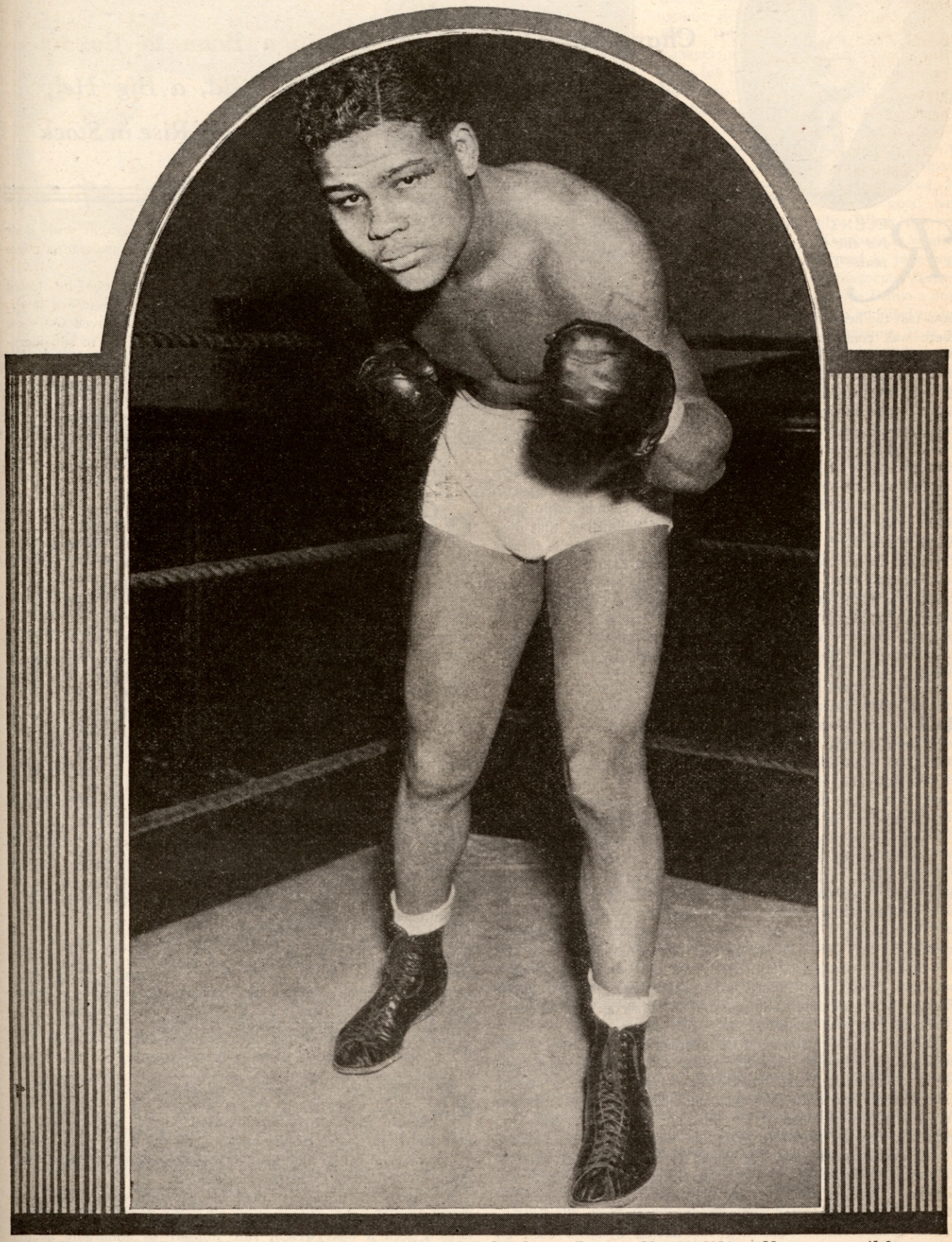
So there you have the story of the whitest Negro I had ever met. You have the story of a battle in which two of the best colored heavyweights of the last thirty years engaged in the most thrilling ring struggle I have ever seen.

I hope that when Joe Louis reads this story, he will try to emulate these famed gladiators. If Joe will develop the steady habits of Jeanette, observe strictly the every-day rules of life, stick to the training grind as did his namesake, I look for Louis to make the grade.

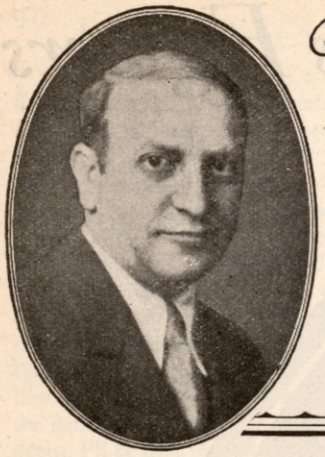
Louis has the backing of his race in his fight for national recognition and their prayers are being offered for his success. Naturally, the eyes of the American Negroes are focused on this representative of his people, and that should help Joe considerably in his climb upward. A golden opportunity faces this new menace to the white race. Will he make the grade? We will know after he meets Carnera.

The RING'S Album of Famous Fighters

No. 2



Joe Louis, most-talked-of Negro heavyweight since days of Jack Johnson. Born on May 13, 1914, at Montgomery, Alabama. Is six feet one inch tall and weighs 196 pounds. Following the winning of the Golden Gloves championship, he won the A. A. U. light-heavyweight and heavyweight titles in spring of 1934. Started professional career in Chicago by knocking out Jack Kracken in one round, July 4, 1934. Among his victims are Charley Massera, whom he K.O.'ed in three rounds; Lee Ramage, twice, first in eighth round and again in the second; Hans Birkie in the tenth, and Red Barry in the third. He has lived for the last eight years in Detroit and is a graduate of the grammar schools.



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Change in Heavyweight Situation Boon to Boxing
Jacobs' Entry into Promotorial Field, a Big Help
The Cauliflower Market Experiences Rise in Stock

RECENT fistic events indicate the most active summer for the fight game that this country has seen in many years. The results of the Hamas-Schmeling, Impellitiere-Carnera, Lasky-Braddock and Louis-Brown fights during the past few weeks, demonstrate how fast the heavyweight field may shift. Only a few months ago there was considerable worrying on the part of the Garden regarding the choice of an opponent for Max Baer for his fight in June. There seemed to be no heavyweight worth while on the horizon other than Carnera and the Garden was dubious about his drawing power in a return engagement with the man who so sadly whipped him in a title contest last summer.

But, almost overnight, the situation changed! First came the decisive victory of Schmeling over Neusel and the equally decisive triumph of Neusel over Jack Petersen, thus eliminating two foreigners from the field of possibilities for a championship fight. Then followed the second great victory of Schmeling, that over Steve Hamas who, at the time he went abroad to add the former champion to his victims, as he had supposed would be the case, was rated by most critics on this side of the Pond as the leading contender. The knockout of Hamas complicated things considerably as far as the heavyweight situation was concerned, for it brought back into the field the Black Uhlan who previously had been stopped by Baer, but who, it is acknowledged, is an excellent drawing card.

* * *

AFTER Baer had manhandled Carnera, there appeared to be no one of consequence to offer Max any real opposition, yet now there are four men. Following the German's knockout of Hamas, still another huge surprise was furnished when Jimmy Braddock, looked upon as just a set-up in the build-up of Art Lasky for a title shot, came through with his most sterling victory, a triumph over Lasky that put James right into the running.

Thus, where three months ago there was practically no one to test the mettle of Baer, today we have Schmeling, Braddock, and the Black Hope of Detroit. Of the quartet, the man who undoubtedly looms up as the biggest attraction from the financial point of view is Schmeling, and the man of least experience, and still untried for a big shot, is Louis. Carnera's status remains unchanged, and as for Braddock, his fighting qualities make him a most dangerous man at all times. The fact that he had knocked out both Neusel and Hamas makes Herr Max of the Hitler brigade the outstanding challenger, but as he has declined the issue, Braddock has been named for the titular shot.

One can readily understand the attitude of the Garden in the heavyweight mix-up. Naturally both Colonel Kilpatrick and Jimmy Johnston, his matchmaker, were eager to obtain for the "House that Tex Built" the best and most profitable attraction for Baer's first defense of his title, but the hazards were too great for them to overcome. First and foremost was the attitude of the leading challenger. He signed to fight Baer—at least so he was given to understand—for Herr Rothenberg of Hamburg, Germany's leading promoter, and no amount of persuasion could make him change his mind, and come here to fight for the Garden.

One cannot blame Schmeling for having assumed such an attitude. Why come to America and pay triple taxes—to Uncle Sam, to New York and to Germany—when he can avoid two of those by fighting abroad where the promoter has assured him that the taxes will be paid by Rothenberg if a fight with Baer materializes. Then again, he saves his American manager's cut—quite an item!

And so far as this country is concerned, we should be tickled pink that Schmeling has decided to remain away from our land.

It is about high time that an American boy is given the same privilege that a foreigner gets. Braddock is entitled to consideration, especially after his wonderful display of fisticuffs and general ring work against Art Lasky. Now that Braddock has been named to fight Baer, every true-blooded American who would have paid to see Baer and Schmeling should support the Baer-Braddock fight. At least we are assured that whatever Baer and Braddock get will be spent in the land of their birth—Free America!

* * *

IN all the years that Max Schmeling has piled up his fortune in Uncle Sam's domain, it is a matter of record that with the exception of the few dollars he spent in hotel expenses, every penny he made went back with him to Germany. So long as the Garden was negotiating for Schmeling's services, and still had the chance to bring him over for a Baer fight, I thought it no more than proper to permit the Garden officials to work out their own salvation, but now that such plans have fallen through, the American fight public is elated at the opportunity that falls to the lot of an American-born boy whose remarkable comeback has been the talk of the fistic world.

When the name of Braddock was first mentioned as a challenger, Baer, his mentor Ancel Hoffman, and the Garden officials snickered, but as the time arrived for the Garden to announce definitely its candidate, Braddock's stock took a rise. Editorial comment in American newspapers favored him over Schmeling as Baer's opponent because he is an American. The Irish followers of pugilism in America went to the mat for Braddock, the first of their race since Tunney to get a chance at the crown.

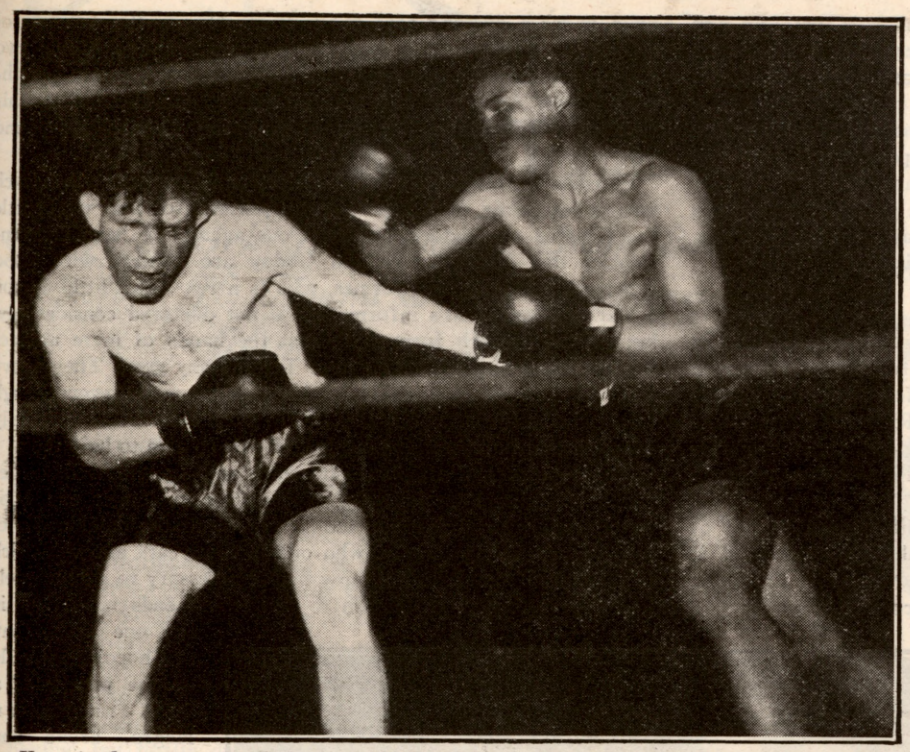
That Braddock will surprise many seems to be the opinion of his closest friends, who point to the fact that throughout the period of long waiting, he has continued to keep himself in trim condition through training.

As this goes to press, the announcement of Baer's opponent is still being held in abeyance by the Garden, but, as matters shape up at this writing, I can see no other opponent but Braddock, and if Jimmy retains the condition in which he appeared against Lasky, we shall see a tougher, more thrilling battle between Baer and Braddock than we would have between Baer and Schmeling.

* * *

SO much for the heavyweight situation as it now is lined up. Now for a few words on the fights of the month that have changed the picture—the Braddock-Lasky, Impellitiere-Carnera and Louis-Natie Brown matches. Of the three, the first two no doubt were by far the most important, because of the prominence of Lasky and Carnera as contenders.

Braddock, the forgotten man in the heavyweight scramble, came through with the greatest triumph of his career. Never have I seen a heavyweight rate himself so admirably as did Jimmy. There wasn't a mistake made by Jimmy in his rise to his greatest heights. He eliminated one of the best of the heavyweight topnotchers in Art Lasky.



Here is the answer to the query, "If Louis is as good as the scribes say he is, then why didn't he knock out Natie Brown?" The reason is because, as you will note, Natie either covered up completely or ducked his head under the ropes.

True, Art's hand was injured, but had he won, little would have been said about the injury and, with true sportsmanship, Art didn't use that injury as an excuse, nor did he attempt to take any of the glory of Braddock's victory from him by appealing to sympathy. And by taking that stand, Lasky gained many new friends who will reward him with their patronage when he next appears in New York.

* * *

BRADDOCK fought savagely, yet methodically. He forced the fight almost from the start, but took many a hard wallop to the jaw and severe uppercuts to the body while coming in. Neither gave ground when at close range fighting, Art taking a severe drubbing about the mouth.

It has been many moons since the fans of New York saw a heavyweight stand his ground under such an avalanche of terrific punches as Art took on the chin without flinching.

In the fourteenth round, Lasky seemed on the verge of a knockout as one right after the other crashed against his jaw. But he took the punishment and came back to give Braddock blow for blow as the round neared its end. Blood oozed from a damaged left eye and also from his nose but he wouldn't back away. Slow of foot, Shamus looked awkward, but with both barrels cocked for action, he was ever the dangerous fighter. He tagged Art flush on the chin at least a dozen times in the first four rounds and it was amazing how Lasky could stand up under the severe attack.

I don't think that Carnera nor Hamas would have weathered the storm. Lasky showed remarkable recuperative powers, for he repeatedly pushed forward, after annihilating blows had connected with his jaw, and mixed it, to the delight of the fans.

Lasky's stamina and courage were tested to their utmost in the eleventh, when a fusillade had him in a bewildered state, but only momentarily. Braddock hit him at will, crashing punch after punch to the chin, but Art wouldn't back away. He kept coming in, taking 'em all, and finally was able to retaliate.

Art took a bad beating about the head in the last two rounds, yet didn't flinch under the attack. He even bored in and caught Braddock twice with powerful blows to the heart, one of which almost took Jimmy off his feet.

It was a great fight, mates, and men who give the public that kind of milling are entitled to the fans' support. Let us not forget these boys!

THE victory of Carnera over Impellitiere earned for him the shot at Joe Louis after the Garden had made it known that it had no intention of pitting Primo against Schmeling for the right to fight Baer. The complaint of Harry Lenny, manager of Impellitiere, that Carnera bore down his man by foul tactics, hitting with the wrists, forearms, and shoulders, and roughing him about the ring, while true, is no excuse to offer for Ray's defeat. Ray had the same opportunity as did Primo to rough it, if he felt he was being manhandled by his opponent, but, instead, he apparently elected to be the good boy, and suffered accordingly. When the referee, in this case Jack Dempsey, a student of the rough school, refused to take cognizance of Primo's infringements, then it was up to Impellitiere to give Primo a dose of his own medicine—which he failed to do.

Boxing is not a parlor pastime. It is, in many respects, a rough-and-tumble sport in which refinement carries little weight. This is particularly true as regards heavyweights, especially those of the build of Carnera and Impellitiere.

The hope of the fans who see such an encounter is to view one of the boys in a prone position, and the manner in which the position is gained carries little weight with the average patron. Thus it behooves Lenny, for future bouts, to teach his Ray a few of the rough tactics practiced by Primo and then it won't be necessary for him to hurl the towel into the ring.

Lenny should have taken a lesson from Baer. Max remembered what Primo did to Loughran in Miami and decided if there was any roughing, he would have a hand in it and well did he succeed. Max didn't wait for Primo to get too far advanced. He took the bull by the horns, as Impellitiere should have done, and handed Primo more than he had bargained for.

In fact, he practiced on the Italian behemoth everything but bat swinging, and poor Primo never had a chance to come back. So there is a way of fighting Carnera, Mr. Lenny, and for a few pennies, Max Baer, world heavyweight king, will teach it to Impellitiere.

* * *

GIVING Ray his just due, we must admit that he was one of the most courageous heavyweights we have seen in many moons. For a raw novice, he overshadowed in defeat the victory of his rival. Ray was actually in front of the halfway mark. It was only Carnera's experience and his great strength that whipped Impellitiere. The New Yorker was buffeted about from rope to rope in the last few rounds, yet stood the gaff courageously until Lenny leaped into the ring to save him. At the time Ray was groggy from the heavy head smashing he had received and would have been put away had not Lenny interfered.

Although Impellitiere was buffeted about like a ship on an angry sea, his gameness was attested to by the fact that he wasn't floored once. His showing proved to the critics, and perhaps this time to his manager, that what Ray most needs are a few fights under his belt and not gymnasium bouts. If he receives action, he may yet go far, although he will never reach the top grade.

It was like old times in the Garden with the ringsiders of Rickard's days occupying the front rows and the house being close to a sell-out. The fans certainly got their money's worth, not only in the main event but in the preliminaries as well, and went home well satisfied despite the unnatural ending.

Until the sixth round, I had Impellitiere out in front by a margin of one round. He was giving his opponent far more than Ray was getting, much to the delight of the fans, but thereafter Primo's endurance, strength and roughness began to tell on the Cold Springs giant and he became a target for Carnera's huge,

clublike paws. An analysis of the rounds showed that Ray was the better all-round man, despite his defeat. What Ray most needs is ruggedness, of which he has none, and Primo has a cart load.

Although both boys have a fine reach, Carnera outscored Ray at long range. He had trouble reaching Impellitiere at first, but, starting with the sixth, he reached Ray's jaw often.

That bout proved one thing—that only a powerful socker can take the measure of Carnera. That hitter may come in Joe Louis, of whom I have more to say in another article in this issue.

* * *

THE entrance of Mike Jacobs into the promotorial field in New York has created a renewed interest in boxing, and if his plans for the summer are carried on, New York will see its biggest and best year in boxing since Tex Rickard's death. Mike not only knows the game from every angle, but he is an ace business man and is well liked by the scribes—a huge asset in promotion.

Jacobs has arranged five big bouts for the summer, in one of which Baer will defend his title, provided he is successful in his Garden Bowl bout in June. Carnera, Ross, Louis, Braddock, and McLarnin are among the stars garnered by Jacobs.

With the Milk Fund and Christmas Fund as his sponsors in several contests, Jacobs should have no difficulty from the start. His support from all angles assures success to a high degree. He is now dickering for a lease on the Garden for the winter and, if he succeeds in obtaining control of the fights, New York will not experience another fistic depression while Mike is at the helm.

* * *

SINCE his defeat at the hands of Vince Dundee against whom he failed miserably, Babe Risko has been coming along at a rate that may yet bring him into the top flight of middleweights. His victory over Paul Pirrone, followed by the two-round knockout of Benny Levine and his triumph over Sammy Slaughter in ten rounds, has enabled Risko to redeem himself. This, despite the reprimand the Syracuse battler received from the Penn. Boxing Commission for what that board declared was a poor showing in the Slaughter affair.

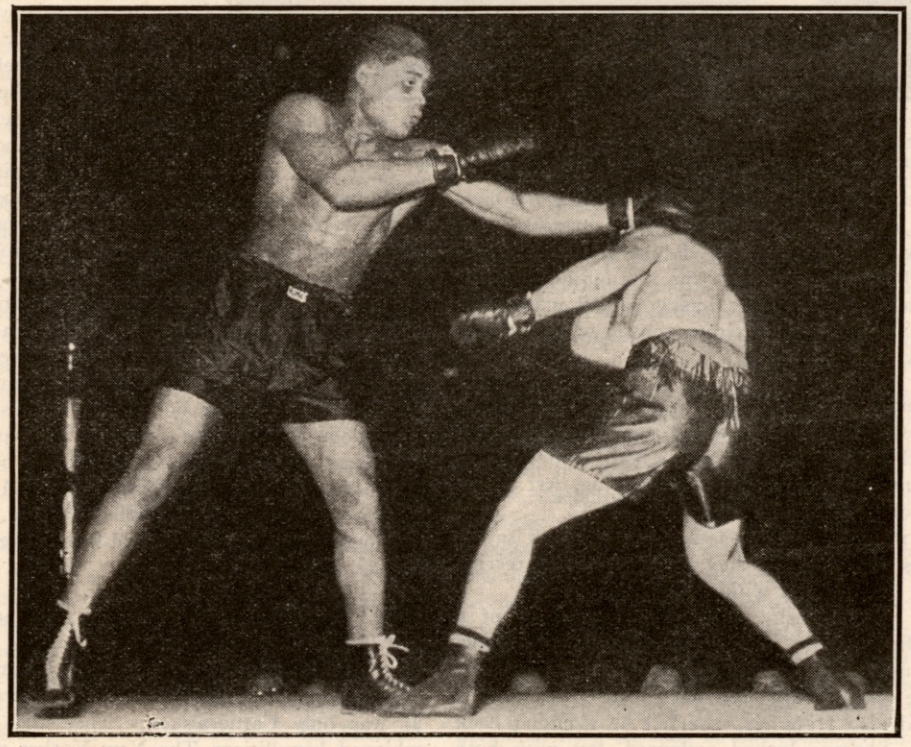
The styles of Slaughter and Risko are not conducive to exciting milling, any more than are those of the Babe and Vince Dundee. Despite Risko's subsequent defeat at the hands of Jimmy Belmont in Cleveland, there is still hope for the powerful socker from Syracuse to make good among the headline middleweights.

* * *

FROM South America came two sad cables last month, both concerning once great fighters. In the first, the American fistic followers were informed that Kid Chocolate, former world featherweight king, was so sadly whipped by Simon Chavez in Caracas, Venezuela, that he was forced to remain under a doctor's care for two days before he was out of danger, and in the other, sent north from Santiago, Chile, two days later, we were informed that the record of Tommy Loughran's South American tour was marred by another defeat, this time at the hands of Arturo Godoy, the Chilean 175-pound title-holder.

Considering the caliber of Chocolate and Loughran when each was in his prime, such reports seem pitiful. Not that we belittle the feats of the victors, for from our agents we have been informed that both Chavez and Godoy are fighters with good prospects, especially the former, who is a two-fisted little demon if our correspondent's information is not doctored considerably, but defeats of such former stars at the hands of mere novices are not doing either THE KEED or Tommy any good. They prove what we have so often said, that both should retire, even though they may be in need of funds, before they become so helplessly wrecked that human efforts no longer will be able to help them.

The reports indicate that Chocolate and Loughran have declined as fighters to the stage where they no longer can hope to cope with sturdy youth, and brings forth the combined picture of two ring gladiators who only a few years ago were rich in the coin of the realm but now find it necessary to submit their bodies to severe physical pain to make both ends meet. But in the one case, that of Chocolate, it calls up the picture of a forlorn Cuban Negro, broke and helpless because of fast living. He led a life of luxury that followed abject poverty, a life that was so completely new and different to him, that he couldn't stand the pace.



A typical Jack Johnson stance. Joe Louis, a perfectly built specimen, is here seen missing Natie Brown's head with a left.

* * *

IN the case of Loughran, poor Tommy was a thrifty, intelligent, God-fearing man who lived a moral, clean life, always gave his best, never was involved in any scandal, but was dealt a knockout blow by the great depression—a blow that cost him his entire fortune. Tommy took it all with a smile and announced his retirement, only to find it necessary to attempt a comeback.

The boxing world loves a fighter. It appreciates a warrior of the Loughran type and had hoped against great odds that Tommy would make good. But the expected has come to pass.

Loughran cannot hope to meet physically fit young men and bring home the bacon. He cannot hope to evade the punishing punches, which, when he was in his prime, could be avoided with a mere shift of hands or feet.

It is a sad tale, mates—I wish I didn't have to call attention to this. As for Chocolate, we hold no sympathy for him. He got what he deserved. He was great while he still was ignorant of life, but when he was catapulted into fame, then wine, women, and song proved his undoing, and when his flaying fists and his George Dixon cleverness failed him, he had nothing to fall back on, for the ample fortune he earned during the short space of three years had vanished!

Beware, you who would follow *(Continued on page* 48)

Ruth's Successor A WRESTLER

Gearge Selkirk Had Twenty Mat Bouts Before He Found Weight Deficiency Handicapped Him

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

(Baseball expert of New York "World-Telegram")

BECAUSE he has stepped into the rightfield position on the New York Yankees made vacant by the release of the great Babe Ruth to the Boston Braves, George Selkirk is an unusually interesting and intriguing figure in the major leagues this season.

Late last summer, after Earle Combs had been injured seriously, the New York club called Selkirk in from the Newark farm. George was used in leftfield and excited comparatively little interest. But when Selkirk was sent to rightfield this spring, and donned the famous No. 3 of Ruth, the scribes began to dig into his history.

They discovered much of interest, and among the facts was the revelation that Selkirk once had been ambitious to be a professional wrestler. George also had had a hankering after boxing, but finally decided that wrestling was more in keeping with his baseball ambitions. Cauliflower ears did not appeal to Selkirk.

Other ball players have done some wrestling and boxing. Hack Wilson, ideally constructed for the mat, was a grappler before he turned to baseball. In fact, it was on the mat that Wilson earned his sobriquet of Hack—a shortening of Hackenschmidt. Babe Pinelli, new umpire in the National League, was a boxer before he became a third baseman and made the grade with Cincinnati. In more recent years we recollect the fistic exploits of Art Shires and Al Spohrer,

"I always had a desire to wrestle and box, and did a lot of both in high school in Rochester, N. Y.," Selkirk told the writer recently. "Grappling especially fascinated me. And even after I had made some headway in baseball, I kept on wrestling. I believe I had some twenty professional bouts before I was persuaded to quit and devote all my attention to baseball."

* * *

"I QUIT high school in 1927 to go into baseball, but it was not until 1928 that I retired from the mat," Selkirk went on. "Somehow, the impression has got abroad that I have been wrestling ever since.

"They told me that wrestling was poor sport for a ball player—that it made him muscle bound. I do not know just how true that is, but I can say, without fear of contradiction, that regardless of its effect on the muscles of a ball player, wrestling is marvellous exercise.

"When you consider that it requires no equipment, that it is good, clean fun, that it entails no great amount of punishment unless you take it from the professional angle, wrestling gets altogether too little attention. I believe this is especially true in schools and colleges. They have wrestling teams, but the rank and file of the student bodies get little or none of that sport.

"I might have kept on wrestling even while I was engaged in playing ball—that is, wrestling during the off-season—but for my lack of weight.

"I realized that in order to make any real money on the mat I had to be a heavyweight. That is, a real big boy. So, what with my deficiency in poundage and the urging of my baseball connections, I quit the mat.

"In high school I also did some running. Was the 220 man and did some dashing on the relay team. I did not find that wrestling interfered with my running, or that running had anything to do with grappling form."

Selkirk stands six feet one inch in height and weighs 180 pounds. He is about thirty years of age, married, and devoted to a family which includes a small daughter.

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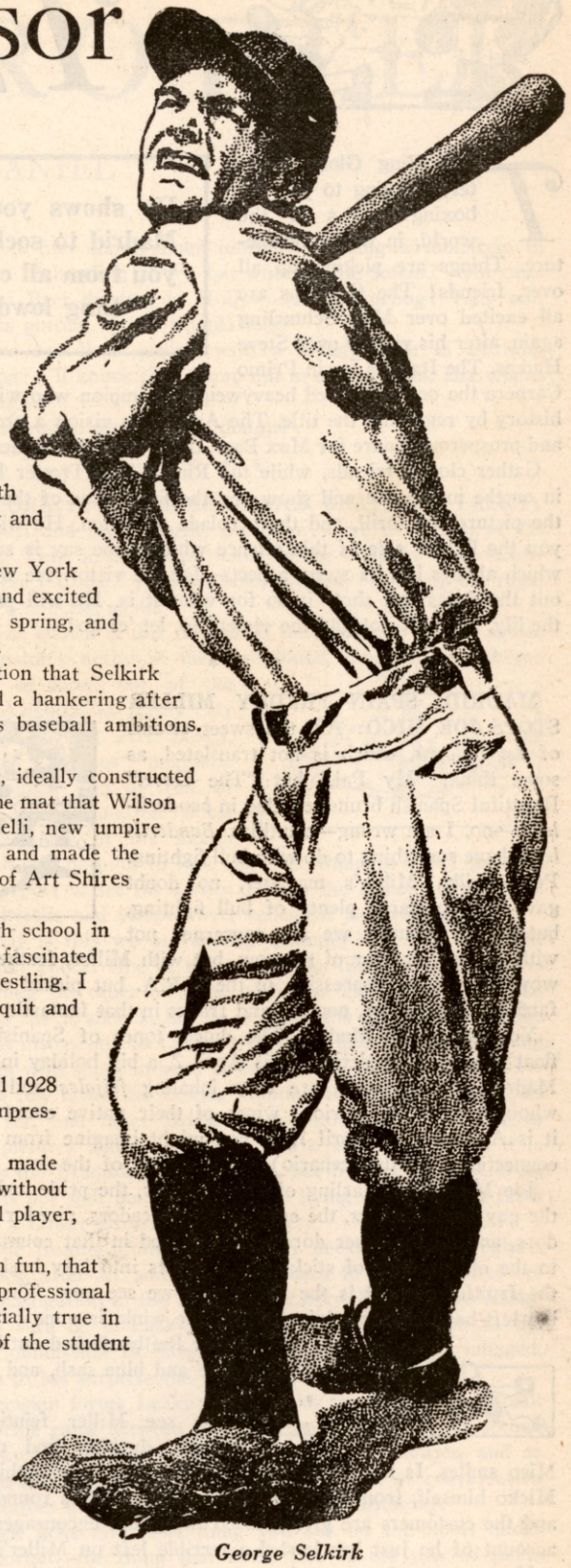
In view of the prominence which has been given to Selkirk in his succession to the Babe, it would be well to give an outline of his athletic career.



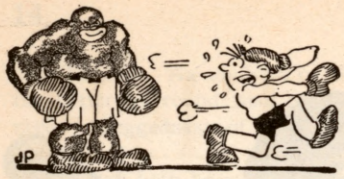
George Selkirk

The parallel to Hack Wilson is uncanny. First of all, George, like Hack, was a wrestler.

Then we find that Selkirk, like Wilson, started out as a catcher, and then shifted to outfielding. Let Selkirk tell the story:

"I was born in Huntsville, Ontario, but was raised in Rochester," Selkirk told the writer. "I played ball in high school and then joined the Copley A. C., a prominent local semi-pro nine. I was a catcher.

"One day Maurice Archdeacon, then with Rochester, saw me in action and recommended me to George T. Stallings, who was managing the team. Stallings sent *(Continued on page 48)*



The RING'S

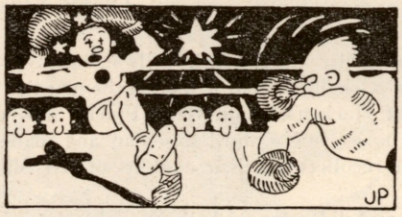
He shows you fistic reels from ancient Madrid to socking New York, bringing to you from all corners of the world the battling lowdown, not too low down.

THE Ring Globe Trotter, bringing to you the boxing news of the world, in word and picture. Things are picking up all over, friends! The Germans are all excited over Max Schmeling again, after his victory over Steve Hamas. The Italians see in Primo Carnera the one dethroned heavyweight champion who will make history by regaining the title. The Americans vision a protracted and prosperous tenure for Max Baer, the Boy of the Golden West.

Gather closer, friends, while the Ring Globe Trotter lets you in on the inside. He will show you the fight films of the month, the pictures of thrill, and the accolade of action. He will show you the lighter side of this science which some say is sour, but which always has its sweet aspects—for the victor. He will drag out the dross and show it up for what it is. He will paint not the lily, and will not gild the violet. So, let 'er go!

* * *

MADRID, SPAIN—FREDDY MILLER STOPS JOE MICO: Ah, the sweet strains of *La Paloma,* which is not translated, as some think, "My Pal," but "The Dove." Beautiful Spanish brunettes, clad in *banderilleros*—no, I am wrong—mantillas. *Banderilleros* have something to do with bull fighting. Pete Reilly, Miller's manager, no doubt gave the Spaniards plenty of bull fighting, but at the moment we are concerned not with Taurus, brother of the cow, but with Miller, featherweight wow who found depression in the N.R.A. but picked up many farthings, pesos, lira, pounds, and francs in that fantastic Europe.



Yes, we are in Madrid. The dulcet tones of Spanish music float through this picture. It is April 2, a big holiday in ancient Madrid. The populace are busy inhaling *frijoles* and making whoopee with the glorious wines of their native country. Yes, it is April 2 (not April 1, as you might imagine from Reilly's connection with the scenario) in the capital of the dons.

Joe Mico is the darling of the *señoritas,* the pride and joy of the gay *boulevardiers,* the envy of the toreadors, picadors, servadors, and all the other dors which abound in that country, dear to the old practice of sticking pen points into lazy husbands of the fruitful cow. It is the first round we see now. The bird in the left-hand corner, giving Miller the wink, is none other than Señor Reilly, decked out in a red, white and blue sash, and a green beret.

We see Miller feinting and shoving, ducking and crossing. Mico smiles. Is he not *the* Mico? But Reilly is something of a Micko himself, from South Brooklyn. He watches round No. 2, and the customers are giving Mico the grand encouragement on account of he just has landed a terrible left on Miller's elbow.

Here we see the recess between rounds two and three. Miller is not happy. He seems to be saying to Reilly, "How much longer do I have to carry this bimbo?" Reilly gives the nod. It is Round 3. Miller crosses the right. Mico crosses the Rubicon, or the English Channel. Anyway, here they are, carrying Mico back to his home, a beaten but honorable and honored fighter.

It is much sad for the Spanish *señors* and *señoritas!* But Miller hops the ropes, and says, "Hello, mama. Hello, papa. It was a great fight." No, there is no mike, but all fighters do that now. It is the custom.

So off they go, Freddy and Pete, for Barcelona, where another Mico awaits them to be knocked out the Spanish way. Off to Barcelona, London, and that dear Zinzinnati, U. S. A.!

* * *

NEW YORK, N. Y.—CARNERA KNOCKS OUT IMPELLITIERE: From Sunny Spain our Globe Trotter takes us to Wintry New York. The picture shows the spacious Garden, called Madison Square because it is on Eighth Avenue. But then the ball park in New York is called the Polo Grounds, and there are no falls at Wichita Falls or rocks at Rocky Mount.

Well, it is the Garden you are squinting at, and the place is packed because Primo Carnera, pride and joy of the disciples of Mussolini and subjects of Emmanuel, is battling Ray Impellitiere, whose chief claim to fistic fame lies in his size. He is a fight match for Primo in so far as measurements are concerned—yards and pounds.

You see 20,000 in this big coliseum across the street from Dempsey's restaurant. Looks like the old days. Primo smiles that dental smile which drapes that megalithic puss of his. Ray also smiles. The ring is as full of handlers and managers as a sweepstakes winner is loaded with poor relations.

Let us flick the flicker, and show you the first five rounds. It is rough, *señor.* Primo roughs, Ray roughs, the crowd haw-haws and it is a merry carnival reminiscent of the finest traditions of the industry of busted beaks and flop-ears.

Imp makes a surprisingly good showing. Primo looks amazed, but then, when doesn't Primo look amazed? He always gives you the impression that he just has got his first look at the Empire State Building or Jimmy Durante's nose.

Imp makes an improved showing, and there is a feeling among the crowd, as you may see in the film, that perhaps Imp will beat Primo and make himself a contender. But it is not to be.

Let us flick the last four rounds. Yes, the fight is stopped in the ninth, when Lenny, manager of Imp, signals that the Peekskill pug has had enough.

As you will see from the picture, Carnera is as clumsy as ever. But he is rough and willing, and he does not complain of a bad ankle. His ankle hurts only when his jaw hurts. This sympathetic pain is nothing new to pugilism or medical science. Did not Jack Dempsey once break Brennan's ankle by hitting him on the jaw?

The roar you now hear is the roar of the crowd. It is directed at Mr. Lenny. The crowd believes Ray could go on, and take more punishment. There is one thing about fight crowds. They contain many humans who do not care how much socking the other fellow gets.

However, here we see the fans leaving. They figure they have got their money's worth. And they know Primo is back in the tournament to decide who is to fight Baer. What's that? You say it is all set for Schmeling to battle Baer? Well, the Globe Trotter suspects you may be correct. But let us go on with our films.

* * *

HAMBURG, GERMANY—MAX SCHMELING STOPS STEVE HAMAS: Ah, it is March in Germany! Men in brown shirts are marching because it is March. "Heil," they holler as they go on to their chow and their barracks. It is a lotta fun to march in a brown shirt and holler "Heil," which is pronounced "Hile" and not, as so many think, "Heel."

Well, it is a gala day in Hamburg, on account of Max der

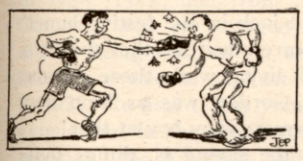
GLOBE TROTTER

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

Schmeling is fighting Steve Hamas, the college boy from the good old U.S.A. It seems that many of the natives are sore because New Joisey finds Hauptmann guilty, so they ask Schmeling to take it out on Hamas, and then come over here and take it out of Baer. The Globe Trotter wishes to digress and say that if Schmeling fights Baer again, the Uhlan is socked out in three or four heats. But this has nothing to do with the current film.

Well, Schmeling climbs into the ring. He is smiling the usual highly enthusiastic Schmeling smile, which means that his lips are parted like the shells of a clam when it is being lifted out of the water. It seems that years ago Schmeling is told by a thrifty dentist that to expose the teeth to the air is not good for the bridgework.

Hamas also smiles. He figures that no matter what happens, he can pay the rent the next few months. And Charley Harvey and he are in cakes and coffee for some time to come.



Hamas gets a good welcome as he is well liked by some of the burghers. They begin to fight. At least, Schmeling begins to fight. Hamas has the flu just before he sails and he is not in really tiptop shape for the scrapperino.

Well, let's get on with the fight. A little faster, Mr. Operator. What is wrong with Hamas? He shoves his punches, and he pushes his so-called swings.

Schmeling becomes a veritable wildcat. Gaze upon his ferocious form when he appreciates that Hamas is not in shape to make a real fight. The caveman in Max comes to the fore. He is almost what some folks fatuously call a killer. Hamas is knocked down—and again. He is discouraged with boxing as a profession, and wishes he were back at Penn State College.

The broiled Hamburgers holler until they are covered with mustard. There is no government order against hollering just so long as the boys do not holler for a job. Well, it is a somewhat monotonous picture, as the fall guy hardly has a chance, and when the end comes, Hamas is terribly messed up and Schmeling shakes his hand, congratulating him on coming over to Germany.

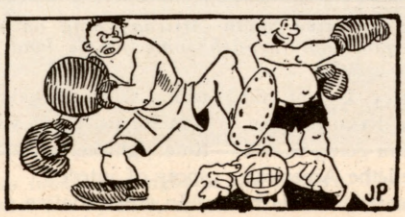
The Teut press says Max is the best contender for the title, but there is no desire to bring Baer to Germany. First, there isn't enough of the old do-re-me in Germany to lure Max over there. And then they might throw Baer into the hoosegow for being a Yiddle, and hand the championship to Schmeling by forfeit, and Hitler decree.

* * *

NEW YORK, N. Y.—FIGHT PROMOTERS TALK OF BAER-SCHMELING BOUT: We will flash a few scenes showing fight promoters in New York discussing a Baer-Schmeling bout. Here is Jimmy Johnston, in the Garden. That thing on top of his head is his derby. He says, "Baer will fight for the Garden, or the Garden will fight for Baer."

Here is a meeting of the kibitzers in Dempsey's restaurant. It seems Jack is buying. "Schmeling has no right to the first crack at Baer because he licks Hamas, because who is Hamas anyway, especially after what Lasky does not do against Braddock?" says Joe Mefftzes, the famous corn cure salesman.

Here is another meeting of promoters. Their faces are not so easily made out. "Baer will fight Schmeling for us, in the Yankee Stadium," says one impresario. "The public wants the fight and shall have it."



Our next film shows Baer himself, climbing a mountain in California. "Schmeling? Sure, but where is the dough?" Our next film shows Baer dancing in Hollywood. "Schmeling? Why not, but who is putting up the shinplasters?"

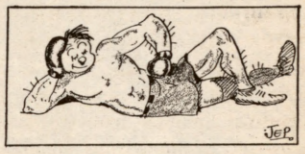
Now we see Baer posing with a society belle in Florida. "Schmeling? I'll knock that tramp out in a few heats. But where is the dough?"

In other words, where is the dough?

* * *

NEW YORK, N. Y.—JIM BRADDOCK BEATS ART LASKY: A little soft and sappy music, professor. Give us a dish of "It is Milking Time in Secaucus." Give us the obligato from "California, Here I Come." A zither solo, entitled, "Take up the rugs, mother. Pa is home again."

The scene shown in this tremolo is the good old Garden again, with Johnston's derby in the foreground. The old workhorse Braddock is lured out of the daisies and dahlias in Joisey City and invited to let Art Lasky, California's famous pugilistic product, punch him as full of holes as a commutation ticket on the last day of the month (Braddock has nothing to lose and everything to gain) and the villagers report to see the Lasky unleash the famous Hollywood attack—vitriolic and vituperative, vehement and violent.



But what is this we are seeing, Chumley? Is this the right film? Better check. One of the guys looks like Lasky, but he is not punching the other bird full of holes. The other bird looks like James the Braddock, but he is doing the punching. It seems to be most distressing to Lasky, who looks like a husband trying to sneak in with shoes in hand at four g.m.

After a few heats the Boxing Commission stops the fight, as you can see, and takes Braddock downtown to its offices to compare pictures and fingerprints. There is a rumor that it is not James the Braddock, at all, at all, but Stanley Ketchel, who, it seems, is not shot but all the time is living on a chicken farm on top of a Lower Broadway skyscraper.

Well, the Boxing Commission finally decides that the culprit is Braddock, after all, and brings him back to the Garden to resume the castigation of the man called Lasky. By this time Lasky is not so sure he is Lasky, so he takes himself down to the Boxing Commission to have hisself fingerprinted and mugged, and much to his surprise the verdict is "Yes."

This decision forces Lasky to return to the Garden and break up a pinochle game between Braddock and a feller in the second row. Lasky and Braddock continue with the festivities, and as you see in this arty flicker, Braddock does a lot of conversation with his leather mitts, and Lasky does a lot of listening.

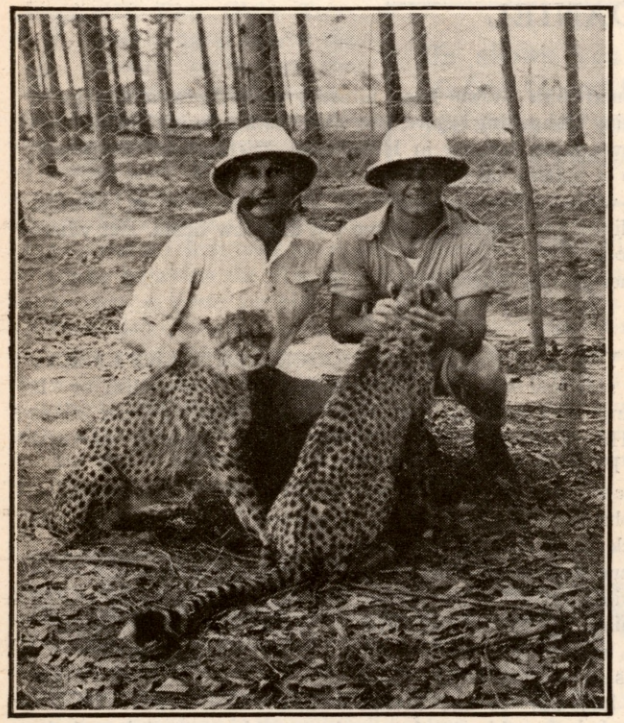
Braddock licks Art. The thing you see on the floor, under Lasky's corner—the thing that looks like an old pair of pants riddled with moth holes—really is Lasky's chances for the heavyweight title.

Braddock seemingly is a fistic freak and a punching paradox. He should be punch drunk, walking on his heels, and trying to tell folks how he beat Joe Zilch in Youngstown. But there he is, still full of fight.

* * *

GOTHAM, N. Y.—BOXING COMMISSION MEETS TO DISCUSS INNOVATIONS: A very exclusive picture, my friends. It shows the New *(Continued on page 48)*

My Trip Around



Wesley Ramey and his African friend petting a pair of leopard cubs.

ABOUT ten months ago I visited the office of THE RING in New York City and made the acquaintance of Nat Fleischer, its editor. Several boys and I came to thank him for having suggested to Charley Lucas, the representative of Stadium, Ltd., of Sydney, Australia, that we be taken back with Charley for a tour of the Antipodes. When we left, Nat said to me:

"Wesley, I feel proud of the boys who are going with you on that Australian tour. They will live up to my expectations, of that I feel confident, and all I shall ask you boys whom I have recommended is that you give all that is in you, fight hard, cleanly and carry yourselves like gentlemen. I want to feel that you fellows are true representatives of the new type of American boxer, and just remember that whatever you do to bring disgrace upon yourselves or the game will react against every American lad.

"Bon voyage, and best of luck to you all! When you get back to the States, Wesley, I want you to come to the Garden and write a story for THE RING on your travels. I will expect that from you, Ramey, and I'm going to ask that you keep your notes intact so that we can tell the American readers of THE RING just how our boys were treated, how boxing is conducted in other lands, and anything else of interest you want to write about."

I promised I would do that for THE RING, and when I arrived from England recently after a most enjoyable trip, the first person I visited in New York was my good friend, Nat Fleischer.

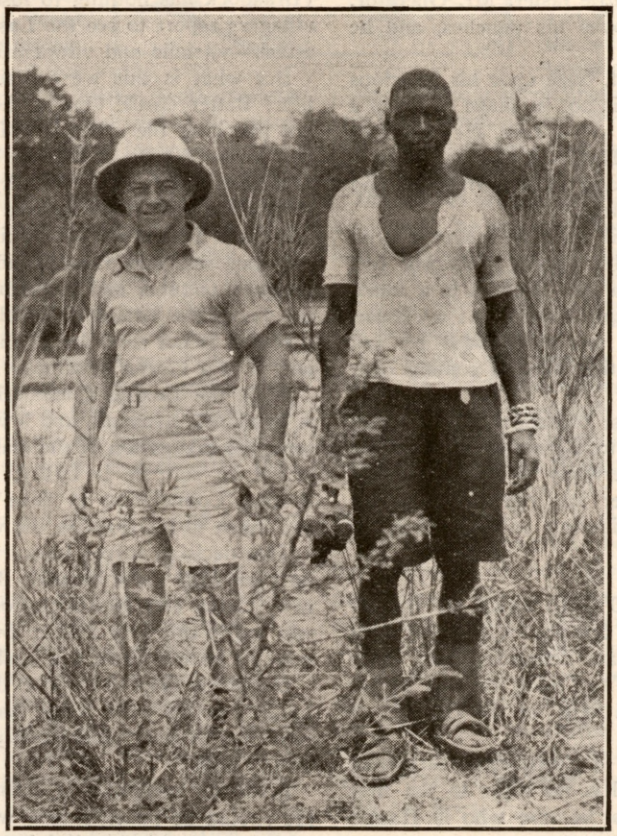
"Here's the story you asked me to write," I said as I handed him a batch of papers and forty-one photographs. "You may find it necessary to make some corrections, but you can't say I haven't lived up to my promise." With that I turned over my copy and here is my full story:

We started on our globe-circling trip on January 12, 1934. In the party were Harry Gordon, my manager and trainer, Ralph Lenny, Marty Sampson, Joe Ghnouly, Various Milling, and our Australian representative, Charles Lucas. We were bound for the Pacific Coast to embark on a twenty-three-day ocean voyage for the Antipodes.

As we passed through Chicago, we were joined by Roy Williams, and two other boxers, Speedy Dado and Star Frisco, were added to the pugilistic string at San Francisco. On January 17 we sailed through the Golden Gate. It only took a few hours after leaving shore to convince us that the old song about "a life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep" being so care-free and jolly, was the bunk. Were we seasick?

Well, gents, for a while anyway every man-jack in our festive bunch was so racked and miserable that he didn't care much whether the ship sunk or sailed on. Life hardly seemed worth living while those spasms tied us into knots. And, mind you, Harry Gordon was as limp and washed out as the worst of us, and he a former Navy boy at that!

However, once you get your sea-legs, as the saying is, things look rosier, and you begin to fancy a light meal or two, until presently the old appetite gets its second wind and by and by the summons to dinner is once again a joyful sound. By the time we made our first port, the beautiful island of Tahiti, where we put in ten hours sightseeing, the rejuvenated Americans were eating like starved timber wolves and doing the fighting-rooster strut once again.



Ramey and a native South African going on a tour of exploration through some jungle land.

There was another ten-hour halt at the Island of Ratango, and the next stop was New Zealand, where we did the tourist act for an entire day. There, for the first time, we saw motorists driving on the left-hand side of the streets, a traffic arrangement that had us all skipping like goats to keep from being killed. You see, for the most of the time we were walking on the wrong side of the street, which is about as fine a method of inviting involuntary suicide as can be imagined.

After leaving New Zealand, we ran into some pretty rough weather which at times made us wonder if we had really developed into such tip-top sailors as we had previously supposed. But even the longest voyage must end some time, and finally we landed in Australia, where a welcoming committee had arranged a big reception for us. For a whole week our entertainers gave us a splendid time sightseeing, taking us to the big surf-beaches and historical spots of interest.

In Australia we got down to serious training and the members

the World

By
WESLEY RAMEY

American boxer, back from long tour, praises Australians and South Africans for their sportsmanship.

A native war dance in honor of Wesley Ramey when he toured South Africa. Note the expressions on the faces of the natives while the cameraman is clicking away.

of our party worked at three different training quarters. I did my stunts at Harry Stone's gymnasium. Harry is American by birth, but has lived in Australia for a good many years. He was a crack lightweight and welter in his day, born in New York City and began fighting around 1909. A look at his record shows that Stone traveled in high-class company, as he more than held his own with such men as Leach Cross, Abe Attel, Jack Britton and other star mitt men, and was a big drawing card in his native city.

He went to Australia in 1913 and in that year won eight twenty-round battles, among his opponents being Hock Keyes, Johnny Summers and Matt Wells. He did well in England the year following, returned to New York, and from September 8, 1914, until October, 1915, he engaged in fifteen bouts without a loss being chalked up against him. In 1916, he became a resident of Australia and fought successfully there up to 1925. He now trains young boxers and is very successful. His gymnasium is the rendezvous of most visiting foreign fighters, especially the American and British lads.

Our principal relaxations between training interludes were playing golf, swimming or going shark fishing. That last sport is a jim-dandy for excitement, and I soon got hep to one interesting fact—you don't have to look much for sharks, they usually look for you. When you are swimming, the life guards see to it that the swimmers keep close to shore. Yet every now and then one of the sea-tigers sneaks in close to shore and makes a meal of somebody.

The life guards are a splendidly athletic lot, as much at home in the water as if it were their native element, and they have to be, for they are constantly called upon to do a rescue-act for some poor devil who has ventured out too far and finds himself dodging a man-eater. The dodgers don't always dodge successfully either, for occasionally one has a leg or arm lopped off, or is picked up minus a head.

But the Australians are so used to such dangers that they seem to make light of them, something I could never get accustomed to. The old-timers tell astonishing yarns about shark-infested waters, and though at first I thought they were "pulling my leg," I learned that most of their stories had a strong foundation of truth.

Our party went shark-fishing several times, but didn't have any luck except once, when we caught a huge fellow, but he got away before we could bring him in.

Phil Zwick, Vernon Cormier and Bobby Wilson, who were brought to Australia by Al Lippe for an extended fighting tour, were more fortunate. They caught one ten-footer that weighed 410 pounds, and what a write-up those boys got in the local papers. Just to prove that this is no fish story, I have turned over to Nat Fleischer, THE RING editor, a photo of the monster, with the three American fighters standing at his side.

* * *

ONE of the life guards, a big strapping chap who, at fifty, is as "fit as a fiddle," and was at one time engaged in the pearl-fishing industry, gave me some interesting details regarding these monsters of the sea. Said he:

"Back in the West Indies is where you'll see some lively work with sharks. A vessel at anchor in a bay draws them as honey draws flies. But the native lads fight them in their own element, and usually get the decision, too. I remember seeing a deck-hand fall overboard from a schooner I was aboard of. We were lying near shore and a rope was thrown to him at once. He grabbed it all right and began climbing hand-over-hand out of the water.

"But I saw a little ripple on the still water and the fin of a shark cutting through the sea. It was making for its prey at top speed, ready to leap up and grab one of the sailor's legs before he could win free. Beside me was standing a black boy of seventeen. He was a professional diver, and a good one. In his belt around his scanty breech-clout was stuck a long,

Here is Wesley petting a leopard cub who is looking straight at the camera. The cubs were found by his friend after he had shot the mother, who had attacked him.

thin-bladed knife, sharp as a razor.

"Without a word he dived overboard, timing himself as accurately as a clock, skimmed the surface like a seagull, and then, sliding right under the shark, struck upwards with his knife at the big, white belly, ripping it wide open. That settled Mister Shark, who turned over and floated helplessly on the crimson-tinged waves. Blackie climbed aboard quickly, for blood brings sharks from all points of the compass, and in less than no time there were dozens of the big fish in view, tearing their deceased comrade to shreds.

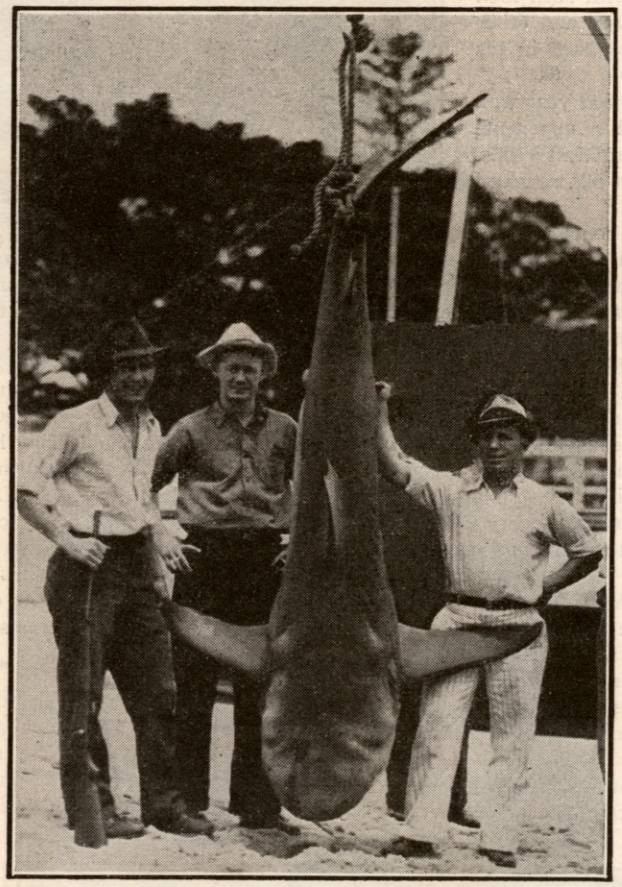
* * *

"ANOTHER great shark haunt is around Thursday Island, which lies fourteen hundred miles to the north of Brisbane, and is fortified because it commands Torres Straits, Australia's northern gateway. There are rich pearling grounds there, and the island has a mixed population of Chinese, Javanese, Cingalese, Straits natives, Japanese and whites. Plenty of accidents occur in the pearling fleet, due to three causes—sharks, the fouling of lines, and the recklessness of divers who go to unsafe depths.

"The last usually results in diver's paralysis or death. I saw one man brought up with his helmet jammed into his shoulders, crushed by the weight of water. The Japs, who always worked in diving-dress, had few unlucky experiences with sharks, as the shark will always more readily attack a bare body. But I remember one Straits diver who went over the side of his boat, and shot up the next instant headless! He must have dived straight into the jaws of a shark.

"But when you get to know sharks, so to speak, you sort of hold them in contempt. A shoal of them is dangerous, of course. But the lone shark isn't game and will seldom attack, unless the conditions are very favorable for its assault. Like the wolf, it's a coward, unless when hunting in a pack."

According to the old adage, "familiarity breeds contempt," and my veteran pearl-hunting friend probably knew what he was talking about. All the same, I felt no urge to exchange the ring for shark-battling. A shark may not be game, but I can't see myself trying to win a decision over one in the water. The sport is a bit too strenuous for my retiring nature.



Bobby Wilson, Phil Zwick and Vernon Cormier, standing at the side of a ten-foot shark they had caught in Australia.

* * *

ALL the big battles in Sydney are held at the old Rushcutter's Bay Stadium, which was originally built to stage the world's heavyweight championship contest between Jack Johnson and Tommy Burns on December 26, 1908, the bout resulting in victory for Johnson in the fourteenth round.

My first Australian ring appearance was with Jimmy Kelso, lightweight champion of the Antipodes, a fifteen-round affair, on March 15. It was my initial attempt at covering such a long route, but the distance didn't bother me, and I won easily enough, the bout lasting the scheduled limit. My next victory was scored in fifteen rounds over Bobby Delaney, a lightweight who has since grown into the welter division.

Winning over Kelso and Delaney practically disposed of all available opposition for me in the lightweight class, as these two were considered the topnotchers of the grade. So the promoters proposed that I take on the welterweight champ, Jack Carroll. We accepted the match, although it meant that I must give away thirteen pounds, a pretty tough handicap against such a classy antagonist.

The fight drew a record-breaking crowd and Referee Joe Wallis stopped it in the tenth round, and declared Carroll the victor. I have no excuses to make for this defeat, except that I was at a tremendous disadvantage in height, weight and reach, but as I was aware of these facts when I signed, I had no kick coming.

It was no disgrace to lose to Carroll under the circumstances. He is probably the best man I ever tackled and I believe he could whip most American welters, being strong, tough in endurance, and able to hit like a triphammer with either hand.

* * *

LENNY, Williams and Milling fought three bouts in Australia and then left for home. The promoters came forward with some generous offers for my future services, but as Harry Gordon had already signed with South African clubs for me to fight in that country, we were unable to prolong our stay.

Also we were really sorry to leave, for we had been royally treated and came to the conclusion very early in our visit that, as a sport center, Australia probably has not its like in the civilized world. They are sport enthusiasts in the absolute sense of the phrase, ready to risk a wager on anything in the line of athletics, mostly everyone bets and mostly everyone is interested in the turf, the ring, football and cricket to an extraordinary extent.

They are very proud of their great boxing celebrities of the past. The names of Peter Jackson, Bob Fitzsimmons, Joe Goddard, Jem Hall, Young Griffo, Mick Dooley, Larry Foley, and other old masters of the fighting game are still household words with the veterans and revered by the younger generation. In fact, hero worship in sports is a cardinal faith with the average Australian, and the ladies are not a whit behind their brothers in appreciation of big sport figures.

* * *

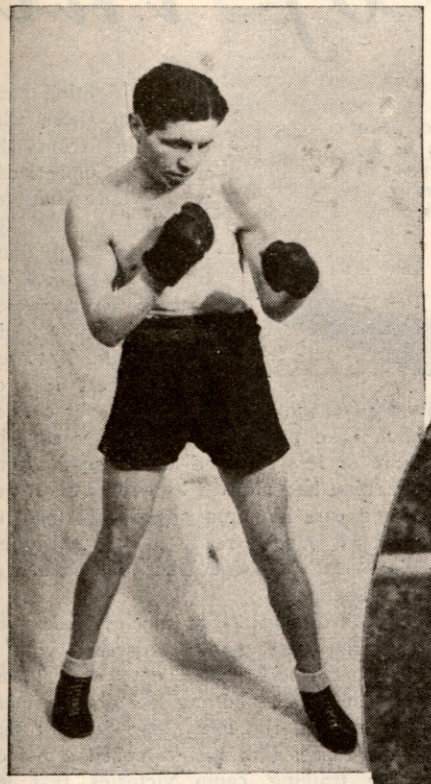
WE left Australia on June 5 and arrived in Durban, South Africa, July 4, being met at the pier by the board of directors of the Transvaal National Sporting Club. There we again found our lot cast in pleasant places, and spent a week relaxing, dividing our time between swimming and following the horse races.

We then left for Johannesburg, where I was matched to meet Laurie Stevens. Johannesburg is South Africa's largest city, and although comparatively young as cities go, being less than fifty years old, is prosperous and up-to-date in every way. Sixty per cent of the world's gold is said to be mined there.

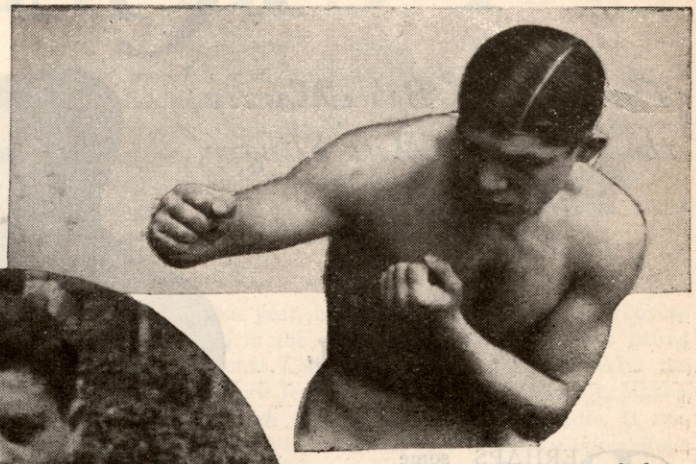
We made a tour of the mines, going underground more than a mile down, and maybe the atmosphere wasn't torrid! You needed no sweater to help out in that locality. None but natives work down there, as the heat is more than any white man can stand. I might have done my training with good effect in that imitation furnace, as the high altitude of Johannesburg made it very difficult for me to take off weight. At one time I tipped the scales over 140 pounds. Also, the high altitude seems to take a lot of pep and vitality out of people who

(Continued on page 46)

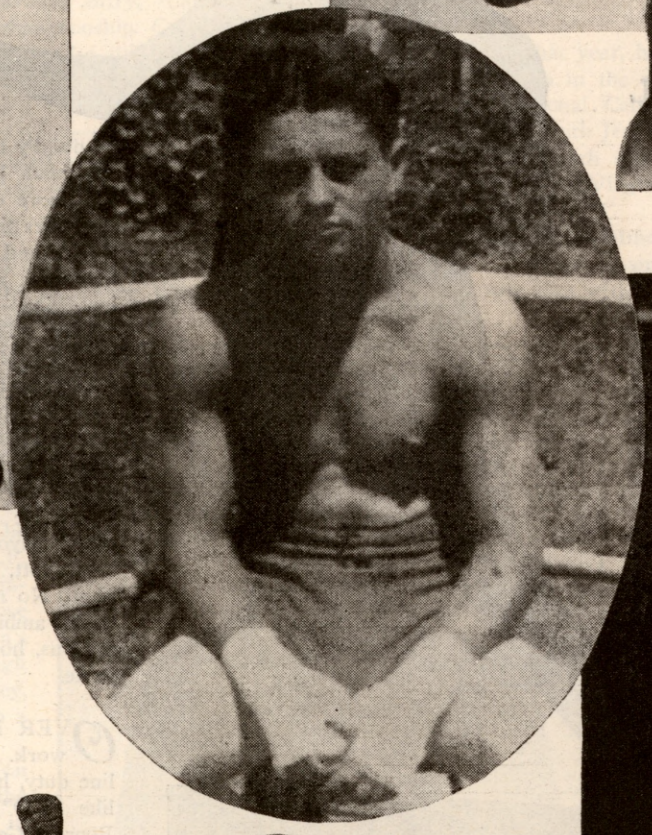
Fast-Developing Youngsters



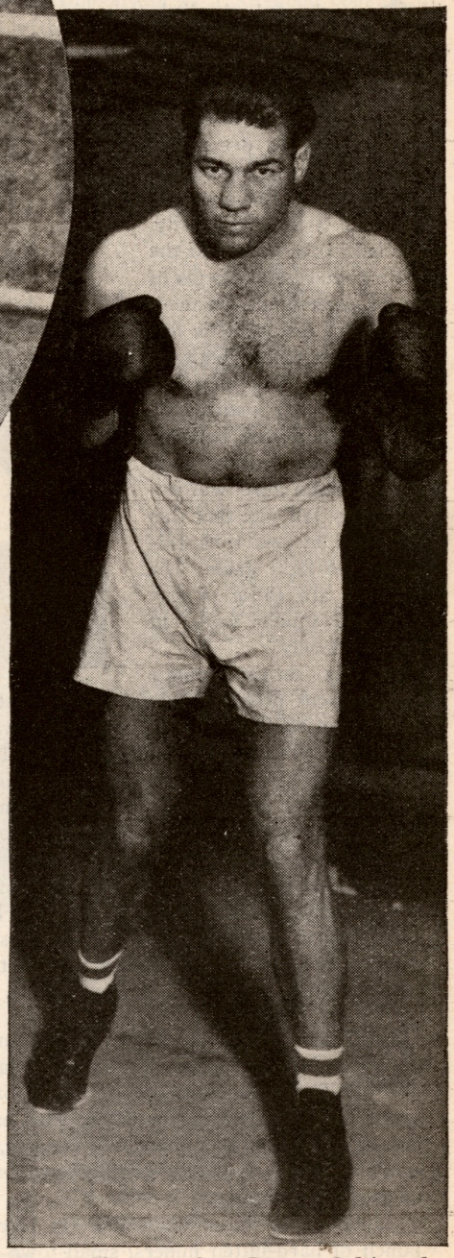
Paul Schaeffer, Canadian welterweight, doing good work in Europe.



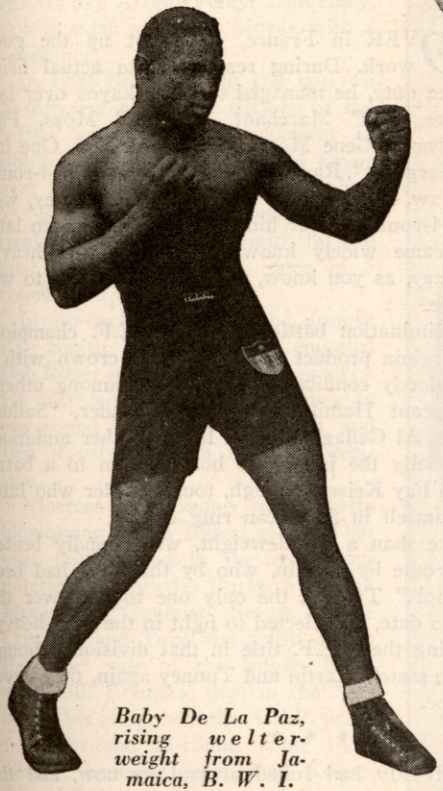
Carlo Orlandi, European lightweight title-holder.



Harry Gentile, crack featherweight from Hartford, Conn.



Dutch Weimer, San Diego, Calif., who stepped into the limelight through his victory over Bob Olin.



Baby De La Paz, rising welterweight from Jamaica, B. W. I.

Kid Silver, Jamaica, B. W. I., lightweight and welterweight champion.

KING of the

The Story of Bob Martin, the Greatest Mitt Slinger in the A. E. F.

By
T. W. McNIEL

The king of the doughboys as he looked when he was in his prime.

PERHAPS some fine day you will chance to drive through the little city of St. Albans, W. Va., and, if so, probably your car will need gas, oil or some minor attention. If you happen to drive into a certain neatly kept service station on the outskirts of this trim little city, nestled in the bosom of the rolling wooded hill-lands of the Cumberlands, chances are that a tall, athletic figure with a rather battered countenance will step out to supply your wants. One look at the puffed, battered features, the halting step, the uncertain gaze, will immediately tell you that this man had at one time followed the fight game. The features are those of one who had fought well, but not too wisely.

In this rather strange environment probably would be the last place you'd expect to come face to face with the man who was the best mitt-slinger of all the Allied forces during the World War. The man is none other than "Fighting Bob" Martin, pride of the A.E.F., who not only was the kingpin of Uncle Sam's forces, but went on to lick all the other champs of the various Allied Nations.

Now that his ring days are forever a memory, he has retired to the peace and quiet of his native West Virginia hills to spend the remainder of his days far from the hustle and bustle of the professional prize-ring, the one profession that he once gave promise of ascending to its most coveted throne—the heavyweight championship.

* * *

LET'S turn back the pages of pugilism a few short years and see how his brawny "doughboy" fared with the fistic elite.

The scene is in one of Uncle Sam's cantonments . . . . Camp Shelby, the year is 1918. The nation is gripped in the throes of war. Throughout the country, the cream of the nation's manhood is madly getting into shape to share its burden of the bloody conflict.

Camp Shelby is no exception. Its forces are augmented by a bunch of hard-bitten miners, small-town residents and lads from the backwoods of the smoky Cumberlands, all eager to represent West Virginia and help uphold the state's reputation as a land of fighting men.

One of those who came in from the wooded Cumberlands was a tall youngster standing 6 feet 2½ inches in height, and tipping the beam at 185 pounds. He answered to the name of plain Bob Martin. Not even the slightest idea of eventually becoming a pugilist had ever entered his mind. Like thousands of other youths, he was more or less muddled at the sudden turn of affairs that had plucked him from his native woods and cast him into a mad whirlpool of humanity, all getting ready to slay their fellow-beings—the lads following the banner of Kaiser Wilhelm.

Young Martin, just 21, at once evinced an interest in the mitt game. Possessed with a physique that would be the envy of a Greek god, Martin took to boxing like a duck takes to water. Before the long, long journey that ended in France, Bob had compiled a list of impressive training camp victories that included kayos over men like Bob Jackson, Jack McGilliott, Reed Hansen and "Corporal" Harrison. No nationally known men there, merely burly, ambitious lads like Martin himself, all anxious, however, to make a mark in the fight game.

* * *

OVER in France, Bob kept up the good work. During respites from actual firing line duty, he managed to score kayos over lads like "KO" Marchant, "Gunner" Moss, Paul Bonrox, Gene Moreau and Gene Nils. One lad, "Sergeant" Ray Smith, held him to a 4-round draw, and a husky Marine, Gene Tunney, won a 4-rounder over him. Both of these men later became widely known in professional heavyweight circles. Tunney, as you know, eventually went on to win the heavyweight title.

Then came the elimination battles for the A.E.F. championship. The West Virginia product went after the crown with a will. In short but bloody conflicts he eliminated, among others, Ralph Nelson, Sergeant Hamilton, Ralph Alexander, "Sailor" Gibbs, Pete Roumas, Al Gallagher and a host of other ambitious A.E.F. pugs. Eventually the issue was boiled down to a battle between Martin and Fay Keiser a rough, tough battler who later made a name for himself in American ring circles.

Keiser, little more than a middleweight, was soundly beaten over the 10-round route by Martin, who by this time had been dubbed "Fighting Bob." Tunney, the only one to win over the husky "doughboy" to date, had elected to fight in the light-heavyweight ranks, winning the A.E.F. title in that division. Though efforts were made to match Martin and Tunney again, they never met but the one time.

* * *

THE middle of 1919 had rolled around by now, and the Inter-Allied Championships were at hand. From June 22nd to July 6th, those elimination battles were fought in the Pershing Stadium, Joinville, France. Eighteen nations were represented in this tourney. The champions of each nation competing. Bob

DOUGHBOYS

Martin, of course, representing the U.S.A. Martin's first opponent was a burly Roumanian, Romaire. Martin easily outclassed him, scoring a first round kayo.

His next opponent was the gigantic Frenchman, Paul Journee. Journee, who later tried the professional game, was kayoed in 2 heats when Martin parked a swinging right-hander to his brittle chin.

Eventually, Martin and the Australian entry, "Captain" Gordon Coghill, were paired for the championship. Coghill, a giant specimen of manhood, a terrific hitter and a skillful boxer, was a decided favorite to beat Martin.

Martin, undaunted by the Aussie's reputation, sailed into his opponent like a cyclone and to the consternation of his English and Australian buddies, Martin scored a sensational one-round kayo over the highly touted lad from Kankaroo-land.

* * *

JIMMY BRONSON, the well known American manager, took Bob in tow and when the handsome West Virginian returned to the states in the fall of 1919, Bronson had him all cut and primed for an assault on the ranks of our professional stalwarts.

Martin made his professional début at Cleveland against a tough "trial-horse," Joe Bonds. The battle, a 15 rounder, was stopped in the 11th to save Bonds from a certain kayo. The glamour surrounding the A.E.F. champion made him an instant favorite. Work was plentiful in those golden days, and under Bronson's management, Martin waded through fellows like Arthur Pelky, Tom Riley, Bob Scanlan and Jack Moran with a vengeance.

In 1920 Bob went to the post on 20 different occasions. Fifteen of the battles ended with a knockout in Bob's favor. The list included kayos over Ted Jamison 6, Tom McMahon 5, "Bandsman" Rice 2 and his old rival, "Sergeant" Ray Smith bit the dust a couple of times, once in 5 rounds and again in 2.

In no-decision battles, he fought Ray Smith 10 rounds, and engaged Bob Roper in a couple of 12-rounders. He lost one bout to Ray Smith in one round (by the foul route) and Bob Roper copped a 12-round decision.

Nineteen twenty-one saw Martin blossoming in his fullest glory. That year he humbled in the resin top-notchers like Martin Burke, 5; Frank Moran, 7; "Gunboat" Smith, 3; Joe Cox, 10; and Tom McCarthy, 3. On the other side of the ledger, however, Bill Brennan, then in the heyday of his glory, beat the A.E.F. product over the 15-round route in a bloody, bruising fray. Fay Keiser, now a full-fledged heavyweight, also took a 15-rounder from Bob in one of 1921's greatest upsets.

Nineteen twenty-two came around and Bob was still going full tilt. He still looked like certain championship timber. Out of 18 professional tilts that year, Bob scored 15 kayos, which is socking in any man's language. The victims weren't all "pushovers" either. They included Eddie Civil, Bill Thompson, Andy Schmader, Carl Danner, Joe Burke and Ray Townsend. None of 'em ring immortals it is true, but a dozen years ago they were all rough, tough customers.

* * *

OCTOBER 6 that year, however, witnessed Martin dropping several notches in the eyes of fight fans. Bob was paired against the sensational Californian, Floyd Johnson. With the promise of a battle with Jess Willard awaiting the victor, Martin was kayoed in the sixth round of a rip-snorting battle. It was the first time the West Virginian had ever tasted the bitter dregs of a knockout.

It was a bitter disappointment to him. Heretofore, he had considered the heavyweight championship as a foregone conclusion. Now, with a title shot with Jack Dempsey not far away, he had fallen before the onslaughts of Johnson. He decided to start back up the rough and stony trail once more. Ready again to go forth to battle, he had the misfortune to be hurt in an automobile wreck near Huntington, W. Va. For a time his life was despaired of, but his wonderful strength and stamina pulled him through. Physicians warned him that his fighting days were over. Bob would have none of it. A few months later, we find him back in the squared circle. Homer Powell scored a 6-round decision over him at Atlanta, Ga.

Bob Martin as a member of the state police department.

It was noticeable that Bob was far from his former self. Friends begged him to give up his fistic ambitions before he became permanently injured. Then he stopped an unknown, Bill Clemons at Huntington, W. Va., in 6 heats to score his 99th knockout victory.

Bob wanted to make it an even hundred. Despite protests of those interested in his physical welfare, Martin consented to meet Martin Burke at New Orleans. Burke, though not of championship caliber, still possessed a terrific punch. From the opening gong, Martin was at the mercy of the terrific hitting New Orleans Irishman.

Before the first round was over, it was easy to be seen that the game A.E.F. champion would be lucky to last the scheduled 10 rounds. The Martin in there that night was far from the rugged lad that cut such a swath in fistic ranks a couple of years before. True, he appeared in good physical condition, but the old pep and snap was gone. Instead, he appeared a tired old man. He no longer seemed able to evade a punch tossed in his direction.

(Continued on page 43)

TOMMY LOUGHRAN,

Tommy, me sowl, there was seldom th' likes av you,
Sure we was proud av th' way that yez fought,
Battlin' th' bunch wid thim left-handed strikes av you
Here was one gossoon who couldn't be bought!
Niver laid down on th' good folks that bet on you,
Man every inch from your heels to your nod,
Divil th' scandal they ever could get on you
Straight as a sthring was th' path that you trod.

Tommy, me bhoy, there was niver a fright in you
As you milled on through the good luck and bad,
Matched agen odds, there was always a fight in you
Comin' up batthered, but smilin', begad!
Game to the core from th' very first sthart av you,
Darin' to take it, an' ready for more,
Courage lived on in that grand, gallant heart av you,
That's why we cheered for you, Tommy asthore!

Tommy, me champ, whin owld age gets th' best av you,
You can look back on th' past without shame,
Knowin' that Fate took a turrible test av you
Yet couldn't break you while fightin' for fame;
Phwat's th' use talkin', there's none av th' breed av you
Left among slattherns who can't fight a lick,
Many's th' day we'll be feelin' th' need av you
Whin you're through maulin' 'em, Tommy, avick!

GEORGE T. PARDY.

* * *

The Smiling Champion

A LITTLE over fifteen years ago Thomas Patrick Loughran made his initial bow to the fistic fans in a small Philadelphia club which catered to the virile appetites of those who paid their shekels cheerfully to see the "milling coves" commit battery and assault on each other in rip-roaring style. It had to be that way, for the club was one of those places, numerous in its day, where no exhibition stuff was tolerated on the part of glove principals. The crowd had to get its money's worth, or—there'd be trouble of an exceedingly serious kind.

So when Thomas Patrick—later he was to be known the length and breadth of the land as Tommy Loughran—stepped into that ring, he knew he was up against the real thing. He had to make good decisively, or relinquish forevermore the ambitions he cherished to reign some day as a genuine fighting champion. Because Tommy's ambitions were not favored at home! His mother did not like the idea of her handsome boy running the risk of losing his good looks by virtue of frequent mit massages. His dad was less hostile to the fighting idea. Being a red-blooded Celt himself, he naturally would be.

But the elder Loughran had no intention of encouraging Tommy to travel the pugilistic way, unless the lad showed right from the start that he was likely to amount to something as a glove artist. His dad's okay meant everything to the budding pug. And therefore he was, in the language of the fancy, "out for blood" on the eventful night of his professional début. Which explains why the eager novice, skinny of frame, scaling only 140 pounds, although over five feet, ten inches tall, wasted no time in preliminary feinting or sparring but cut loose from the first stroke of the bell.

He didn't look like a fighter; in fact, his countenance had a decidedly cherubic cast, and nobody, least of all his opponent, was prepared for the savage onslaught with which he amazed the spectators. The object of this rude attack was swept off his feet twice in succession, hustled from rope to rope without being given time to take a saving breath, went to his corner weak, groggy and bewildered, and ere the second round was well under way, succumbed completely to the effects of a right-hand smash on the chin.

After which there were no more paternal objections to Tommy Loughran's choice of a profession. He had made good in a spectacular way, and great was the exultation manifested by his manager, Joe Smith, himself a ring veteran with some three hundred odd battles to his credit. Smith had taken Loughran in hand at the youngster's own request. Their families lived in the same neighborhood, and Tommy picked up the rudiments of the noble art from his tutor in a little gym they constructed in the cellar of the Loughran home. Incidentally, it was necessary to move Mrs. Loughran's coal around to another corner in order to obtain sufficient boxing space.

The militant spirit showed early in young Tom. He tried hard to crash the World War when he was but fourteen years of age. In other words, he prevaricated, to put it mildly, his way into a doughboy uniform. Being tall for his age, and, although slender, compactly built, it wasn't difficult for him to enlist.

He was duly inoculated and given a railway ticket which landed him in a Georgia camp. Meanwhile, however, his anxious parents reported him missing to the Philadelphia police. Aware of the lad's pugnacious leanings, Loughran senior opined that Tommy had attempted to get into the biggest scrap of all, and following this lead, with the assistance of the military authorities, the bloodhounds of the law located their quarry.

A sad, mad youth was Tommy when his commanding officer, praising his pluck and regretting his loss to the regiment, started him on his homeward way. He had been so anxious to serve Uncle Sam and see the world as well! A tough break, but even as a kid Tommy was something of a philosopher, so he resumed his interrupted studies at St. Monica's Parochial School. Upon graduation, he passed a year at the Roman Catholic School on Broad and Vine Streets, Philadelphia.

* * *

HIS yen for the boxing game materialized after witnessing a bout between Johnny Kilbane and Joe Fox, in which the latter took a fine lacing. It was then he besought Joe Smith to further his scrapping ambitions, and the veteran consented. Not altogether willingly at first, however, for Joe knew from experience that there are much softer rackets than the life of a professional pug. Yet he was well enough acquainted with Loughran's determined spirit to guess that with or without his aid the youngster would follow his bent, and liked him too much to refuse.

Young Loughran's victim in the small-club battle already referred to was Eddie Carter, and the victor received twenty-five dollars as reward. The firm of Smith and Loughran was justly jubilant, all the more because Tom had come through with a clean knockout, instead of a mere decision. If you take a look at Loughran's early record, it will probably surprise you to notice the long list of kayo victories with which he is credited. Because, in later years, due to Loughran's penchant for left-

Master Scientist and Ring Gamester Who Feared No Odds

This is the Fourth of a Series of Sketches on Famous Fighters

By
GEORGE T. PARDY

handing opponents and winning verdicts on points, rather than take chances on slugging, most of the experts, and a great many fans, tabbed him as a light hitter, incapable of dealing a punch carrying stunning impact.

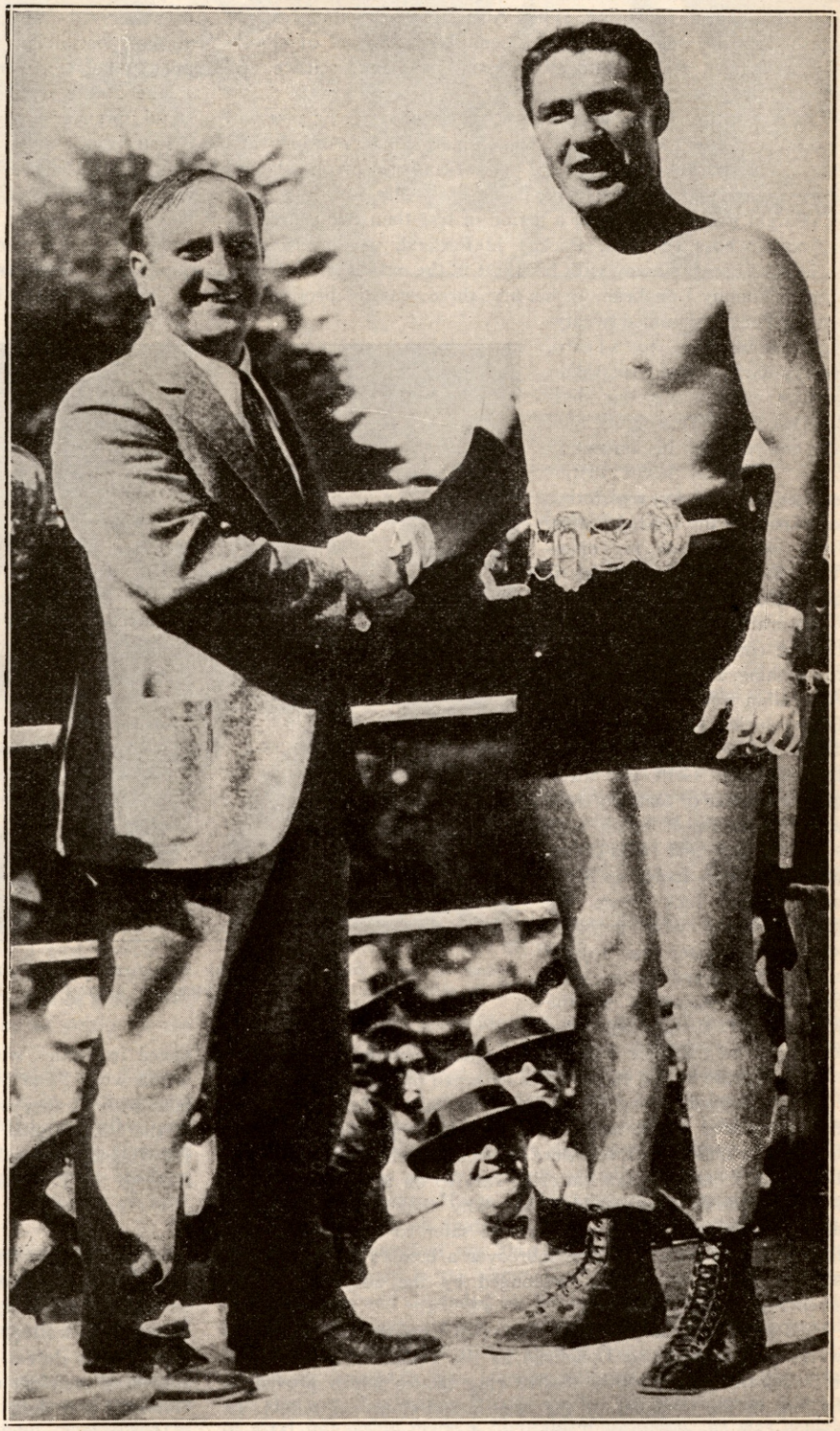
As a matter of fact, Loughran and his manager, after his Philadelphia admirers had begun to extol Tommy's punching prowess, came to the conclusion that the quick-knockout thrill-stuff was poor business from the strictly business viewpoint.

"First thing you know, you'll be getting right-hand crazy," said Smith to his youthful battler. "At that, I ain't sure you're not a bit that way now. You go in with a leap and a thud and knock these bozos silly, which is okay as a grandstand play, but some time you'll miss a swing and bat your chin against a counter that won't do you one bit of good. You got to educate your left and stick to the safe and sane old jab, and forget you own a right at all, except in special cases."

* * *

LOUGHRAN agreed. He was too intelligent to be misled by the yowls of approbation which greet the slugger who has just ousted a foe, into believing he could play the knockout game indefinitely without coming to harm. Also, he knew what some of the veterans looked like, who in their prime had followed the policy of taking three punches in order to land one. The notion of winding up in the rôle of a human punching bag did not appeal to Thomas Patrick.

At this time Loughran's left was not much of an asset to the owner except to create an opening for his right to flash home. Smith fell back on an old, but very effective, scheme for curing right-hand ring gamblers. He tied up Tommy's right behind the Loughran back, and had him practice continuously with the left, hooking, jabbing and jolting. The plan worked well, and was responsible for making Loughran one of the finest left-handed artists the game has ever known.



Nat Fleischer, "The Ring" publisher, congratulates Loughran upon winning "The Ring's" award for having accomplished most for boxing in 1931. Tommy is wearing the belt presented to him at Hurney's Lake, Pa.

It is worthy of mention that Jack Kearns employed similar means to coerce Jack Dempsey into using his left for kayo purposes, instead of trusting to powerful but inaccurate swings with his right. That was in the days when the two Jacks were barnstorming around the country, looking for whatever they could get, and frequently not getting even that. But putting the right mawley in storage for educational purposes was a trick also much in vogue with the London prize ring men of the bare-knuckle era.

It by no means follows that, because a boxer earns a reputation as a purely scientific performer, he is really lacking in the ability

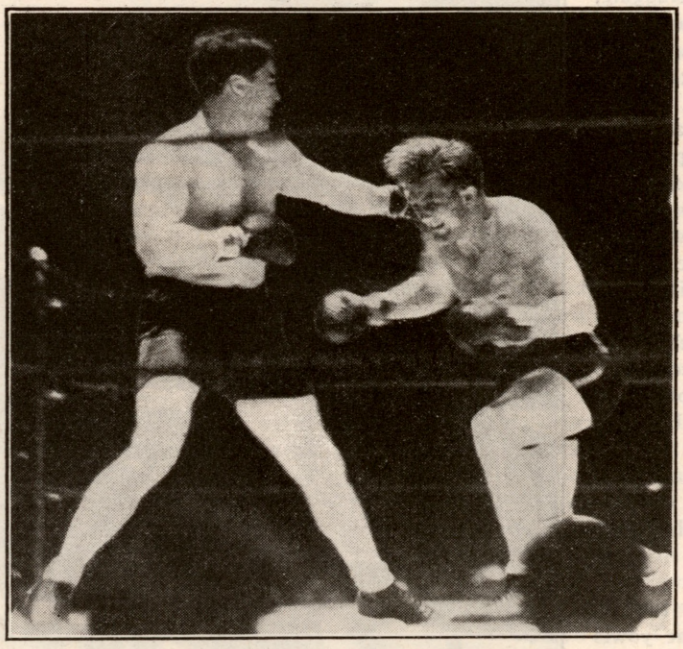
to hit a sleep-producing punch. But if he sticks long enough to the point-decision system of winning victories it becomes impossible ultimately to persuade ring patrons that he is still endowed with natural punching power.

* * *

YET it isn't necessary to rely solely on Loughran's case to prove that a clever boxer may possess a sockdologer that he doesn't care to risk using. When Abe Attell reigned as featherweight king he was universally esteemed as a marvel of cleverness, his fame resting altogether upon his speed, science and generalship.

But if you hark back to Abe's record as an amateur you will find he was celebrated for the extraordinary number of one- and two-round knockouts he piled up. When he turned pro he slapped down every opponent in jigtime, lining up twenty-four knockouts in straight succession during a period of less than two years.

Another boss scientist, Packey McFarland, was every whit as fond of banging away with his right in the outset of his career as was Tommy Loughran. In his first three years of professional boxing Packey slammed twenty-eight antagonists to sleep. Young Griffo, the Australian wonder who made our best feathers and lightweights look like novices with his uncannily clever methods, never distinguished himself by registering knockouts in the United States. Griff simply made his opponents look foolish and let it go at that.



Scene in fight between Tommy Loughran and Walter Neusel in which the German heavyweight gained the decision.

Naturally, it was assumed that he couldn't hit to amount to anything. But if you ask any Australian veteran who knew Griffo during the latter's early career in the antipodes, he will tell you that Griff put away quite a number of featherweight aspirants in finish fights with small gloves and skin-tights, but smashed his hands up badly in so doing. Jack Grace, the globe trotter, who probably knew Griffo better than anyone else in the United States, confirmed this statement to the writer, and commented that Griffo never tried for a knockout after reaching these shores, simply because he had to nurse his damaged mitts along carefully.

Griffo stopped hitting hard because he had to. But the reasons that influenced Attell and McFarland to drop slugging tactics for craftier milling methods were the same which changed Tommy Loughran from a human battering-ram to an artful dodger. As sensible fellows they couldn't see why they should run into danger bullheaded. It was easier and safer to win scientifically than give and take maulings, moreover a boxer's period of ring activity would be greatly prolonged by the adoption of less strenuous fighting methods.

And so it came about in the course of time that sport writers were wont to refer to Loughran as the Philadelphia Phantom, with regard to his subtly elusive ring tactics which proved so baffling to the disciples of the rush-in-and-clout-'em school. In between ring engagements Tommy worked at various jobs, always picking out some form of labor that would be likely to help him professionally. At one time he was employed as a pile driver for the Atlantic Refining Company, chopping down trees; again, he was a blacksmith's helper, work which had an extremely beneficial effect on the muscles, strengthening his shoulders, arms, legs, and developing his wrists.

Loughran's first look-in on the big-time circuit occurred in 1922, when he met Jim Darcy of New York at the Arena Club of Philadelphia. Darcy was then an outstanding drawing card and supremely confident that he could take Loughran in a hurry. The latter was on the small end of the betting, and the price seemed just about right in the early stages of the battle, when a hard right to the chin dropped Tommy for a nine-count.

But he got up, hop-scotched swiftly out of reach until his head cleared, and then proceeded to hand Mr. Darcy what was probably the most stupendous licking that aggressive young man ever received. It was a no-decision affair, but there was only one verdict possible under the conditions, and the papers gave that unanimously to Loughran.

The Darcy contest proved conclusively that Loughran could stand up under punishment as well as he could administer it with his straight, cutting left delivery. Joe Smith figured it was about time that he flashed his able protégé on the New York talent, and thither went the pair, sighing for new worlds to conquer. Smith had no engagement in sight, but fancied that if Tommy boxed around the New York gyms a bit, his style would get the newspaper men talking, and start the promoters angling for his services.

They had only a hundred dollars between them when they hit the main stem of Bagdad on the Hudson. Joe set Tommy to work at Grupp's gymnasium, and had him work out with Mike McTigue and other crack boxers. He made a decided hit with the newspaper reporters, who one and all praised his skill generously. But he got nowhere financially as a result of this flattery. Because the word got around among the leading mitt-men that Loughran was altogether too clever to fool with, and a good man to keep away from professionally.

Within a week Loughran and his mentor were close to the ragged breaking edge so far as their bank roll was concerned, and were compelled to beat a hasty retreat for the Quaker City again. There, at least, they were always certain of picking up a living, for Tom was deservedly popular with the home folks.

The year 1922 was a busy one for Loughran, who engaged in battles with ten of the leading ring favorites, among whom were Mike McTigue, Harry Greb and Gene Tunney. The bout with Tunney was scheduled for eight rounds and took place at the Philadelphia Ball Park. It began in a sensational flurry, for Tunney promptly floored Loughran with a heavy straight right to the jaw that toppled over the local favorite.

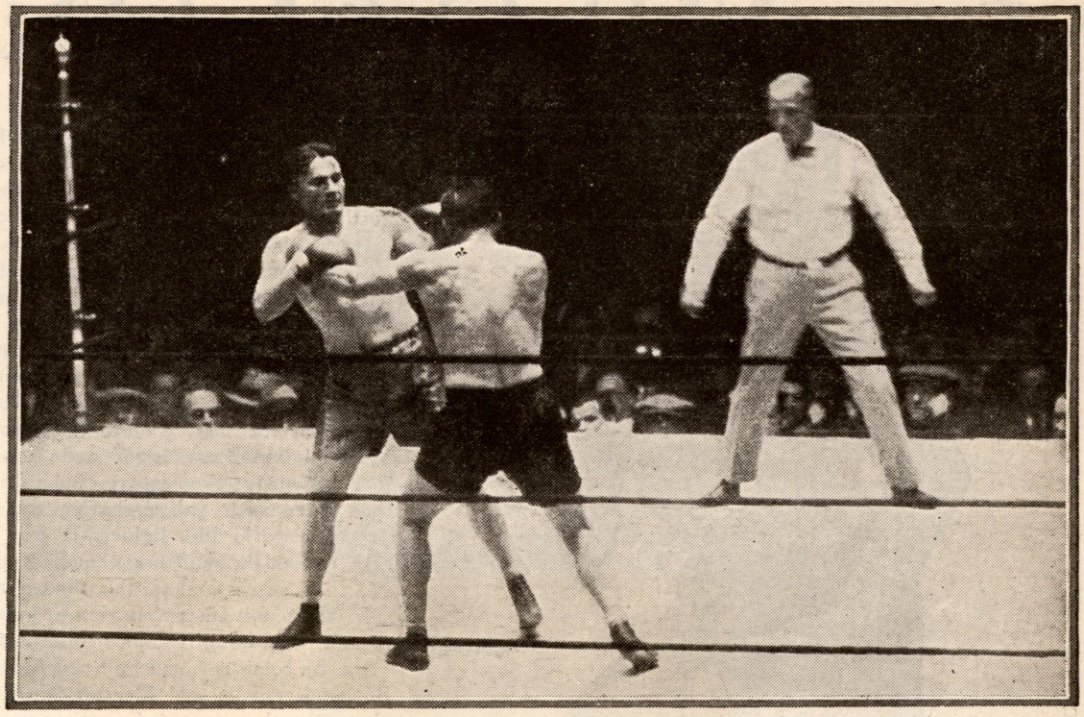
* * *

IT is worthy of mention that it was with a similar punch that Tunney dazed Jack Dempsey at Philadelphia four years later, when the heavyweight title changed hands. It was the wallop which started the Manassa Mauler on the toboggan to defeat, an utterly unexpected visitation, for, as the aggrieved recipient remarked pathetically after it was all over—"Nobody ever done that to me before!"

However, Loughran philosophically took eight seconds to think things over and, upon arising, appeared as fresh as if nothing had happened. It was a fast, hotly contested bout, with Tunney having a weight advantage of several pounds, but, try as he might, Gene was unable to connect again with his right, and in the exchanges which followed Tom was as good as his master. In fact, there was little to choose between the pair at the finish, and two papers, *The Evening Bulletin* and the *Enquirer*, picked Loughran as the winner. Others called it a draw.

In any event, the result added fresh luster to Loughran's laurels, for Tunney was then champ of the light-heavyweight division, and it is noteworthy that Gene never would agree to a return match, although repeatedly challenged by Loughran. Both men were scientists of the first water and it is nothing to Tunney's discredit that he preferred to find victims among less polished practitioners of the art pugilistic, rather than pit his cunning offense against the ultra-clever Philadelphian.

Over a year elapsed after Loughran's first New York visit before he again took the trail for the big burg. This time it was with something definite in view, a fifteen-round match with Harry Greb. It was the first time that Loughran had traveled over ten frames, but the distance did not trouble him, as he finished fast and full of fight. Yet the verdict was against him, and loud was the wrath of the assembled fans, who insisted that Loughran had won hands down. This was the view taken by the New York press in general, the sport writers being united in their disapproval of the decision and sympathy for the loser.



When Loughran gained the light-heavyweight title from Mike McTigue. Tommy came through with a splendid exhibition and was awarded the decision.

Disappointing as the result was to Tommy and his faithful manager, they could congratulate themselves on the fact that promoters could no longer afford to overlook the Philadelphia Phantom as an attraction. Moreover, they were richer by the sum of twenty-two hundred dollars, a welcome addition to their slender exchequer.

From then on, there probably was never a busier fighter in the history of the game than Loughran. He met all comers, asked no favors and speedily established himself as a past master of science, a thorough gamester and one of the fastest two-handed boxers that ever bewildered an opponent with a choice assortment of jabs, stabs, hooks and jolts delivered from all points of the compass.

In 1927 he won the light-heavyweight title from Jimmy Slattery in fifteen rounds, and successfully defended it in 1928 against Leo Lomski and Pete Latzo; and against Mickey Walker and Jim Braddock in 1929. Of the four, Lomski gave him the toughest time. In fact, Leo floored Tom early in the contest with a crashing right to the jaw and it looked as though the champ couldn't beat the ten-count.

But beat it he did, and, what was more, beat up Mr. Lomski most shamefully after he got his bearings again. If there was anyone present who ever had a doubt about Loughran's gameness, that doubt went up in smoke after witnessing the exhibition of pluck and endurance he gave.

Fighting as often as he could, and giving anyone who wanted it a chance at his title, Loughran, at the end of nearly ten years in the ring, found himself so completely without competition in his own class, that he had to renounce the title he battled so valorously to win and plunge in among the Simon-pure heavies.

Loughran is probably the nearest approach to the milling status of the old champions that modern boxing produced—certainly he belongs with the best of them, such as McCoy, Jim Corbett, et al. Jack Johnson, that supreme master of defense and attack, always liked to watch Loughran at work, for Jack hailed him as a brother scientist of topnotch standing.

"Few fighters of today know how to block properly," said the ex-heavyweight champ, when discussing the comparative merits of the big fellows. "But Loughran does. He is the only one I know who can pick off punches in the air. Most of 'em stop wallops nowadays, instead of picking 'em off. And they're all set for hooking and swinging! They don't punch straight, and no hooker can beat a real sweet straight puncher!"

Loughran rather convincingly demonstrated Johnson's theory when he handled Jack Dempsey with ease at the latter's training camp in Atlantic City in 1926, when Dempsey was preparing for the first battle with Gene Tunney, which cost him his crown. Experts present were amazed at the cleverness with which Loughran evaded and dodged the hooks and jolts of the dangerous Manassa Mauler.

"They have to hit me to hurt me," was Tommy's slogan in those days, "and most of 'em can't hit me!"

* * *

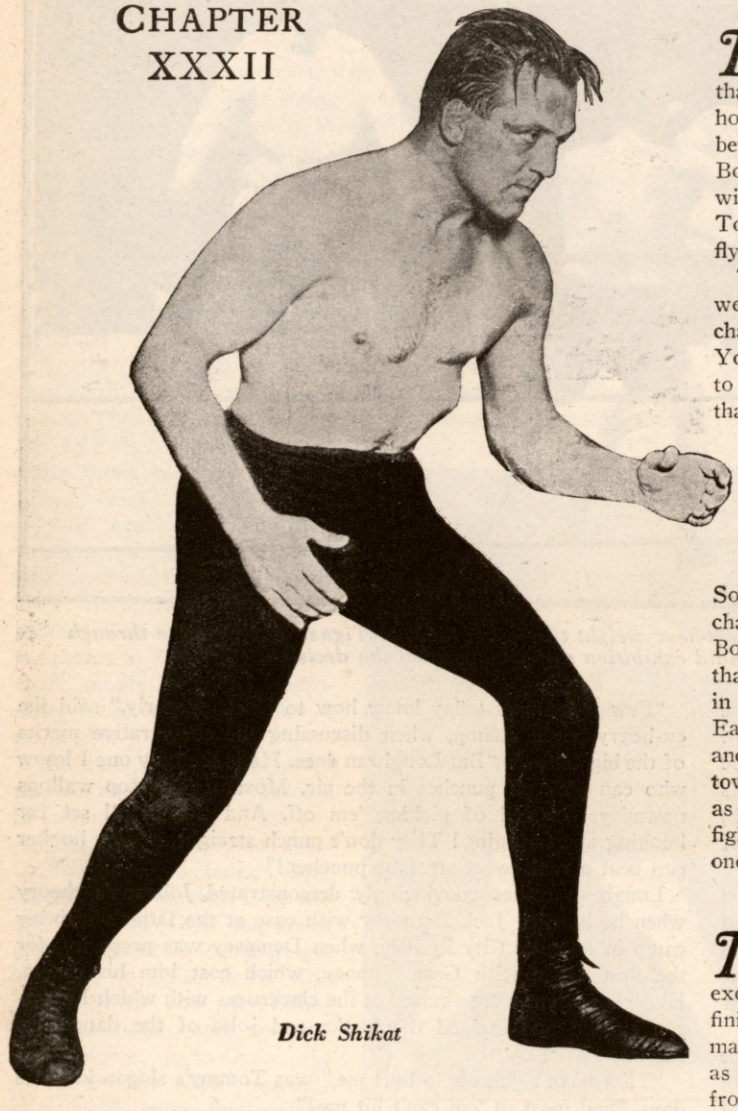
YET he never felt quite that way about Dempsey until he stepped around with Jack in that Atlantic City training ring. Then he discovered for himself that Dempsey was somewhat like the rest. The Manassa Mauler had to be able to hit him in order to hurt him—and he just couldn't land right. He was not astonished when Tunney dethroned Dempsey.

"Tunney was as strong as a bull, actually stronger than Dempsey," said Loughran. "Gene couldn't punch as murderously as Jack, but don't think that he couldn't hit. I fought him once, and he nearly knocked my head off with a straight right that he got home early in the game. However, Gene was of the intellectual type and depended on his boxing ability and brains to win. Dempsey was a tiger, a great slugger. I always admired him, but he was a killer rather than a ring general."

Tommy Loughran was popular with all who knew him. He was the sort that makes friends easily; his frank smile, his air of good fellowship made a favorable impression; he was genial, in the best sense of the word. It must be confessed, however, that many of the fight fans went to watch Tommy perform in the earnest hope that he'd run his jaw into a hard jolt. Not that they disliked him personally. But from time immemorial the ring patrons have always expressed grudging respect for the scientist, while their whole-souled admiration went to the chap who would tear in bullheaded and knock the scientist cold. It was the same way in Tunney's case. *(Continued on page 43)*

From MILO *to* LONDOS

CHAPTER XXXII



Dick Shikat

ALTHOUGH Strangler Lewis and Jack Curley, America's foremost wrestling promoter, are now the best of friends, and Jack has often told me that he regards the Strangler as the greatest of modern wrestlers, barring Hackenschmidt, there was a time when the exponent of the famous headlock and the grappling impresario of New York were the deadliest of enemies. In fact, it was Jack Curley who caused Lewis to lose his title in New York, Pennsylvania and states allied with the boxing commissions of that territory and it all came about through the refusal of Lewis to defend his laurels for Curley.

It was in the latter part of 1929 that Curley and Toots Mondt, New York partners in wrestling promotion, began to boost the stock of one of their men, Dick Shikat, a German giant with a splendid physique and wrestling ability such as few others of recent years could boast. Mondt, who had taken over the management of Shikat, was anxious to have Dick clash with Lewis in a championship bout, but for some unknown reason the Strangler steadfastly refused. Of course there was considerable talk about Lewis being afraid of the German, and other whispers that the Strangler feared he would be duped out of his crown because of the deep interest the New York promoters had in the challenger, and, as a result, Lewis was haled before the Boxing Board of New York and informed that unless he agreed to meet Shikat, his title would be forfeited. Lewis didn't want to risk his crown in New York and pleaded for more time, but the commission turned down his request.

THE pressure brought against Lewis by New York and Pennsylvania commissions had no effect on him, and rather than take a chance on losing his crown in what he termed was hostile territory, he agreed to the formation of a combination between his manager, Billy Sandow, and Paul Bowser, famous Boston promoter, and their agreement called for Lewis to clash with Gus Sonnenberg, then the leading attraction in the Hub. To the surprise of Lewis, he lost his title to Sonnenberg, whose flying tackles proved too much for him.

Thus, while Shikat, Londos, Steinke and other stars who were appearing regularly in New York were clamoring for a chance at the title, a new champion was crowned, but New York's boxing commission and the Penn State board refused to acknowledge Sonnenberg, and thus was born the tournament that ended with Shikat sharing the spotlight with Sonnenberg as world title holder. It was that victory that brought about the wrestling championship mess that ended the line of succession to the throne and brought about a new system, with a champion in every port, so to speak.

One thing remained certain—that Lewis had lost his title by being defeated by Sonnenberg, but the manner in which Sonnenberg won and his subsequent refusal to give anyone a chance at the crown who was not a member of the Sandow-Bowser group, ruled against him. It was on August 23, 1929, that Shikat emerged the victor over Londos in a thrilling match in the Municipal Stadium of Philadelphia, and carried off the Eastern wrestling honors. A crowd of 30,000 saw that match and the gathering yelled itself hoarse as the Pride of Quakertown came through triumphantly. In fact, the bout, though billed as a wrestling championship match, was more of a 22-karat fighting match, so terrific and bitter was the struggle. It lasted one hour and fifteen minutes and twelve seconds.

* * *

THE end came dramatically. It was so thrilling that the spectators rose and cheered wildly. Shikat had become exceedingly rough as the match progressed and just before the finish he decided to make use of boxing tactics to bring his man to terms. First he stung Londos with as neat a right hook as one would care to gaze upon. Then as Londos arose groggily from the ropes, Shikat charged in and, picking him up like a sack of meal, hurled the Greek heavily to the canvas.

Londos was down at this point, but as Shikat had picked him off the ropes referee William Herman would not allow it. It made little difference. Londos was hardly on his feet when the German, now raging like an incensed bull, rushed and repeated the dose. This time Londos went down with a thud that must have rocked the feet of William Penn, perched several miles away on the top of the City Hall.

Shikat leaped on top of him and applied the pressure, but it was hardly necessary. Londos was dead to the world, and it took the combined efforts of several handlers as well as a liberal dose of smelling salts to revive him. Even when he regained his feet he was unsteady and had to be assisted from the ring.

But there was no funeral hush as they worked fervently over Londos. Instead, he was almost ignored except by his handlers and a few officials. The spectators had no time for him, for they were busy hailing the new champion in the wildest terms.

A scene unparalleled in Philadelphia followed as the police were forced to form a circle around the ring and hold back the hundreds who tried to leap on the canvas and shake Shikat by the hand.

When quiet was restored, Frank Wiener, chairman of the Penn commission, stepped up and fastened the Lavis belt on the German's waist, and the demonstration broke out anew.

For ten minutes they cheered Shikat and when he finally climbed through the ropes, he was almost swept off his feet as

By A. D. PHILLIPS

(World's oldest active sports writer)

the enthusiastic crowd surged about him.

* * *

PHILADELPHIA was certainly steamed up over this match. The crowd came out despite the threatening weather and when the rain did come down halfway through the bout, the customers sat unmoved as they did when Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney fought on the same spot in a similar downpour.

It was a great victory for Shikat, as it was the first time Londos had felt his shoulders on the mat since Joe Stecher performed the trick five years previously. But outside of actually winning, the German also scored throughout the match, although he had to be careful and was forced to resort to tactics that would not have been countenanced in a New York ring.

Londos was at a distinct disadvantage all the way through. He conceded five inches in height, as well as twenty pounds to Shikat, and besides the crowd was very much against him. Shikat could do as he pleased, and the crowd roared its approval, but if the Greek so much as raised a finger, boos resounded throughout the stadium.

With it all, Shikat gave a superlative performance. Cleverly coached from the corner by Toots Mondt, he displayed a keen insight on the finer points of wrestling. On few occasions was he in trouble himself, while he had Londos on the verge of defeat several times.

* * *

THE bout started slowly, for both were extremely cautious as they squared off. For five minutes they didn't lay a hand on each other. Shikat finally secured a wristlock, but he could not topple Londos from his feet, and no more success was scored with a headlock a few moments later. Between these holds, Shikat kept walloping Londos on the back of his neck with his forearm, which made the Greek complain bitterly to the referee.

Londos slapped with his open hand, and after a few more cuffings from both, Londos tumbled for the first trip to the canvas, a headlock sending him down after fifteen minutes of assorted mauling.

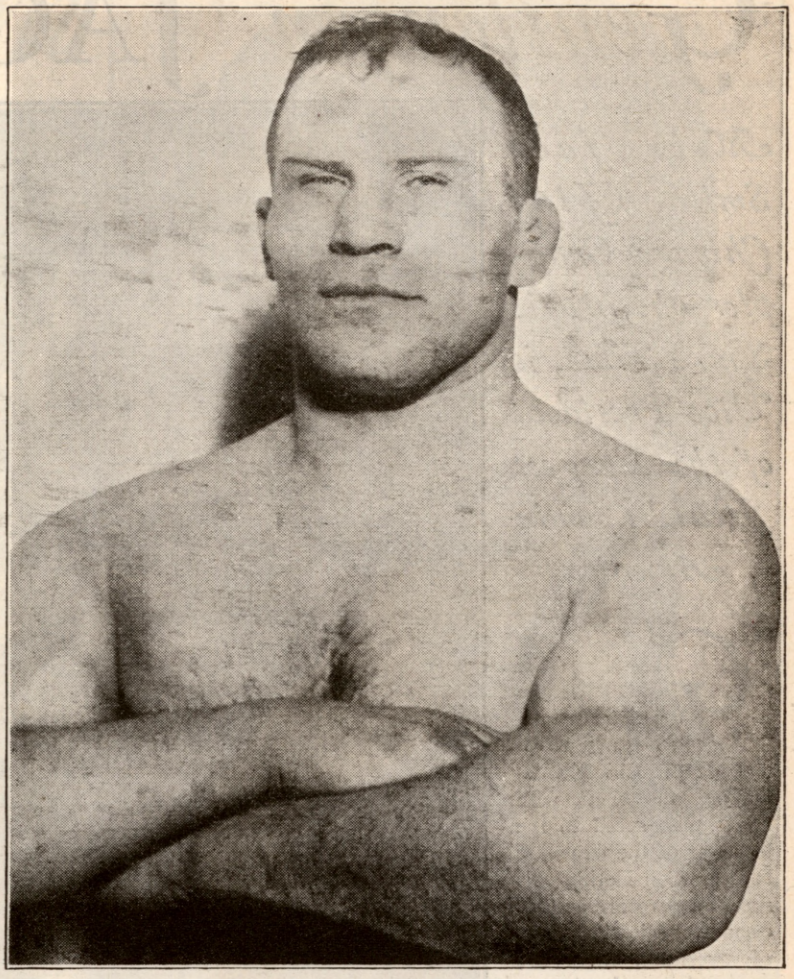
They went into the ropes, and were forced to the center again, where Londos sent Shikat down with a hammerlock, but the German wriggled out of this, and jumped to his feet, to engage in another lively sparring match with the Greek.

Then the rain came, and with it Shikat increased his activity, pinning Londos with a body scissors that hurt tremendously. With Londos weak, Shikat pressed his advantage, and between some neat socking and torturous body holds, the Greek seemed ready for the cleaners.

A head scissors and wristlock increased Londos' discomfort, and it was only with extreme dexterity that he was able to ward off defeat at this point. After taking the worst of it for almost an hour, the Greek suddenly turned the tide and had Shikat puffing from a vicious body scissors. With Shikat in a daze, Londos turned on some fisticuffs for a change, and then dashed in to toss the German all around the ring. Twice Shikat went to the canvas, and then he took four more downward swoops after a short rest.

Londos, seeing victory looming up, leaped in for a headlock, and as he did Shikat clipped him on the chin. The Greek went sailing into the ropes, with Shikat on top of him, and then followed the tumultuous finish that sent the crowd into a frenzy.

The gathering, almost in a mass, came down to the ringside, and cheers greeted the victor who was extremely popular with the German folk of Pennsylvania and also with those dyed-in-the-wool fans who were thrilled by his expertness.



Hans Steinke, famous German heavyweight wrestler, one of the strongest in the sport.

IN conjunction with this match, there is a most interesting story, one which never before has been printed, and since Jack Curley, America's foremost wrestling impresario is more conversant with the details than I am, I asked Nat Fleischer to intercede with Jack and to get Curley to tell the yarn to RING readers. Here it is:

"When Nat Fleischer asked me to tell the story of the diamond-studded belt which several of my colleagues and I presented to Dick Shikat after he had won the world title in the Philadelphia elimination tournament, I told him that I would gladly give it because I never was able to get any one to publish the yarn. Whenever I told it to newspapermen, they laughed, and the usual remark followed:

"'A good fish story, Jack. Too many like that have been pulled by chorus girls.'

"Well, this one, I assure my readers, is not a fish story. It is a true story and the reason it has never before appeared in print was because of the suspicion of sports writers that it was a press-agent yarn, pure and simple.

* * *

"JUST the same the story is true. In fact it was too true for the feelings of us all and especially Dick Shikat, who had just attained the world championship and was presented with the diamond-studded gold belt in token of being the titleholder. I'll review the situation:

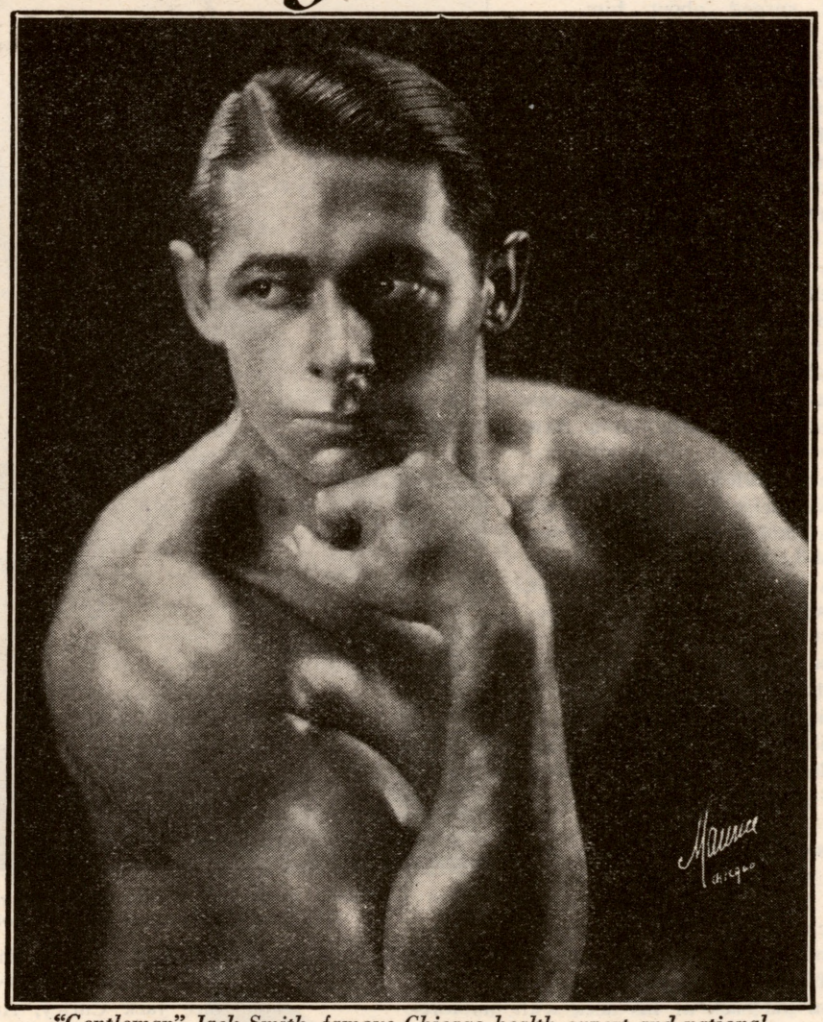
"Paul Bowser, Billy Sandow *et al* were trouping Gus Sonnenberg from coast to coast as the champion wrestler of the world. Sonny was surrounded by them with a steel wall, such as not even France could build on their German frontier.

"You will recall that there was considerable feeling over Sonnenberg keeping out of all wrestlers' company, not affiliated with the Bowser-Sandow tribe. Finally the various commissions took notice and with the aid of *(Continued on page 42)*

"Gentleman" Jack Smith

Meet Jack Smith, Fine Chicago Grappler who, in His Spare Time, is Vice-President of the Largest Health Club in America

By BERNICE SANDBOE



"Gentleman" Jack Smith, famous Chicago health expert and national wrestling star.

"GENTLEMAN" JACK SMITH, the promising young wrestler from Chicago, is making his way with spectacular speed to the top rung of the wrestling ladder. Considering his superb mat record and his clean-cut scientific style of wrestling, there are many who are betting on this clever young fellow to ascend the grappling throne one of these days.

Last summer Jack boasted of eighteen consecutive victories in Chicago, seven main events in a row, and on the last six matches the house was a complete sell out. He has taken a fall from mighty Ed Don George, has wrestled an hour and a half draw with sturdy Jim McMillen, one of wrestling's topnotchers and has draws with Gus Sonnenberg and Hans Kampfer, who are also considered among the best men in the grappling game.

Not only does Jack's fine record speak for him, but also his scientific, skilled ring technique and his strict adherence to the wrestling rules, which has won for him the ring moniker of "Gentleman." In this day of the unruly Chief Chewchkis, bouncing Man Mountain Deans, et cetera, a ring gentleman is appreciated by wrestling fraternity.

* * *

LIKE the majority of present day wrestlers Jack got his start in the amateur field. He has an outstanding record as a Simon-pure. It was when he won the National Amateur title that Charles Postl, a former well-known wrestler, whom veterans of the game better remember as "The Boston Butcher Boy," urged Jack to turn professional. Under the guidance and help of the "Butcher Boy," Jack cast his lot with the professionals and has since been rapidly coming to the front.

Jack was born and raised in Chicago. Besides his ring activities, he has had a busy, exciting life and many narrow escapes from death. For instance, in 1914 he survived the Eastland disaster when hundreds were drowned. In 1930, he was thrown from the ring in Philadelphia and suffered a broken shoulder. In 1931 he was in an airplane that was forced to land and in which three were injured, and the following year, '32, Jack was in a train wreck at New Rochelle, New York, when a score of people were hurt and one killed, and on October 5, 1934 he was in a head-on automobile collision! So it would seem that the gods have a special fancy for this young chap.

For twelve years Jack has been associated with Charles Postl's Health Club in Chicago, which is the largest health club in America, and where Jack is the dignified vice-president. Jack is so adept and well versed in this line of work, that Postl, the one responsible for his start in professional wrestling, has frequently urged him and offered him a large bonus to abandon wrestling and devote all his time to health building. But to quote Jack, "My aim is to win the heavyweight title some day and I'm going to keep on until I succeed in doing it, though the going is tough."

* * *

LAST summer when Jack was on a wrestling tour on the Pacific coast, he caught the attention of many of the cinema celebrities, including Mae West, Carol Lombard, Mae Clark, Wynne Gibson, Betty Compson and many of the male stars. As a matter of fact, Mae Clark was so enthusiastic over his grappling skill after seeing him in one match, that she wanted to manage him. Many of his motion picture friends have tried to induce Jack to play in pictures but, as before stated, Jack's goal is the wrestling crown and nothing can deter him from going after it.

Besides being a wrestler and health builder, Jack is a boxer of no little ability. In fact, the late Ernie Schaff taught him many valuable pointers on the fistic sport and tried to convince Jack that he had the makings of a fine boxer.

Jack is a fine-looking, dark-haired chap. He is always well groomed, likes smart clothes, swanky automobiles, and has a pleasant, likable personality—further reason why his nickname "Gentleman" is so appropriate. He trains earnestly and vigorously for all his matches and believes in keeping in tip-top physical condition at all times. He has a fine build, is of average height, and weighs 215 pounds.

Wherever Jack goes he is a popular favorite. Fans like his smooth, clean style of wrestling and are generous in their praise of him. Too, because he is nice looking, young and likable Jack has many feminine admirers.

Jack may never reach the top, but keep your eye on him.

Fordham Gridder on Mat

Les Ryan, Maroon Tackle, Close to Top Among Light-Heavyweight Wrestlers

By HARVEY BRIGHT

LESTER RYAN, popularly referred to by his intimates as "Les," is the latest addition to the light-heavyweight ranks recruited by Jack Pfefer, New York promoter. This year has been one of the busiest for Pfefer in the twenty years he has been promoting. Sensing accurately that the public demand was for light-heavyweight wrestlers, men of action who have revolutionized the game, Jack has waged a strenuous campaign to recruit under his banner the very best light-heavyweights in the country. That has not been so easy a job; many were tried but failed to make the grade; they had to be sorted and sifted until only the best material remained. Jack is proud, and justly so, that now he can boast he has the cream of light-heavyweights recruited from Coast to Coast and from Europe, appearing in New York. Among the latest to climb aboard the band wagon, is Les Ryan, Irish demon.

Ryan, an Irish-American boy, has been generously equipped with the necessary requirements which go to make the perfect athlete. He was trained by his parents for a business career. His father wanted him to enter the insurance business but young Les proved a complete disappointment to his parents, at least so far as business was concerned. The young man preferred athletics and no manner of schooling could change that. In fact, after graduating from school, he entered Fordham University and in that edifice of learning it was hoped that something might yet be done with Les. However, his attention hardly centered on business, but rather on the gridiron and later on wrestling.

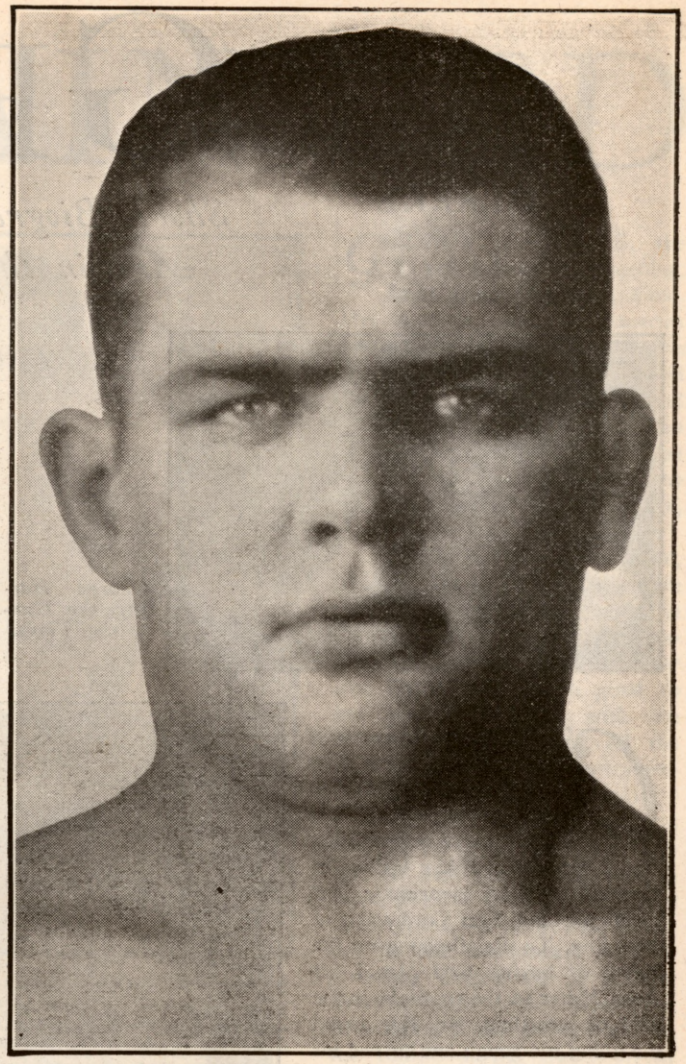
* * *

LES RYAN distinguished himself on the football field and even his parents could hardly fail to be proud of that achievement. Playing half-back for the University, Ryan engaged in the famous Fordham University games of '32 and '33 against St. Mary's, his position being at half-back. He liked the game well enough when at college but never had any intention of following up football professionally.

Rather he preferred wrestling, not only because it gave him the opportunity for using his physical developments to best advantage, but because he liked the sport and his intention was to take it up professionally. Even in those early days, young Les had visions of becoming a luminary on the mat and when he left Fordham he immediately entered the professional ranks.

Ryan, while on the football field, proved himself a tough customer. He was noted for his tackles. His abnormal strength made him a dangerous man to be contended with. His speed, too, was exceptional. In fact he was a flashy athlete.

With those endowments, he determined to bring them into play on the mat. He did so with remarkable success. Ryan has only been wrestling two years. He weighs 180 pounds and his rough work on the mat has made him as dangerous as he was on the gridiron.



Lester Ryan, Irish-American light-heavyweight grappler.

Les does not rely only on his strength and speed. Far from it. He has been coached by expert grapplers who have taught him the intricacies of the game and with the holds at his finger tips, he uses them, somewhat like a boxer feinting for an opening.

He uses orthodox methods until he finds his opponents in the position he has worked for, then lets everything go with whirlwind tackles and flying mares. Completely bewildered and frequently stunned, his opponents find themselves at the mercy of the former half-back football star of Fordham University.

* * *

BESIDES wrestling, Les enjoys swimming. He is an expert at this form of sport and for a time was lifeguard in the summer at popular beach resorts. Even now, when his time is practically entirely filled with wrestling engagements, he finds time to devote to swimming.

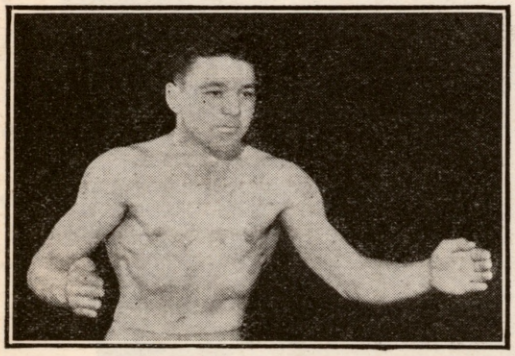
One outstanding fact about Ryan is that he never was an amateur wrestler. Few matmen have graduated to professional ranks without an amateur tutelage, but Les, with the exception of the few matches he participated in at college, had that superlative quality of the Irish—an absolute confidence in himself—and jumped right into the sport professionally and mixed with the best.

His success, in the short space of time he has been wrestling, has been extraordinary, and under the able coaching of Jack Pfefer, the Irishman looks as if he might be headed for big things in the mat game. Ryan won't lack competition. In fact, the most serious is from his own countrymen, among whom is Eddie Malone, another light-heavy star.

GETTING

By EMERY CLARKE

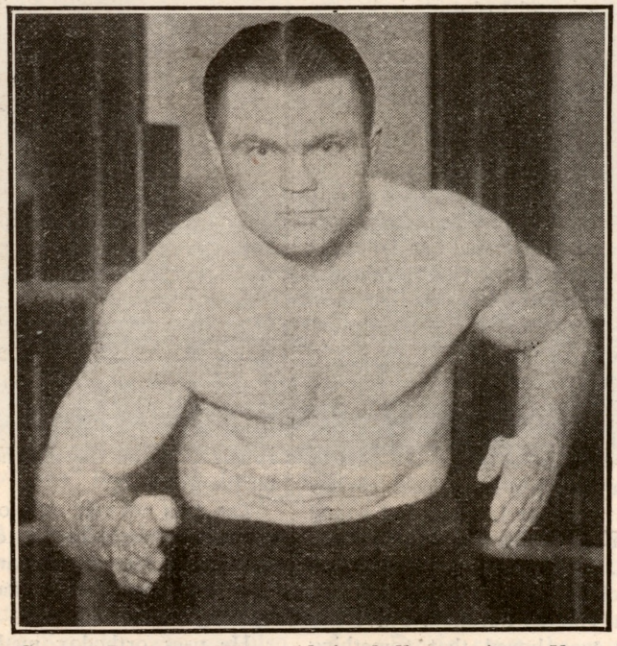
Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions



George Hartay, the Hungarian Flash.

COLUMBIA University has graduated many star athletes into professional sports, but none who have gained more prominence than Lou Gehrig, Eddie Collins in baseball and Carl Henriquez, Nat Pendleton and Sam Cordovano in wrestling. To Pendleton goes the honor of having first placed his Alma Mater in the spotlight in the field of wrestling, but Nat found the going too rough and turned his attention to the movies, where he has been starred for several years.

Carlos Henriquez, who loves his publicity and never misses a chance to keep himself in the public eye, is one of the leading heavyweights now performing in independent circles. He has steadfastly refused to join the ranks of the promoters who are handling the affairs of the present-day stars, preferring to do his own promotion work, and with his father, who years ago was one of the first to import Cuban ball players to this country, he stages matches in several of the smaller clubs in the metropolitan district and always he is the headliner.



George Dussette, 185-pound football star, from Notre Dame, who is making good as a wrestler.

Henriquez graduated from Columbia University when he was a youngster of nineteen years of age, the age when most boys are wearing their frosh caps and are thinking about winning their numerals in baseball, football, or track. Carlos at this early stage of his career had his coveted M. A. degree and had captained the varsity wrestling team. During his collegiate days this marvelous athlete captured nearly all intercollegiate mat honors and in 1927 won the A. A. U. crown.

Henriquez won the heavyweight wrestling crown of all South American countries in 1929 and the following year this dashing gladiator of sunny Spain annexed the heavyweight title of his native land in an open tournament held at Madrid.

His greatest achievement came in January, 1931, at Mexico City, when the government of Mexico sponsored an open tournament to the wrestlers of the entire world. Twenty-six of the leading matmen competed. Carlos established a world's record by winning twenty-six bouts, all by falls, in as many days. The final struggle narrowed down to Henriquez and the great American grappler "Cowboy" Jack Russell, a six foot four inch giant weighing 254 pounds.

That bout marks the toughest match in Henriquez' career. Russell fought it out with Carlos for one hour and forty minutes. His much larger opponent finally succumbed, only after a hectic struggle of skill and courage, to the fiery young Spaniard. Russell weighed 245, while Carlos tipped the beam at 185, an advantage of 69 pounds for the cowboy.

Henriquez was crowned champion of Mexico and all Spanish-speaking countries by the Mexican government. President Ortiz Rubio personally presented Carlos with silver cups, medals, and $5,000 in gold.

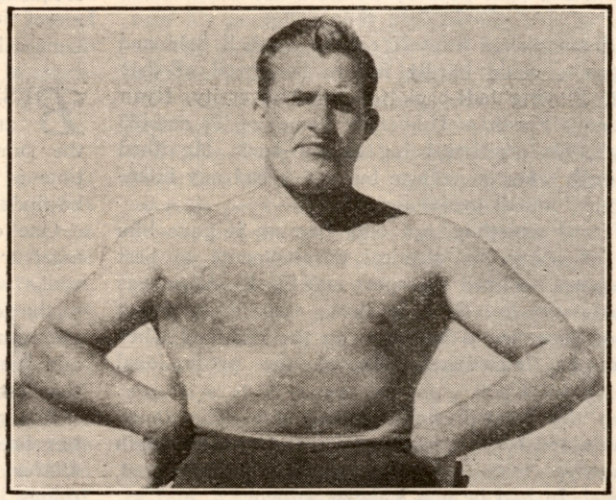
* * *

THREE years ago a top-notcher, Marvin Westenberg's wrestling career came to an abrupt halt, due to a serious injury. Eight months ago he set out to regain his lost ground, and today he is on the road to success.

His clean style of wrestling makes him well liked, and his good looks draw the support of the soprano fans. His specialty is the turnover scissors, which is a slight variation of Jim Browning's pinwheel scissors.

Westenberg was started off in the bone-crushing business by Dan Koloff, one of the greatest wrestlers of all times. Koloff trained him for six months.

Marvin hails from Tacoma, Washington. He earned his way through Washington State University working in logging camps during vacations, thereby developing a remarkable physique. While in school he won the amateur light-heavyweight wrestling championship. He retired undefeated.



Marvin Westenberg, who hails from Tacoma, Washington. He is a classy wrestler whose work is well liked in the West.

At various intervals he has played professional football, followed rodeos, and has been a state game hunter. For relaxation he likes to ride, hunt,

ACQUAINTED

and fish, and he is also quite a golf enthusiast.

He likes to wrestle, but is in the game for the money he makes out of it. He plans, when he makes his pile, to retire to a ranch in Washington.

Among his victims are Jack Forsgreen, from whom he won the championship of Canada, Sol Slagal, George Cochran, Jack League, Pat Reilly, Leo Numa, Man Mountain Dean, and Charley Hanson.

* * *

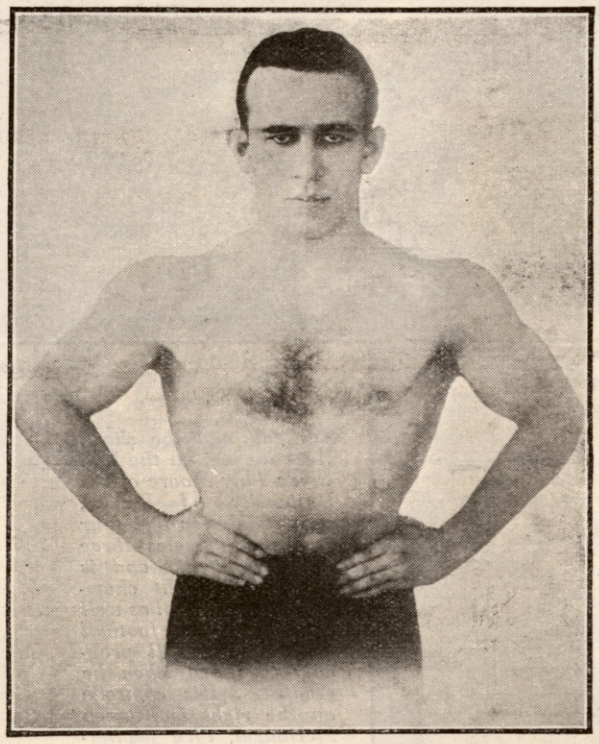
OUT in Wisconsin there is a young middleweight who has been doing well in the wrestling game. His name is George Hartay, and he is known as the Hungarian Flash. George came to Milwaukee in 1921, and has just turned twenty-one.

Those who have seen him perform say that he is one of the most promising of the light-heavyweights and that with a little more experience he will be a hard nut to crack. Hartay weighs one hundred and fifty pounds, but has clashed with a number of grapplers who have scaled from ten to fifteen pounds more than he.

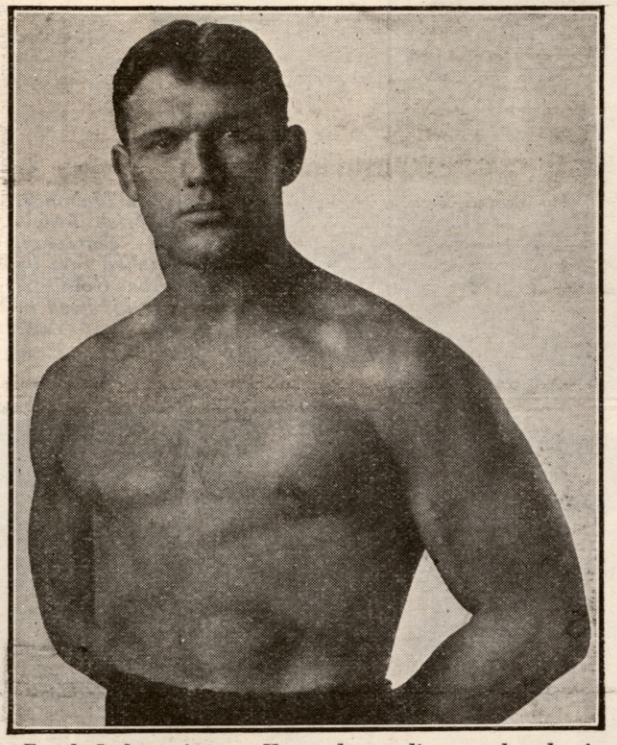
* * *

COLLEGE football stars who have graduated within the past five years have found the wrestling field far more lucrative than other business ventures. That is why so many of the collegians have cast their lot with the matmen. Although the newcomers are not quite up to the mark of those who were among the first to turn to professional wrestling for a living, there are a number of good young college men in the ranks of the heavyweights in various parts of the country.

Notre Dame's greatest gift to wrestling is Joe Savoldi, who has been one of the leading figures in the sport for the past two years and now another Notre Dame star has joined up with the pros, in George Dussette, a 185-pounder who is cutting quite a figure in Mid-West wrestling circles. George is not as colorful a grappler as is Savoldi, but he knows his holds and is improving with every match. George expects to get some big New York assignments next fall.



Carlos Henriquez, former Columbia University wrestling captain who has been performing professionally for several years. He holds the Mexican heavyweight title, the Cuban laurels and is one of the leading American grapplers. His father, who manages him, was one of the first to introduce Cuban ball players to this land.



Frank Judson, former Harvard wrestling coach, who is kept busy in Eastern matches.

GEORGE ZARNAS, the "Greek Adonis" of wrestling, hails from Cleveland, Ohio. His parents came to America from Athens, Greece, before George was born. Zarnas played college football at Alabama and at Ohio State, and was named on the All-Ohio line-up. He played professional football for the Cleveland Indians and at Canton, Ohio.

He is twenty-seven years old, and has been wrestling for five years. In the past two years he has met Jim Londos, world champion, four times. A youngster like Zarnas has to be good to get even one match with the champion. He has met all the ranking men in this country except Lewis and Jim Browning.

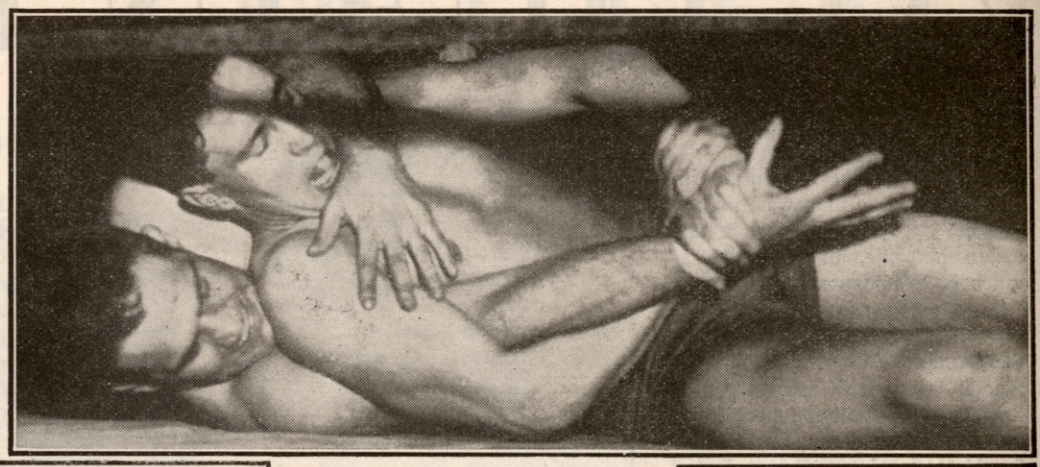
George is versatile. He has made several movie shorts during the past year. With his fine build, regular features, and deep brown eyes, he is without doubt one of the handsomest men in wrestling circles. He is a good aviation pilot with more than fifty flying hours to his credit in the course of his travels from match to match. He wrestles about one hundred and twenty-five matches a year. Zarnas has been campaigning in the Middle West and West for several months, and has lost only a few matches, one of which was to John Pesek, in that time.

* * *

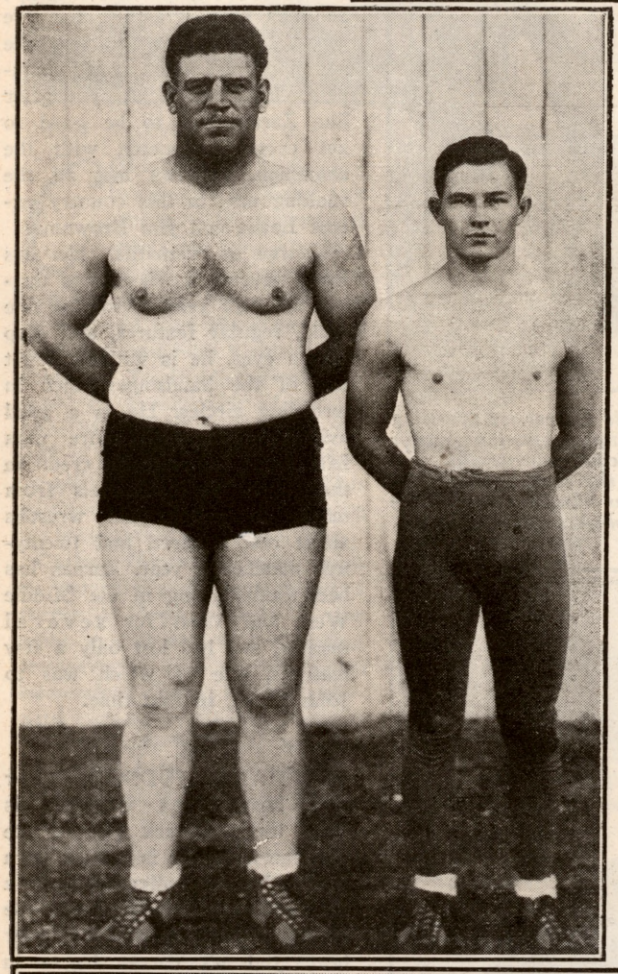
FRANK JUDSON, star heavyweight wrestler, is the hard-luck guy of the mat sport. Judson is a Pole, born Frank Judson Jedlewski, and in that huge frame is probably one of the stoutest hearts that ever beat. Judson's career began in the United States navy during the late attempt to save democracy. Right in his prime, he was matched with Ed "Strangler" Lewis for the championship and on the eve of the encounter old man Pneumonia joined the enemy and Judson was floored for the count. After recovering, the Pole renewed his training and another chance at the championship went amiss when Mrs. Judson was taken seriously ill, and the Pole had to abandon his campaign.

Then, matched with Sonnenberg, Judson dislocated a hip in training and suffered injury to the spine. From 215 pounds, Judson *(Continued on page 44)*

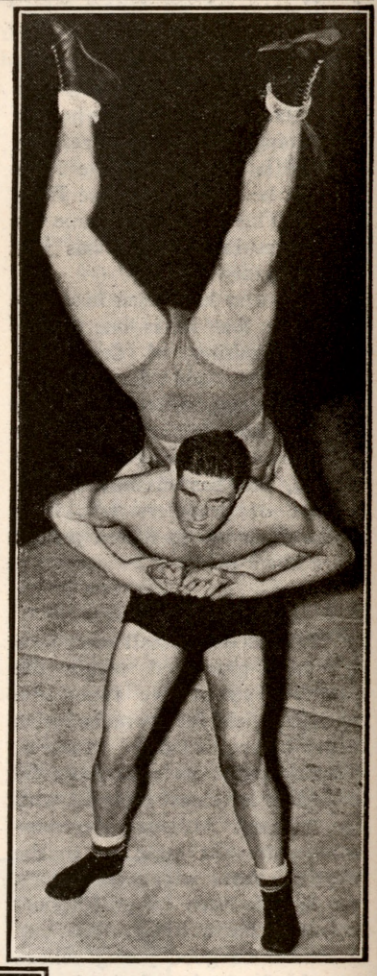
In the PACHYDERM MARKET



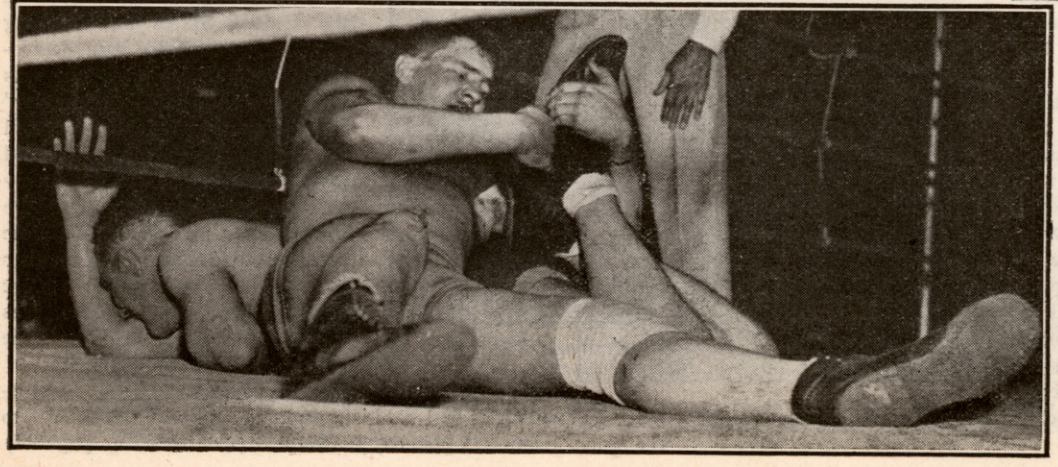
A scene in the Garden of New York when Danno O'Mahoney beat Jim Browning. Here we see the Irish champion with a wrist lock on Gentleman Jim, who is in agony on the mat.



The tall and the short. Here we see, on the left, Clyde Tiny Moore of the University of Kansas, who stands six feet four inches and scales three hundred pounds and is the heavyweight champion of the school as well as tackle on the football team. Moore will probably turn pro when he graduates. His comrade on the right is Warren McDougal, the featherweight champion of Kansas University.



Danno O'Mahoney, colorful Irish heavyweight champion, photographed as he lifted Abe Goldberg high over his head in a recent New York bout.



Another scene in the O'Mahoney - Browning match in the Garden, which the Irish Free State grappling king won in 22.31.

Master Showman

Al Karasick, One of the Most Colorful of the Wrestling Strong Men, is Known as the Bad Man of the Northwest

By TOMMY MOORE

A pair of aces. The two Als—Jolson and Karasick—out for a morning round of golf.

ADD to your gallery of colorful characters of the wrestling ring the name and portrait of Alexander Karasick, the Siberian exile who battled his way from an Irkutsk penal colony to the light-heavyweight championship of the world and then became known as the most colorful bad actor in the rings of the Northwestern States and Western Canada.

The story of Karasick, who looks like Mussolini above the neck and like King Kong, below, reads like the plot of an old-time flicker-drama.

To-day "Headlock Al" is God's gift to the sporting writers who lean towards the humorous side of things in describing the mat wars which they attend. But less than thirty years ago Karasick was a tragic youngster in his early teens, trudging along with 82 others over the dreary wastes of Northern Russia on a slow, eighteen-month march to exile at Irkutsk.

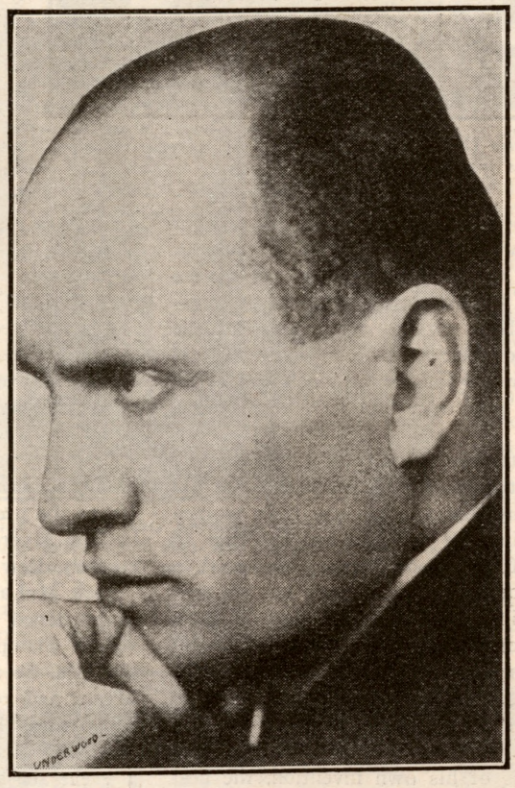
* * *

CATCH Al in a reminiscent mood and he will tell you that he was born in Charkov, Central Russia. His parents were of the aristocratic class but his father worked secretly for the improvement of the masses and Al, who was being trained as an Imperial ballet dancer, was a willing assistant in his father's work.

While hardly 14 years of age, young Karasick, with the zeal of a New York newsboy selling tabloids, was found handing out Socialistic literature and was taken in custody by police. More arrests followed and after a long session of questioning, helped out by liberal applications of the knout, Karasick and 82 of his fellows were sent on the long, hopeless trail of exile to Siberia.

At Irkutsk, the young Charkov boy, still high-spirited in spite of his privations, was bound out as serf to a farmer in the district. Strenuous hours cutting wood still failed to kill the fire in the youngster's heart, and when he saw a chance to escape he made the most of it. With some slight financial assistance from the father of a girl who fell in love with Karasick, the young boy began a lone dash into Manchuria and safely reached Harbin, where he was immune from persecution of the Russian police.

From Harbin, Karasick begged and earned his way to Shanghai and thence to Yokohama, Japan. There he got his first glimpse of wrestlers in action and the sight fired him with a new ambition. He picked up a smattering of knowledge of the Japanese style of wrestling but soon began his travelling anew, this time as a member of the famous Anna Pavlova's dancing troupe. It was the first lucky break in the life of the wandering Russian and he made the most of his opportunities, travelling with the group for six years and playing all over the world—Japan, China, the Philippines, Java, India, Egypt, Europe and America.



Mussolini? No, just a profile of Al Karasick, the Russian wrestler, who is a noted strong man.

In the latter country, Al became a munition worker when war broke out and then turned to physical culture and wrestling. With Jimmy Londos as a fellow student, Al started his training at the Olympic Club in San Francisco. Londos was a light-heavyweight and Karasick a middleweight, so they did not grapple together but did team up in a weight-lifting act on the stage.

Londos turned to professional wrestling but Al continued with his bar-bell work and weight lifting and in 1915 competed in the Pan-Pacific Exposition weight-lifting tournament. Although the smallest competitor in his class, Karasick finished third and set records for the two-hand press and crucifix which still stand.

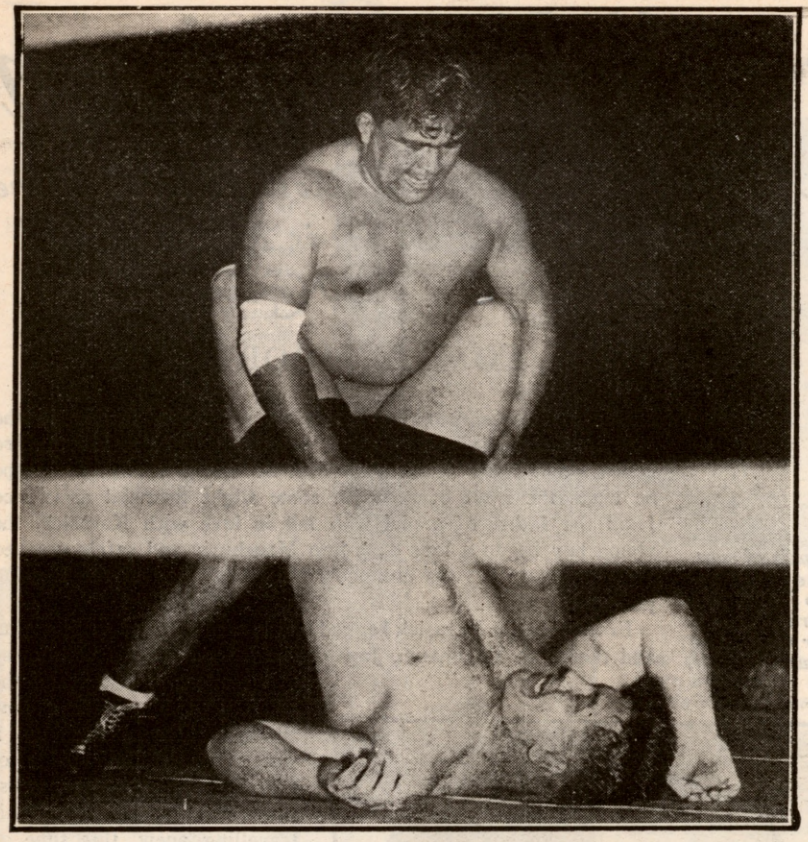
* * *

AFTER brushing aside amateur middleweight wrestlers on the West Coast, Karasick turned pro in 1919 at Oakland, Cal., and then began a serious attack on middleweight and light-heavy honors.

During his campaign, he defeated some of the best light-heavies in the game, including Mike Yokel, now retired in Jackson Hale, Wyoming; Heinie Engle, John Kilonis, Billy Edwards, Hugh Nichols, Sam Clapham and others. He journeyed to Australia and New Zealand and earned *(Continued on page 44)*

NEWS

By EDWARD MERRILL



Chief Little Wolf showing Ernie Dusek a few tricks of the wrestling trade. The Chief has made a hit in New York.

THE past month has been an exceptionally busy one for the stars of the mat world. With a revival of interest displayed throughout the country as a result of the rise of new talent to stardom, the promoters of wrestling are beginning to walk about with a smile. Most of the Eastern moguls have discarded their gloomy appearance, and that has been brought about by the fine showing of Chief Little Wolf and Danno O'Mahoney, both of whom have displayed a pleasing brand of grappling.

I have received numerous letters from all parts of the country asking me to give our readers the low-down on Chief Wolf and O'Mahoney. The majority of my letters have come from women who ask whether both are being fed with set-ups in order to bolster their stock and make of them good drawing cards.

To them I will say that I thought so at the start, but am now convinced, especially after seeing both in action against good men four times in the past four weeks, that both the Indian and the Irishman can take their places with the best of the present-day talent. This is especially true of the Chief, who in my opinion and in the opinion of many experts, has all the earmarks of a high-class wrestler. He is spectacular, can give and can take, and has several holds of his own invention, the best of which is the Indian Death Grip, that are humdingers.

In fact, that death grip is just that—once the Indian gets the grip, his opponent must either cry quits or take his chance on a broken leg. Chief Little Wolf will do—make no mistake about that.

As for Danno, he is not as good a wrestler as is the Indian, and doesn't measure up to the mark of a few of the veteran top-notchers, but he is no slouch. He knows what it is all about and knows his holds. He looks like a weakling, but those who have tackled him say he is a very strong boy. All he needs is a little polishing and he is rapidly acquiring that.

* * *

OVER in Jersey City, Mike Romano recently flattened two wrestlers in one night. First he disposed of Ernie Stevens in seven minutes, and after going to his dressing room he was informed that Pat McKay had failed to put in an appearance, so Mike asked to be given the opportunity to add a few more dollars to his night's earnings by taking on Tex Morgan. The request was granted and Mike won in 16.41.

Ed Don George, New England heavyweight king, is tuning up for his titular match with Jim Londos in New York by taking the measure of the cream of the Eastern talent. Ed bars no one. He is well liked throughout the East.

His recent match in Jersey City with Sandor Szabo, another clever and splendid wrestler, resulted in a victory for Ed before a packed house. The exhibition was one of the best in real high-class wrestling the fans had been treated to in many moons and they showed their appreciation. The trouble nowadays is that many wrestlers forget that there is such a thing as science when they get into action, and all the fans see is one battle after another, with fists and feet flying, and not a semblance of grappling. That is why such talent as is exhibited by Don George, Jim Londos, Szabo, Pojello, and a few others, meets with popular approval.

When Ed Lewis clashed with Ray Steele, recently, out West, Ed was dissatisfied with the decision and started a free-for-all that resulted in his battling Steele first, then the referee, and finally the cops. When order was restored, Ed apologized for his actions.

* * *

FROM Sam Sterling of Johannesburg, South Africa, we received the following:

I would be very pleased if you would be so kind as to publish this letter in your "News of the Mat World."

At present South Africa has imported a great number of American wrestlers.

Leo Jensen, a husky young Pacific Coast light-heavyweight, having a normal chest of forty-eight inches, is among the group. Up to the present time, he has had five matches. He was beaten by Bob Myers, drew with and lost to the "Masked Marvel" and recently drew with Jack McLauchlan.

Jack McLauchlan was our next arrival. He is a short, well-proportioned wrestler who calls himself the Canadian middleweight champion and carries a silver belt to show his claim to the title. So far he has wrestled two drawn matches with Bob Myers and recently lost to him in a match billed as for the world's middleweight title.

Among others we have the "Masked Marvel" who is causing a great sensation on the Coast; Whiskers Blake, the bearded Californian giant, and Bob Kruse, Pacific Coast heavyweight, who has wrestled the best.

The favorite here is Bob Myers, claimant to the world's middleweight title. He is an excellent drawing card and a good showman. I am sure that he will beat Gus Kallio any time they get on the mat. At one time he challenged Kallio and offered him 50 pounds (which is equivalent to $250) to wrestle him for nothing, but little Gus kept quiet. As soon as Kallio returned to America, he began squawking that he could beat Myers. If so, why did he not wrestle him?

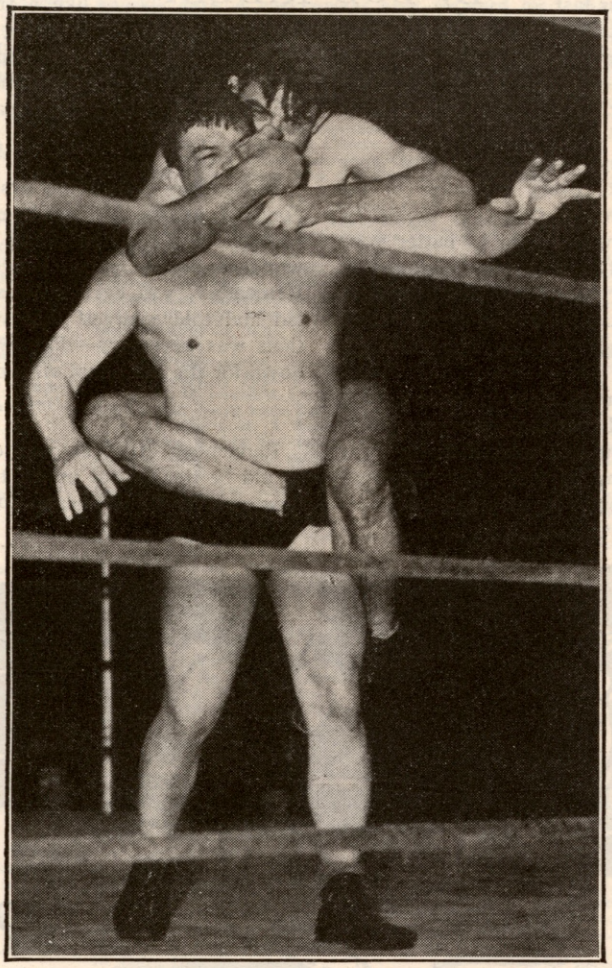
From Bernice Sandboe, we have received the following "Dixie Doin's": After being held to a draw in Atlanta, Georgia, by Orville Brown, the Kansas Cowboy, Ed "Strangler" Lewis, the mighty veteran of the mat, arrived in Houston to meet the town's idol, Doc Karl Sarpolis, and the engagement proved to be one of the most exciting scientific scuffles seen here in many a moon. The entire bout traveled at a rapid clip and the battling was at all times fiery and intense.

of the MAT WORLD

After Lewis had taken the first fall with a series of headlocks and had spent the intermission autographing programs for worshiping youngsters, the wrestlers peeled off their robes for the second fall. No sooner had the referee called "tussle" than Doc flew across the ring and applied his famous flying scissors and downed Lewis.

That is, he downed one of Lewis' shoulders and Referee Jack League apparently overlooked the other for he thumped the mat and patted Doc Karl in a token of victory. But that was by no means the end of festivities! Mister Lewis let out one long and loud howl that his shoulder had not been down, while one whole side of the auditorium chimed in, making it sound like a bit of grand opera, or sumthin'. As it happened, your correspondent was on the first row of the side that agreed with Lewis and can say that the Strangler's shoulder was far from down. Commissioner Lloyd Gregory ruled that the fall be disallowed, so Doc came back to take the fall, this time decisive, after only two minutes of wrestling.

The last fall proved an unlucky one for Doc. Pausing to engage in a bit of repartee with the referee, he was caught unawares and Lewis clamped on a headlock to end the match.

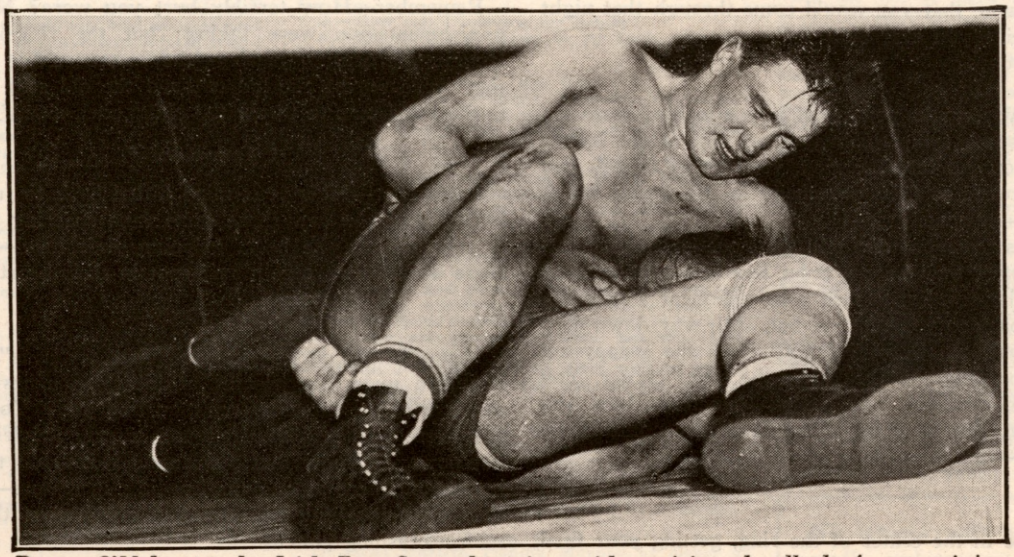


Fred Grubmeier leading Sun Jennings around the ring before downing him. Fred has his famous body leg scissors hook on Jennings.

Doc Sarpolis, young physician-wrestler, served in the World War . . . . he was a drill sergeant at a camp in Maryland . . . . Vic Christie, the likeable youngster from Sunland, California, started professional wrestling at the age of eighteen . . . . Marshall Blackstock started his boxing career at thirteen . . . . Paul Harper, Texas wrestler, attended Southern Methodist University at Dallas . . . . Doc Sarpolis' real name is Sarpelius . . . . Marshall Blackstock says his pet hold is a right to the chin . . . . Blacky is a racing fan . . . . Mayes McLain is an Indian . . . . he's from Oklahoma . . . . attended Iowa University . . . .

Add similes: As fiery as Pat O'Shocker's hair . . . . Tongue Twisters: Vanka Zelezniak . . . . Mehmet Yousouff . . . . Wladek Zbyszko.

Ramblin's on Rasslers . . . . what happens to a wrestling match when the referee disqualifies both the wrestlers for hitting him? . . . . that happened in Sherman, Texas t'other night . . . . Marshall Blackstock was one of the culprits . . . . a new way of handling one of these wrestler-referee feuds was demonstrated in Evansville, Indiana, a few weeks ago . . . . when the main go was over, the referee tripped out and got into wrestling togs and came back in the ring to take on tuff Billy Edwards, who had been tormenting him all evening . . . . several wrestlers wear Damon-and-Phythias rings . . . . Sun Jennings, big Cherokee, has a good-looking gold football dangling on his watch chain . . . . a college football award . . . . Orville Brown's little boy Richard likes to go to the gym and "work out" with his Dad . . . . Doc Krone, the famous mid-Western promoter, has passed on . . . . a local sports editor rates Dan O'Mahoney fourth in his list of the ten best wrestlers . . . . a great big gardenia for Doc Karl Sarpolis' lapel for being one of the most cultured grapplers in the game . . . . the Doc won several shekels on the ponies t'other day at Epsom Downs . . . . a few months ago Paul Jones decided that there was no percentage in wrestling like all nice little wrestlers should and decided to turn "roughie" . . . . he's making a big hit as such here . . . . for a long while Paul was undisputed idol of Houston then he went away and when he returned, he found that fans had managed to "carry on" without him . . . . now he's regain-



Danno O'Mahoney, the Irish Free State champion, with a vicious headlock, from a sitting position, on Dick Shikat from whom he won a foul in the Garden of New York after Dick had kicked Danno three times.

(Continued on page 45)

Do *You* Remember?

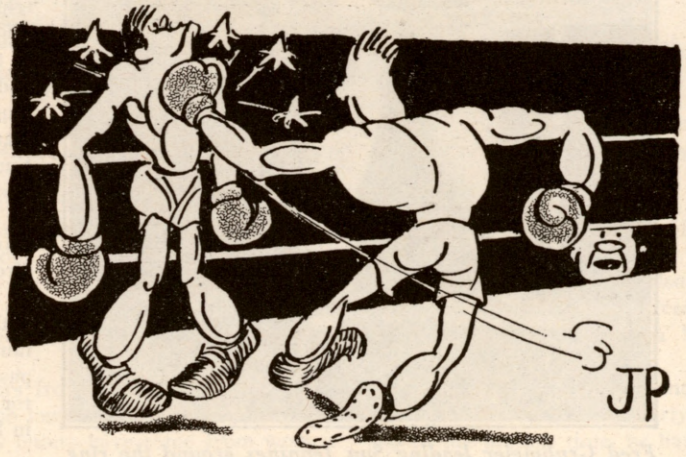
By BUD RIDLEY

Former Star Pacific Coast Featherweight

REMEMBER—Just before your last ring battle, how you kept telling yourself that you were feeling better than you had for years and that you were going to punch your young opponent full of holes in the very first round?

You were going to fool the wise guys, who figured you were washed up? You were going to make every promoter in the country eager to obtain your signature, so that they would be assured of a packed house? Yes, you were going to batter your way back into the main event class—this was your night! You were in the "pink," yet, truthfully, now, you knew that you were just kidding yourself. You knew that you would much rather sit at home by the old fireside than go through with the bout that night.

You knew that the old legs had been drawing up on you after a few rounds of work in the gym, and that they were positively unsteady at times. You knew that you had missed many clear "potshots" at the chins of your sparring partners, and had wondered vaguely what the trouble was, but you wouldn't let yourself believe that the suppleness was gradually but steadily leaving your muscles, and they were painfully slow to respond to the orders of your brain.



You knew that you were being used in the semifinal bout that evening just because of the friendship between your manager and the promoter. You knew that the fans were saying that you were all through, but you told yourself that they were, "all wet! You'd show 'em!"

Remember those days?

* * *

Remember—Warming up in the dressing room? You couldn't shadow-box with the ease and smoothness of other days, and you caught significant glances exchanged between the seconds and managers, who were helping their boys get ready for the evening's entertainment, but you set your jaw and swore that you would come through that night if it was the last thing you ever did.

Remember those days?

* * *

Remember—The wisecracks you heard as you walked down the aisle to the ring—some sympathizing, others downright insulting? By the time you got into the ring, you felt as though you were going to be forced to fight everybody in the arena; but it was O.K. with you—you were mad!

To show the folks that you were still the same confident fighter of yore, you trotted over to the resin box and ground your feet savagely into the powder, flashed your opponent a sneering grin, then pranced back to your corner, but, still, way down deep inside, you knew that you were just putting on the snappy act for the benefit of the fans and the kid in the other corner. You really didn't feel so confident and peppy. Remember how you honestly wished that you were out there in a nice comfortable seat at the ringside—outside looking in?

* * *

Remember—While in the center of the ring, getting your final instructions from the referee, the big kick you got as you stood there watching the heart of your young rival, pounding his side like a triphammer, and you thought, "This is going to be a cinch!" And you visioned your name in the papers the following day, blazing forth in the headlines the news that you had amazed the fistic public by your remarkable return to form?

* * *

Remember—When the first gong clanged, how you smiled to yourself as the kid scampered away from you like a scared rabbit? You plodded along in pursuit, taking your time, and wondering what punch you would be called upon to use first? Remember, you even halfway sympathized with the frightened lad and told yourself that you wouldn't cut him up any more than was necessary—that, when the time came, you'd put him down for the full count with one well-directed, well-timed wallop?

* * *

Remember—Just as you decided that a left rip to his side would be the logical punch to take the fleetness out of his legs, how quickly things began to happen? The kid suddenly turned on you like an enraged wildcat, snapped a stiff jab to your nose, making your eyes water, then whaled into you from more angles than you thought were in the book—until you thought that everybody in the house had on gloves and was taking a crack at you?

* * *

Remember—Then, how you threw your experience, your ring generalship, your common sense into the smoky atmosphere and heaved over a right, missed your target by a foot and floundered comically into the ropes? Remember the wallop that crashed into your jaw as you, bewildered and dizzy, tried to turn and how the floor of the ring suddenly flew up and slapped you in the face?

* * *

Remember—How terribly hurt you were? No, not from the punishment you were taking; but the ringsiders—they were laughing, groaning, jeering—they were calling you yellow and they were urging the kid to bowl the old stiff over and calling to the third man to throw the old "punch-drunk" bum out?

* * *

Remember—How your mind flitted back to just a few months before, and you saw those same fans cheering wildly for you—patting you on the back, gripping your hand—telling you that there would always be a soft spot in their hearts for you?

* * *

Remember—You got to your feet at "nine" and reeled and stumbled under the weight of killing punches; and you wondered why the blows weren't hurting you? You wondered why you were suddenly so tired and utterly helpless and heartsick, but now you know that your mind wasn't on the fight at all—it was out there among the howling spectators—out there where they were laughing and cheering every time the kid connected with a crashing punch?

Remember you almost wished that you'd be knocked cold, so that you might get away from *(Continued on page 42)*

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Matthew Canavan, Dublin, Ireland.

Q.—How many times was Dempsey stopped in his career? How many knockouts did he score?

A.—Once, by Jim Flynn in the first round. He scored forty-nine. Get "Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana," for complete story of his life.

Earl Wentz, Hanover, Pa.

Q.—How can I get a boxing license in Pennsylvania?

A.—Write to State Athletic Commission, Philadelphia, Pa., for same.

Murray Berk, Miami Beach, Fla.

Q.—Please settle this argument. I say that Young Stribling was one of the greatest, if not the greatest, heavyweight, as he had fought 275 fights and had 121 knockouts to his credit, won 93 decisions, lost 11 times, drew in 15, had 32 no-decision contests, disqualified in one, was kayoed once and engaged in one no-contest. If he is not the greatest heavy, then who is?

A.—Stribling was exceptionally talented but was far from being the greatest heavyweight. He was a good boxer but always fell down in the crucial spots. Fitz, Johnson, Dempsey, Tunney, Johnson, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries and Corbett are among the leaders.

Clifford Hopewell, Dallas, Tex.

Q.—What year and at what age did Terry McGovern die? Of what did he die?

A.—Died February 22, 1918, at the age of thirty-eight. Pneumonia.

George Christensen

Q.—How old is boxing and wrestling?

A.—As old as the hills. Rank among world's oldest sports.

Q.—Was there ever a fighter called Gus Christy?

A.—We have record of Gus Christy, a middleweight.

Q.—How old should one be before turning pro in wrestling or boxing?

A.—He should be at least seventeen.

Q.—Was Jacob Hyer the first heavyweight champion of the world and did his brother, Tom, follow him?

A.—No. He was the first American heavyweight champion—1816. His brother Tom won the title in 1847.

Q.—Was Dominick Bradley ever a champion?

A.—No.

J. Jacobs, New York City

Q.—Is Harry Dublinsky a Jewish boy? What well known fighters did Ray Miller beat besides McLarnin? Who has made more money in the ring, Canzoneri or McLarnin?

A.—No, he is a Polish boy. Miller beat Pete Nebo, Frankie Schaeffer, Sid Terris, Lope Tenorio, Bobby Garcia, Charley Goodman, Mike Dundee, Joey Sangor, and Joe Glick.

Canzoneri has not earned as much as McLarnin.

Verner Rauto, Ogema, Wisconsin

Q.—Who managed Jim Flynn when he fought Jack Johnson?

A.—Jack Curley, who is now the leading American wrestling promoter.

Robert Kirkman, Selma, Calif.

Q.—Is there any use in punching the bag only with the left hand to perfect hitting with that hand and accuracy? Should you lead an opponent with a hook or a jab or a straight left to body?

A.—Go to big bag if you want to develop one hand. The little bag is too light.

Q.—Is there such a thing as developing the inner tissues of back, shoulders, legs by exercises? If so what exercises?

A.—You develop that when you develop the muscles. Use back, leg, shoulder exercises.

Q.—Should I try to shorten my punches and can I?

A.—Yes, you can.

Tom Jarvey, Astoria, L. I.

Q.—Was Paul Berlenbach both the middleweight and light heavyweight champion of the world?

A.—No. He was only the light heavyweight titleholder.

John Hussey, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Which in your opinion was a greater boxing center in the old days—the days of Sullivan, Corbett, Jeffries, Fitz, Sharkey and others of that calibre, New York or San Francisco?

A.—Difficult to say. Both were great boxing centers with the greatest of the boys coming from the Coast. New York was a busy sector, but when it came to developing the finest of talent, I think I would place California above New York.

Marvin Stengel, Norwalk, Conn.

Q.—Was there ever a heavyweight championship bout fought in Connecticut since Sullivan lost to Corbett?

A.—No.

Q.—Were there ever any heavyweight champions who regained the title after losing it. I refer to all time.

A.—Yes, on several occasions in the old bare-knuckle days, a heavyweight king regained his title, but never under the Queensberry rules—that is from the time that Sullivan lost his championship to Jim Corbett. Twice former champions have come within reach of regaining the crown, as in the case of Corbett vs. Jeffries and Dempsey vs. Tunney in Chicago.

Martin Henriquez

Q.—Was there ever a Cuban champion in any boxing division other than Kid Chocolate?

A.—No. The Keed was the first and only one.

Harry Hall, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Please name the heavyweight champions from Sullivan to the present day in line of succession.

A.—Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Burns, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey, Tunney, Schmeling, Sharkey, Carnera, Baer.

Q.—Of these, who is generally regarded as the best all-around, who the most scientific and who the shiftiest?

A.—Fitzsimmons, the best all-around; Corbett, most scientific, Jack Johnson, the shiftiest.

Q.—Is it possible to obtain copies of all the books that have ever been written on boxing?

A.—I doubt it. I have several hundred, yet have been trying for thirty years to get hold of several which I am still missing. Get what you can of the books now on the market before they go out of print and trust to luck to add the old ones when opportunity knocks. A boxing library should be in every sportsman's home. There is just as much thrilling reading in stories of great boxers, as for example "Black Prince Peter," "Jack Dempsey," "The Roar of the Crowd," "Bold Bendigo," etc., as in the best of other literature.

Pittsburgh fan.

Q.—Was Australian Billy Murphy ever world featherweight champion?

A.—Yes, he was generally recognized as such.

Q.—Were Frank Erne, Billy Plimmer and Solly Smith, featherweight kings?

A.—Solly Smith was, but Erne was a lightweight champion and Plimmer was only a British champion.

Q.—Was there a Negro champion in the following classes—lightheavy, lightweight and flyweight?

A.—No, light heavyweight but Gans was lightweight king. There was no flyweight.

J. E. Sarmody, England.

Q.—Aren't you wrong when you say that Mitchell and Sullivan met only once?

A.—Yes, thanks, my error. They clashed twice, once in Chantilly, France, and again in the old Garden of New York in 1883 when Sullivan won in three rounds.

A. L. Botto, Memphis, Tenn.

Q.—Where can I obtain a photo of Caspar Leon and George Dixon?

A.—From The Ring Book Shop, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Bill Smith, Montreal, Canada.

Q.—What is the best age to start boxing?

A.—At sixteen for amateurs and at eighteen for pros.

Q.—How can I increase my height?

A.—Follow the exercises in my book, "Height Increase Exercises."

Al Hemingway, New Orleans, La.

Q.—I have a "Height Increase Exercises" book. How would you suggest that I follow the exercises? Can I skip about or should I follow the exercises in order?

A.—Follow them in order. Study the first dozen until you know them by heart. Then add six more exercises. Continue this plan until you have gone through all and know all without reading each exercise every time you want to do one.

Practice the exercises as often as you can during the day, when at leisure, until you have mastered all, and then at random, when out on a jaunt and whenever you find spare time, as during luncheon periods. For example, in back of book there are pitching, tennis, baseball, golf and stretching exercises all of which, with the basketball exercises, can be done without effort many times a day because you do not require any paraphernalia.

Martin Canole, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Is Australian Billy Murphy still alive?

A.—Yes, very much so. I received a letter from him thanking me for an article in The Ring in which he was mentioned, only three days ago. He is a clothes cleaner and presser in Australia.

Harry Feinburg, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Was Harlem Tommy Murphy as clever a fighter as Terry McGovern? How many times did they meet?

A.—McGovern was far from a clever boxer. He was a whirlwind on attack and a terrific hitter, but Murphy was a combination of both. Harlem Tommy was an ideal fighter for all-around ability. He fought McGovern only once, in 1905 and was knocked out in the first round.

Q.—What is Murphy now doing?

A.—He is living in Brooklyn and is boxing instructor at the Elks and Crescent Clubs and teaches boxing also privately. Tommy is in the finest of health and is a frequent visitor here. In fact, only last week, he autographed a picture for my collection of famous boxing stars. Incidentally, I will be pleased to have other old time boxing stars send me an autographed photo for my vast collection. That will be an ideal way to keep their name alive.

J. Andreas, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—When Spider Pladner won on a foul from Frankie Genaro, was that bout for the bantam title? Why don't The Ring recognize Jackie Brown flyweight champion. He has beaten the best in Europe and there are no flyweights in this country of note. Midget Wolgast cannot make the weight. I noticed in the paper that he fought Johnny Pena, featherweight and has not defended his N. Y. S. title. Who were the flyweight and bantam champions between 1927 and 1932.

A.—Pladner and Genaro fought for the N.B.A. Flyweight title. The Ring does not recognize any flyweight champion but considers Wolgast ranking flyweight until he is beaten. He can really make the weight when he has to as he has been weighing 116 and 117 pounds even though he does fight featherweights.

After La Barba whipped Genaro in 1925 for the flyweight title he retired in 1927 to go to college and then the eliminations started with Izzy Schwartz and then Wolgast claiming the honors. Wolgast has claimed it since. Charley Phil Rosenbloom lost his title by default to Bushy Graham in 1927 and then started several claimants with Bud Taylor and Graham leading the field until an elimination tourney started with Al Brown winning the finals from Vidal Gregario and since then Brown has reigned as the champion.

Eddie Woljeska, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—One of my arms is shorter than the other. Will that affect my boxing? I like the sport and the boys tell me I am very good.

A.—Yes, certainly, unless there is very little difference. When I say yes, I refer of course to a case where one arm is several inches shorter, but if only a little, it won't be noticeable in your boxing.

Q.—Will it harm me to take up the Atlas course? Is it good?

A.—No. Yes.

Q.—Does Jowett teach boxing?

A.—No, his is a muscle building course—none better. Highly recommended by me.

Q.—What do you think of the Titus course?

A.—I have read all of those advertised in "The Ring" and I can safely recommend Titus to you for building strength and muscles.

Frank Walcot, East Selkirk, Manitoba, Canada

Q.—I received an injury in my right elbow during a fight and the doctor operated and removed several chips that were broken. He advised me not to fight again as he said the injury would return. I would like to be a professional. Do you think that would hurt my chances?

A.—Chipped elbows has happened several times to boys in the pro ranks. A rest of four months is advisable. When you begin gymnasium work, start by hitting the light bag for several days and from there switch to the heavy bag. If no pain is noticeable then you can start boxing. If you discover that the pain returns then the operation was not a success. Rest is most essential.

Charley Busby, North Adams, Mass.

Q.—Will you please tell me who won the first Schmeling-Hamas fight? I claim that Hamas knocked out Schmeling.

A.—Hamas won the decision. You are wrong. The fight went the full distance.

Boyd Baggett, Caliente, Nevada.

Q.—Can you tell if it is true that preliminary fighters in Madison Square Garden get $25 for their bouts and what do the other fighters in the semi-final and star bout receive.

A.—A four round preliminary bout never gets less than $75 in the Garden and sometimes more. It all depends upon the attraction what amount of percentage they receive and the semi-final varies from $500 to $1,000, depending upon the reputation of the fighter.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

NO doubt you recall my visit to your most interesting office while in New York City last summer, and also meeting my daughter, Leda Alice. She appreciated and enjoyed reading your books on the life of Dempsey and Tunney. I have read them two or three times; in fact, I never tire of reading about two such wonderful fighters.

I have read and studied your incomparable books: "How to Box," "Training for Boxers," "How to Second a Boxer," "The Universal Boxing Course," "Modern Wrestling, Its History and Its Holds," "How to Referee and How to Judge a Fight," and THE RING and "All-America Sports Magazine," every month. I have been a follower of boxing ever since the days of John L. Sullivan, and I can truthfully say that I have derived more benefit and knowledge from your books than any others I have read. I recommend them to everyone who is interested in boxing.

I was a judge last evening at our monthly fight card, and am enclosing newspaper clippings.

MAJOR PAUL R. E. SHEPPARD,
Major M. C. U. S. A.,
Presidio of Monterey, Calif.

* * *

MAY I take this opportunity of congratulating THE RING on its popularity abroad, as expressed by Mr. Merrill in the current issue of your publication. I do not claim powers of divination, but I think it is safe to say that THE RING will need that foreign circulation if it continues its abuse of Mr. Londos.

When the New York Athletic Association created a champion out of a skull, a torso and a pair of legs and placed it upon a pedestal for the wrestling world to worship, they naturally resented the fact that the Greek iconoclast destroyed that idol. The only deplorable thing about the incident was the lack of sporting blood displayed by the promoters in New York. In other words, they couldn't take it.

If they would turn their near-sighted eyes on a map of this vast country, they would find that there is a large stretch of territory beyond the skyline of New York. They would find a world of wrestling fans who will refuse to let New York make their champions.

What a tragedy that the Garden was not filled to see Mr. Londos when he met Harry Field. A thinking person might see a criticism of Mr. Curley as a matchmaker rather than of Mr. Londos as a drawing card. How large a crowd do you think would file through the turnstile to see Equipoise run against a truck horse or Twenty Grand run against a nag from the milk wagon?

Mr. Turner in Washington and Mr. Contos in Baltimore can charge two prices and fill every available space when they show Mr. Londos, but they can't give away enough tickets to fill their houses when Browning or Don George is the attraction. Browning and George have all the color and glamour of a London fog.

If wrestling is hitting a low mark, it is because of the depression and not because of any decline in the drawing power of Jimmy Londos. If the promoters want to know what the low mark in wrestling attendance is, all they have to do is depose the Gorgeous Greek. If New York can support Don George and make it worth his while to be champion, well and good. It will be up to New York to do so.

I was in Minneapolis when the match, mentioned in THE RING, between Abe Kashey and Londos took place. Could I get a seat for that match? I could not. I was in Baltimore when Don George met Dick Daviscourt. Could I get a seat for that match? I could—a thousand of them. Two weeks before that, Londos met Shikat in Carlin's Arena before a capacity crowd. We didn't go to see Shikat. We went to see Londos. Londos is wrestling. Without him there would be no wrestling. The promoters had better put on their glasses and take a long look at the handwriting on the wall.

While you are calling attention to the strange matches between Londos and Lewis, why do you not mention the ease with which George pins Browning (now that Londos has defeated him) when the best he could do before was to come to a draw with Browning?

We may like to fool ourselves, but we are not going to stand for any combination of Curley, Fabiani, Bowser or Mondt fooling us. It is our money that keeps the show going. Sore heads may be an asset, but they won't pay office rent. If you would rather nurse your pet peeve than your circulation, it is all right by us. Our money goes to see Jimmy Londos, and when you destroy him, you are going to destroy wrestling, and we who cross the promoters' hands with silver will see to it that you do. Rows of empty benches are a potent argument. We are over three weeks old and have had our eyes opened for some time, but we still prefer the Gorgeous Greek.

A. C. CARR.

[*Thanks for your letter. I appreciate your criticism. You fail, however, to note how* THE RING *has criticized Mr. Curley and others identified with him for creating champions at will.—The Editor.*]

* * *

I WOULD just like to say how I appreciate THE RING, but here in England it varies in appearances on the bookstalls, sometimes over a month late and sometimes I miss copies of it.

I buy it really for the wrestling part of it, as I have no interest in the glove trading business. Couldn't your British correspondent, John S. Sharpe, include wrestling news from England in his topics also?

The mat game is going over big at this side, and I have seen some Americans, the best being Jack Sherry, who, I think, would have been appreciated more by the fans if he had not been fixed to the same promotions all the time. His bouts were exhibitions, as he fought the same palookas all over England, and that's the name for 'em.

Karl Pojello was the biggest favorite and Billy Bartush was a well liked performer also.

B. LEMON,
Bradford, England.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS on your excellent magazine, especially on such unusual articles as "The Afghan Loves His Wrestling" by Ghoofar Khan. I don't think this man ever wrestled in Detroit, but I saw him wrestle Milo Steinborn in Little Rock when I was there on a business trip several years ago. Many years ago we had the great Yusif here in Detroit and the present Mehmet Yusif has been appearing here lately. These Oriental wrestlers are all good, and I hope Khan comes here. Scientific wrestling is natural to them, also good showmanship. Most of the other wrestlers have too much showmanship and no wrestling. We have just had a sample of Chief Chewacki, which was all we cared for. I'm glad your magazine is not afraid to tell the truth about the fixed bouts. There are too many of them. I think most of the wrestlers would rather wrestle honestly, but they cannot disobey the mandates of the moguls.

LEONARD MARTIN,
Detroit, Mich.

* * *

I ENJOY your magazine greatly and never miss a copy. The wrestling news is especially good. I enjoyed the article on wrestling in Afghanistan by Ghoofar Khan and hope some day we will see this man and his brother wrestle out here. We had a great exhibition by Jugat Singh recently, but he is about the only Oriental wrestler we had here. There are many Indian Hindus in California who work on the fruit farms and they are all very strong, fine people and good workers. I look forward to your magazine each month.

TOM JOHNSON,
Sacramento, Cal.

I HAVE just finished reading the March issue of THE RING, and I want you to know that I admire you very much for the stand you have taken and are taking in behalf of boxing. Boxing today is sorely in need of wise, honest and conscientious legislation, and every time politics enters into it the sport is given another blow below the belt.

It is my opinion that the abolition of the two judges and the "rounds system" in arriving at the winner of a bout will be of great benefit to the game. The point system is infinitely fairer and just than judging by rounds, and tends to do away with the notoriously bad decisions being rendered now.

I hope you keep behind the "point system" movement, for as New York goes, so goes the nation in boxing. If New York changes the method of determining the winner, other states will take up the cause and do away with the rounds system.

I know how hard it is to change set rules and regulations about anything, but if you and Commissioner Brown keep attacking the system of judging by rounds some of these days the opposition might weaken and turn over to the point system.

I am writing this letter to you so that you will know someone in America is behind you and appreciates your efforts to improve the game. Keep up the good work!

CLIFFORD HOPEWELL,
Dallas, Texas.

* * *

I WAS reading an article in the book called THE RING about Gus Sonnenberg and Harry Mamos having engaged in a no-contest bout in New Zealand. I was the referee of that match, hence I will tell you all about it. Gus can wrestle when he wants to, for his match with Dean Dutton was one of the best I have seen in New Zealand, but the one Gus had with Harry Mamos was the world's worst. So I called the match a "no contest" after three warnings. The wrestlers were quite surprised to think that an ex-world's champion would come out to New Zealand and get that handed to him.

We get a lot of wrestlers out in New Zealand from U.S.A. They all call themselves champions. We do not want to see champions. We want to see wrestlers.

I have been getting THE RING for a good few years now and I do not see a quarter of the so-called champions' names mentioned in the book. That shows what THE RING thinks of them.

Wrestling has been going strong in New Zealand for five years and there is a lot of money to be made out of the game by good men.

Billy Murphy, the old-time champion boxer, is still alive and well. He was born in Auckland and is living in a place called Mt. Edem, Auckland. I was speaking to him the other day and I asked how he would like to be back in the ring again, and he replied: "I am going to make a comeback. I can soon get fit, as I am only seventy-five years of age now." Funny how they keep hankering for a comeback.

CHARLES POLLARD,
Proprietor, Hotel Astor,
Auckland, New Zealand.

* * *

I HAVE just received my RING, which, as usual, I enjoyed very much. I note with interest Mr. Lefler's selection of great all-time fighters. I would like to pass my opinion on the rating of all-time greatest fighters. In my opinion, Terry McGovern was the greatest fighter of all time up to one hundred and thirty pounds. I think this opinion will be shared by a majority of the boxing fans. I would like to see Terry at his best turned loose among our present-day middleweights. He would have them jumping out of the ring.

From one hundred and thirty pounds to one hundred and forty-two pounds, I would class Joe Gans and Kid Lavigne as the greatest, with little to spare between them. Personally, I would class Lavigne as the greatest. Joe Walcott also deserves mention in this class.

From one hundred and forty-two pounds to one hundred and sixty pounds I would class Tommy Ryan as the greatest of all time. He had everything—speed, cleverness and also punching ability. Tommy could be rated as about the smartest of great fighters.

Sam Langford would be given the palm for fighters from one hundred and sixty pounds to one hundred and seventy-five pounds. Just imagine Sam at his best thrown in with any of the present-day light-heavies, or even heavyweights! He was forced to perform under wraps most of the time so that his true worth was never known.

I do not believe anyone will question my selection as the greatest man between one hundred and seventy-five pounds and two hundred pounds. This place goes to Robert Fitzsimmons. It would be hardly fair to pass this class without mention being made of J. J. Corbett, a great fighter and a credit to the profession.

Now we come to the class that puts the selector on the spot, namely, the legitimate heavies. There are five men whom I always think of upon the same plane; namely, John L. Sullivan, Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney and James J. Jeffries. Of these five, I personally think that Jack Johnson was the greatest. Sullivan had aggressiveness, unlimited staying powers and punch. Dempsey had speed, punch and color.

Jeffries had punch, great ability to absorb punishment and perhaps the greatest natural requirements for a heavy. Tunney I class as the cleverest of the mentioned and I figure the least recognized heavy of all, he really was greater than given credit for.

After naming the individual assets of these men, we find Jack Johnson equipped with all of these necessary points of ability. He had strength, physique, cleverness, speed, and punching power. Were he to have been boxing at Dempsey's time, I do not believe Dempsey would lay a glove upon him. Dempsey's fights with Gibbons, Tunney and Meehan proved that he was not effective when pitted against a clever man.

If these men, either of them, had Johnson's punching power, what chance would Dempsey have with them? Johnson's punching ability, coupled with his cleverness, would have made Tunney easy prey for him. What he did to Jeffries is history. He would cut Sullivan to ribbons much sooner than Corbett did.

JOHN J. NALTY,
Great Barrington, Mass.

* * *

I AM a reader of your great magazine, even though I live thousands of miles from where you publish the book. I want to congratulate you on the quality of your publication and would like to remark, in re a recent letter from Glyn Jones, of Wales, that, in my opinion, Jack Dempsey would have shown the way to Jack Johnson, both at their best. I should know, for I followed Johnson's career closely.

Might I also draw your attention to the article, "Foreign Wrestlers Who Possessed Color." In that article you mentioned Cazeau and Constant La Marin, great wrestlers who were killed during the World War. That is an error. They both survived. I was in their company in Monte Viaeo in 1919, and during a wrestling tournament after the war, which, by the way, was won by La Marin, he told me that Jimmie Esson had been killed in the struggle.

D. S. McPHEE,
Stanley, Falkland Islands, South America.

* * *

IN the November issue of THE RING, I have read with interest G. T. Pardy's article, "When Fistic History Was Made in South Africa." I would, however, like to point out that the result of the Rudy Unholz contest with myself (Sailor Bourne) was incorrectly stated and would be pleased if, through the channels of your esteemed paper, you would rectify it.

There was one incident in this fight which I think is worth mentioning—my seconds, who I am afraid were appointed at very short notice, and so were not too reliable. The water used nearly choked me in the third round. However, I managed to continue and was awarded the verdict after twenty rounds.

I was considered the undisputed lightweight champion of South Africa until my ship sailed for England in 1904.

GEORGE H. BOURNE,
Walworth, London, England.

From Milo to Londos

(Continued from page 29)

the New York commission an elimination was staged in Philadelphia, mind you, a real elimination, not like the recent Garden elimination which eliminated everybody when Schmeling beat Hamas and Braddock defeated Lasky.

"And so the finale came on August 23, 1929, with Jim Londos and Dick Shikat in the final test, and Shikat won after an hour and twenty minutes.

"Promoter Aurelia Fabiani and others interested in the wrestling game from the Shikat winner point of view, showed their appreciation to the various commissions by presenting Dick with a gold belt, diamond studded and, mind you, real diamonds. The center stone in the gold buckle weighed over six karats. Oh yes, Shikat's share of the gate counted $20,000 in real money, but the belt, that was the thing. He would not have traded it for all the crown jewels of his once Kaiser, Wilhelm. He was up all night, making the rounds of his Philadelphia friends to view the beautiful emblem.

* * *

NEXT day, after a short sleep, he went to New York. To be exact, he boarded the train at the Penn Station at 11 A.M. and landed on 33rd St. at 1 o'clock. He would not trust the red cap porter to carry the black case which housed the diamond-studded belt and carried it himself. Finally, comfortably seated in a taxicab, he made for my office on 42nd St. and Broadway.

"A committee of sports writers, personal friends, photographers, promoters and managers awaited him there. A buffet luncheon and plenty of the real stuff, despite the prohibition era, was spread and Shikat entered, all smiles, with plenty of hochs and welcoming Here's to you!

"The photographers set their cameras and Shikat stripped to the waist and got ready to pose. He was asked to wear the championship belt and he almost collapsed when he found that it was gone. He had left it in the taxi and has never seen it since.

"The police received the complaint with a knowing smile. The newspapers ignored it. Even the advertising department of the *New York Times* hesitated to insert the ad in the 'Lost and Found' column, thinking it was a hoax.

"To them, it was a bit too raw. The lost belt with the six-karat diamond was old stuff in the press-agent business, they said. The idea of pulling such a coarse fake! No! no! Not with us, chorused the press men. Just the same, the belt disappeared for all time. Dick was heartbroken. I guess it was a case of yelling 'Wolf' once too often. Nobody felt sorry for Shikat. Few believed it.

"That's my story and I swear it is true."

* * *

IT was on October 21, 1929, that Shikat made his début as champion in New York, and his challenger was Vanka Zelesniak, the Russian. The bout took place at the Seventy-first Regiment armory and the German won in sensational fashion in 22 minutes and 15 seconds.

The bout terminated suddenly when Shikat side-stepped a lunge by the Russian who went flying through the ropes and hit his head with a thud against the floor. When he re-entered the ring, he was so dazed that Shikat had no difficulty tossing him about until the referee, fearing possible fatal injury to the challenger, led him to his corner and awarded the bout to Shikat. Shikat weighed 216 pounds to Zelesniak's 214 pounds.

The Russian pitted his strength against the skill and science of the German. Zelesniak, adopting Sonnenberg's flying tackle, failed in its use repeatedly as Shikat sidestepped.

The Russian found Dick his master in wrestling holds and in the matter of defense. Dick proved at his best in his first showing as champion in the state that had enabled him to gain the title by ousting Lewis and refusing to recognize his conqueror, Sonnenberg. Shikat tied Zelesniak up in scissors holds and often applied the painful arm and wristlock that caused Zelesniak to writhe in pain and to squirm about helplessly.

The German that day looked like a real champion. He moved with a distinct purpose and rated himself perfectly. His rival, a master in the use of the headlock, found it difficult to apply the hold on the champion. He went about his task awkwardly and often made the fatal mistake of unconsciously telegraphing his intentions.

When the match was over, Jack Curley entered the ring with Joe Humphreys, the clarion-voiced veteran announcer, and in a speech in which he praised the sportsmanship of Shikat in his willingness to accept all challenges and his eagerness to meet Sonnenberg to clear up the title mess, wound up by awarding Shikat a diamond-studded belt.

* * *

SHIKAT is an interesting character. He was born on a farm near Konigsberg, Germany, January 11, 1899, and has been wrestling since he was eight years old. That may seem like a tender age to start applying armlocks and toe holds but we have Shikat's word that it is the truth.

A travelling carnival, carrying a troupe of wrestlers, visited Konigsberg in 1907 and young Shikat's father took him to town to see the muscle tamers perform. And from that day on Richard, with only one ambition in life, began clamping strangle holds upon his older brothers and the sons of other German farmers living near the Shikat home.

When fourteen years of age, Shikat went to work for a blacksmith who, when not shoeing horses, kept the farmers plows and other machinery in shape. It was hard work but it helped develop the boys' shoulders and arms. Before he was 17 he enlisted in the German navy for the duration of the World War. Two older brothers had preceded him into the conflict and both had met their death.

In the navy he continued to wrestle and when assigned to the battleship *Kron Prince,* struck up a warm friendship with the champion weight lifter of Germany who also was on board. For the two and one half years Shikat was in service, the *Kron Prince,* with most of the German navy, was bottled up in the North Sea. Wrestling and weight lifting contests helped pass the time away and Shikat was active in both.

When the war was over and Shikat was discharged from the navy, work was mighty scarce in Germany. He had hoped to begin wrestling professionally but the game was practically dead. So he secured a job as a railroad fireman and shoveled coal for seven months. More muscle building exercise.

Four months on board a shipping vessel followed the railroad job, and then a visit to Kiel in an effort to land with the German merchant marine. And it was at Kiel that he realized his ambition. A wrestling tournament was in progress and Shikat entered. He did not win all his matches but he won sufficient to gain a reputation.

Thereafter the merchant marine was forgotten. For two years he made a fair living on the mat, and in 1924 came to America, going almost immediately to the Pacific Coast where he had 30 matches. Immigration laws cut short that visit but he later returned and has since campaigned from coast to coast, now making Philadelphia his home. He has taken out American citizenship papers.

(In the next chapter we will review the various matches in which Shikat successfully defended his title.)

(To be continued)

Do You Remember?

(Continued from page 38)

there? You wanted to be alone and you wanted to cry.

* * *

Remember—When the third man called a halt to the slaughter and raised the kid's hand, how you crawled out of the ring and trudged to the dressing room, slumped down on a bench and began to strip the bandage from your trembling hands, how your mind lingered on the past—your climb through the preliminaries—your rise as a feature attraction—your triumphs, the glory?

* * *

Remember—Then, as you sat there thinking, how your mind switched to the ringsiders out there, and suddenly it was all clear to you: "Why, those folks out there love a *"winner"*!

You had been losing regularly for months and you were invariably razzed.

Then it dawned upon you that those people out there go to boxing shows to see young and clean and well-conditioned athletes perform—to cheer their favorite on to victory. You began to realize that they don't enjoy watching a man who is far past his prime, who falters and stumbles in a frantic effort to keep up with the younger man, and that's why they groan and hiss. You realized that they know when it's time for a man to step out.

* * *

Remember—Then, how, despite the pain of your cuts and bruises, your face broke into a wide grin, and you found yourself happy? Yes, happy. Sure, why not? You decided that henceforth those boxing fans would never again have the opportunity to groan and jeer and hiss because of you. How come? Why, Kid, you're hanging them up!

Tommy Loughran

(Continued from page 27)

Most of the fans wanted to see Dempsey beat Gene because of the prejudice existing in favor of the slugger, as opposed to the clever performer. There was another reason, of course, for Tunney had not Loughran's gift of making friends. Gene, if not precisely high-hat, was certainly of reserved demeanor, and while the few who were thoroughly acquainted with him sung his praises whole-heartedly, he never succeeded in winning the goodwill of the mob, nor, to be plain about it, did he want to.

Yet when Loughran attained the goal of his ambition by obtaining a chance to meet Jack Sharkey for the occupancy of Tunney's vacated throne, he had the crowd with him on that fateful occasion. Therein he benefited by Mr. Sharkey's unpopularity with the masses. The latter never made any secret of the fact that the sporting side of his profession had scant appeal for him. He was in the game for what he could get out of it and the glory end could run for Sweeney, so far as he was concerned. The ring devotees resented this attitude, and were a unit in expressing their feeling by booes and hisses on most of the occasions when Jack went into action.

* * *

HOWEVER, when Sharkey and Loughran met in the Yankee Stadium on September 26, 1929, the unpopular Sharkey won on a technical knockout in the third round. Tommy was hit by a wild swing that caught him on the temple, which completely scattered his senses for the time being, and left him so completely at the ex-gob's mercy that there was nothing to be done save proclaim Sharkey the victor.

Nine out of ten fighters would have become discouraged and quit the game right there, after such an unexpected disaster. But Loughran was one of the tenth that never admits absolute defeat. His self-confidence never deserted him. While the fistic critics were mourning for him as "the old man who was all through," Loughran betook himself to the woods, roughed it for six months, came back strong and healthy, and went in quest of a return bout with his conqueror.

He was never to get that much desired return match while Sharkey was champion. But he started his comeback, received several good shellackings, but still insisted that he would make good. He won some bouts and lost others. The late Ernie Schaff gave him a sound thrashing, King Levinsky whipped him. Then he was kayoed by young Steve Hamas.

Still he maintained that he would get his second wind and reach the heights again. One by one he took on the scrappers who had licked him and came through with flying colors. He beat Levinsky, Cobb, Gastanage, Hamas, Sharkey and Impellitiere, and lost only one bout, a ten-rounder to Risko. Of all these victories, none pleased him so much as the decision he obtained over Sharkey, although the latter was no longer king-bee of the heavies, having been kayoed by Carnera.

It was his victory over the huge Impellitiere that put him under the spotlight as a possible opponent for Primo Carnera. The Impellitiere bout was stopped by the referee in the sixth frame, when Loughran was bleeding from the effects of a heavy stab to the mouth. But Tommy protested vigorously: a Boxing Commission official present at the ringside overruled the verdict of the third man in the ring; the battle proceeded; and Loughran won a well-earned decision at the close of the tenth and final round.

It was on March 1, 1934, that Tommy Loughran at last attained the height of his ambition, another shot at the world's heavyweight title. He was not destined to emerge from the battle as victor, but everybody knows what a superb exhibition of science and bulldog gameness he gave in that Miami ring. Battling against terrific odds in weight, height and reach, he made a magnificent showing against his giant adversary in the earlier rounds.

Carnera stepped on his feet frequently and mauled him severely in the clinches, when the big fellow often held on and hit without being penalized by the referee. But despite all this, Loughran, battered, but still the fighting gamecock of old, was on his pins and milling back bravely at the finish of the fifteenth round. It was one of those never-to-be-forgotten encounters where the loser is greater in the hour of defeat than his conqueror.

* * *

AT the present time of writing Tommy Loughran is still an active factor in ring affairs. That he has passed his peak as a fighter cannot be denied. In recent bouts he has both won and lost, but his marvelous defense lacks nothing of its old potency, although much of the speed for which he was famous has deserted that remarkably agile pair of legs which carried him out of impending danger on many a momentous occasion in the past.

At one time Tommy and his bosom pal and manager, Joe Smith, had piled up a nice fortune apiece. But in 1931, during the panic, when four Philadelphia banks closed their doors, Loughran's hard-earned savings were swept away. There was nothing for him to do but continue at the trade he knew so well and gather in some more much needed lucre.

When John L. Sullivan lost his crown to James J. Corbett, the big fellow was stonebroke. But John took to the life theatrical and recouped his fallen fortunes before the footlights so successfully that he died in comfortable circumstances. Jim Corbett also made a good livelihood on the stage after retiring from the ring.

But Loughran never had any Thespian aspirations. At an age when most pugilists would be content to call it a day, he still relies on his educated fists and subtle ring generalship to keep on milling. A point in his favor is that owing to his scientific defense he seldom took any bad beatings. His final retirement cannot be very far off; in the nature of things, an athlete can't keep on forever. But when he does hang up the gloves for the last time, he will leave behind him a reputation, second to none, as a gamester and scientist in the long list of heavyweights ranging from the beginning of the Queensberry era to the present day!

An idea of the popularity of Philadelphia's famed Irishman may be gleaned from the fact that twice he has been awarded the highest honors boxing can give him—THE RING trophy for having done most for boxing—and twice he finished second in the voting.

King of the Doughboys

(Continued from page 23)

Something was amiss. He put one in mind of an elegant, high-priced automobile that refused to go on account of motor trouble. It didn't seem possible that this tall, handsome athlete in there futilely trying to avoid Burke's crude but ponderous swings, was the same lad who had beat such men as "Gunboat" Smith, Eddie Civil and this same Martin Burke a few seasons back. Yes, this same Martin Burke, and in the same arena, two years before, had collapsed at the end of the fifth round in face of Martin's whirlwind attack. Now tonight, the procedure was being reversed. At the end of each round Bob returned to his corner, his body and mind wilting under the punishment he was taking. Round after round he stood the gaff with a forced smile. He refused to quit, he'd never quit in a battle before, he wouldn't start now.

Poor, courageous Bob Martin! Had he only had an inkling what those terrible punches of Burke's were doing to his future physical and mental welfare, he might have tossed in the towel.

"Too game for his own good," how often we've heard that expression.

Tonight Bob Martin was giving an actual example of it.

But human flesh and blood can withstand just so much punishment, Martin's case was no exception. Finally, in the 7th round, Burke mercifully landed the punch that kayoed the stout-hearted A.E.F. champion. Lucky he did too. Three or four more rounds like the previous ones, and Bob Martin would never have left that ring alive. As it was, he left it with a shattered physique and a brain forever impaired, as a ghastly reminder of his unsurpassed gameness.

That battle wrote finis to Martin's ring career. He retired to the woods of his native West Virginia to spend the balance of his days among his boyhood acquaintances and relatives. His wonderful recuperative powers enabled him to regain his strength and mental ability to the point where he isn't an invalid. And today, the former pride of the A.E.F. is able to indulge in light labor.

He married shortly after his return from France, and now Bob is the happy daddy of eight little rosy-cheeked youngsters. And Bob, through the efforts of his service station and a monthly pension from Uncle Sam, is able to support them in good old American style. How those youngsters beam with pride at the knowledge that their daddy was the greatest fighting man in the whole A.E.F. and Allied Forces. And there is plenty of reason to be proud, too. To be the greatest scrapper of 'em all in a bunch of 20 odd millions of fighting men, is a feat that richly deserves a niche in the hall of fame.

CROSS WORDS

CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?

HORIZONTAL

1. This man's first name
5. The man in the sketch
9. Pronoun
11. Popular present-day Irish middleweight
12. Epoch
13. To stuff
15. Ancient
16. Exclamation
17. One who operates a ranch
19. Behold
21. Editor (Abbr.)
22. To soar high
23. And (French)
25. Provoke
27. This fighter's manager
28. Family
29. Spanish article
30. Mother
31. To glance
33. White frost (Pl.)
35. The highest rank in society
36. Not any
37. Like
38. Old
39. Symbol for Samarium
40. Singer is his last name
42. Italian monks
43. He attended this college
49. Total games (Abbr.)
50. River near Russia
51. Quagmire
52. Egyptian sun god
53. Charley Harvey steered him to a title
54. Boxing trunks
56. Pastry
57. Contest in speed
58. He also starred on the basketball .....
59. His parents were born there

VERTICAL

1. A single voice
2. Morgan was his last name
3. The elevated
4. Anaesthetic
6. Arabian wagon
7. A lordship
8. He was beaten by this man in Germany last month
9. Female horse
10. Printer's measure
11. He was heavyweight champ when he was in .....
14. Ring Enigma (Abbr.)
18. Top of a box
20. To cease
24. Torment
25. Used in jumping from snow hills
26. This fighter is highly .....
30. To fix
32. Resembling a camel
34. Nickname for Morris
38. Resembling a horse
41. His weakness is in his .....
43. He can do this well
44. Before long
45. No
46. North latitude
47. Man's name
48. Child
54. Dance step
55. Perform
56. Baylor University (Abbr.)
57. Symbol for Ruthenium

Answers on page 45

Master Showman

(Continued from page 35)

more conquests, including a victory over George Walker, heavyweight champion of New Zealand, in a non-title match.

On December 27, 1925, at Portland, Ore., Karasick reached the peak of his career by defeating Ted Thye for the light-heavyweight championship. He held the crown for seven months and has since been wrestling the best in the game, including Sonnenberg, Savoldi and Malcowicz.

Karasick is one of the greatest drawing cards in Northwestern rings. His great strength is in his well-muscled body which has enabled him to triumph over severe handicaps, souvenirs of his early troubles in Russia. His arms and legs are relatively small and one hand is severely mutilated. Add to that, deafness, due to heavy cauliflowering of the ears, and intermittent total blindness, which forces him out of the ring for months at a time, and you have the astonishing figure of Al Karasick in the ring today.

* * *

THE "Russian Lion" is original. He produces tricks which other grapplers are quick to copy. Spinning out of headlocks, shaking would-be headlockers loose like a terrier tossing a rat, climbing corner posts like a monkey and dropping on his opponent from the heights, are only a few of the stunts displayed by the versatile Russian as he grunts, roars, leaps, squirms and charges around the ring in a manner that brings the customers howling from their seats.

Al gets no sympathy from the fans when he begins mauling his opponent. Although a perfect gentleman out of the ring, once he steps inside the ropes Karasick goes "tough." The crowd cheers his opponent, so he insults the crowd. The ringsiders howl for his crucifixion, so he tosses his adversary into their laps. He once tossed Sonnenberg over the top strand by way of retaliation against a fan who clamored too loudly, from Al's point of view, for the Karasick blood. He is the master showman of them all—the patrons "hate his guts," but they keep coming to see him in action.

* * *

NOW look at the other side of the picture. In private life Al is studious, going in for heavy literature, such as psychology, sociology and philosophy. When on the road, in strange cities, he hunts up one or two of his fellow countrymen and spends long hours over a chess board.

He is married and is proud of his two children. He fell in love with the girl who became his wife at the Pan-Pacific exhibition in 1915 and his eldest child, a boy, is now 16 years of age, while his daughter is 14. Joseph, instead of following in his father's footsteps, is an accomplished musician and already a composer. He plays the piano in the junior symphony orchestra at Portland, Ore., and has given several widely acclaimed recitals of his own.

Miss Betty Karasick is also a musician and a clever dancer. She shows more interest in wrestling than does her brother and takes delight in watching her father in the ring. The two children seem to take after Karasick's brother, who was first violinist in Stokowski's Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, rather than their father.

Al's present stamping ground is the Pacific Coast and Western Canada, but the old wanderlust, imbued in him by necessity as a youth, may soon again send him tramping over the globe. And if he comes your way you will see, in the ring, a rampaging reincarnation of the old "Russian Lion," George Hackenschmidt; out of the ring, a studious, serious-minded gentleman; and both places, a living embodiment of those old Horatio Alger heroes who were smothered under almost insurmountable obstacles but refused to stay down.

Al is a good golfer and when in training he frequently goes out on the links to limber up. Whenever Al Jolson is in the locality where Karasick happens to be stopping, a round of golf is certain to be the menu in the morning.

Getting Acquainted

(Continued from page 33)

dropped to 160. For two years Judson has been busily engaged in redevelopment and has come back to his original weight, through his knowledge of physical culture acquired training students at Harvard University.

It is said of Judson that he can throw a man as quickly and as neatly as any wrestler in the business. He does little punishing to weaken his opponent, preferring to catch him unawares, and with his knowledge of leverage soon gets the battle over.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 37)

ing some of the lost popularity . . . . but it's Orville Brown and Doc Sarpolis who jointly rule Houston's mat circles now . . . . Dan O'Conner is rapidly becoming a favorite . . . . Ray Steele seems to have slipped these last few years . . . . Ray was near the top once . . . . Ray's nephew, George Sauer, the All-American footballer, resembles his wrestling uncle.

A newcomer here, Dan O'Conner, made a big hit with the fans when he trimmed burley Pete Schuh. Everette Kibbons and Karl Davis drew, and Johnny Plummer threw Nick Elitch.

A badly twisted neck put young Dan O'Conner out of commission and cost him his match with Orville Brown. Dan took the first fall, and had a decided edge on Brown when an unfortunate fall knocked him out. Doctors refused to allow him to return, so Orville was declared the winner.

A newcomer, George Wagner, made a big hit with the fans, although his opponent, Pete Schuh, and the referee weren't so pleased. Wagner went on a tear and proceeded to teach Pete a few tricks at his own game. Referee League disqualified him and gave the match to Schuh. Paul Jones, who has learned a few things about villainy himself during his absence here, took Everette Kibbons with an alligator clutch. Ernie Kelly lost the opener to George Hills.

* * *

WRESTLING notations from Jimmy Amann of Ohio: Cincinnati has become the mecca of the light-heavy masters. Bull Curry, Nanjo Singh, Billy Edwards, Dale Haddock, Joe Banaski, and many others of the leading lights, appeared before the mat public during the past month.

Frank Duncan's heavyweight shows at the Friar's Club are doing increasing biz. Duncan's main attraction seems to be Billy Edwards, the "chiropractic headlock" artist from Kansas.

Two Alabama schoolboys are fighting for supremacy in this locality—Bob Stewart, and Benny Suddarth.

Sergeant Joe Bulba, who recently celebrated his fifty-fifth birthday, has seen thirty-five of these years on the active grappling pad.

Sammy Klein, welterweight champion of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, returned to the wars recently to defeat the Black Demon, a hooded grappler who was undefeated in over ten matches around the Middle West. Immediately after the match, Klein announced another retirement, again brought on for the same reason as before, a bad knee.

Blondie Allen, Los Angeles, and Jackie Adams, Toledo, are two likely looking youngsters making the grade hereabouts.

Sailor Parker, the rough Virginian, is campaigning down Southland way.

Johnny Stote, recognized in this state as champion welterweight, is still centering his wrestling around the Southwest, making Tulsa his headquarters.

Charlie Carr, who won the junior light-heavyweight title in an elimination tourney two years ago at Fort Wayne, Indiana, has asked for a showdown with Midget Fischer for the world's undisputed title.

* * *

IOWA wrestling news by Bill Hawkins, follows: John Eliades, Sioux City's wrestling boss, presented some fine shows last month, and while we are speaking of Mr. Eliades, let me tell you something about him . . . . He was a wrestler back in the days when wrestling was more than a show . . . . He is very befuddled as he watches the modern crop of meanies do their stuff . . . . He was a very good middleweight and did his stuff between 1908 and 1918, and if you look over his scrapbook, you will see his name linked with the Demetrals and other stars in that day and age . . . . John's chief aim in life is to please his public, and he is certainly doing a grand job.

We will start the month off in Sioux City . . . . Ray Steele of Glendale, Cal., won from Hal Rumber, Portland, Ore., in straight falls, both with body slams . . . . George Koverley, Hollywood, Cal., defeated Ellis Bashara, New York, two falls out of three. Mike Nazarian, Boston, drew with Casey Berger, Cedar Rapids.

At Des Moines, Ia.—A nice crowd of 3,000 fans turned out to see Everette Marshall score over Chief Bearclaws Chewichki in straight falls . . . . The Indian Chief was pretty mean, as he don't like a paleface nohow and used his teeth to break holds, and, by heck, he even used a clothesline around the neck of Mr. Marshall, and was choking him blue in the face, when several fans piled into the ring and halted the hanging party . . . . The referee stopped the bout and awarded the first fall to Marshall . . . . The Chief lost the second fall by a body slam, after he had used his towel to do a little choking. Paul Jones, Houston, Tex., and Lou Plummer went to a draw . . . . Hal Rumberg, of Portland, won over Buck Weaver . . . . Sol Slagle, billed as the "human pretzel," went to a draw with George Koverly.

At Marshalltown, Ia.—The "Big Bad Wolf" won over Rudy Laditzi in two trick falls . . . . Dutch Hefner threw bill Sledge . . . . Al Sparks won over Vic Soldat . . . . Buck Bishop drew with Whitey Grovo.

Waterloo, Ia.—Bronko Nagurski defeated Sol Slagle in twenty-two minutes, pinning the good looking Jewish boy with an armlock after a series of rough tackles and hard body slams . . . . Casey Berger won from Jack Hader . . . . Jack Zarnas went to a draw with George Koverly.

Council Bluffs, Ia.—Dutch Hefner scored over John Evko winning two falls . . . . Pat McGill and Oreste Vadalfi went to a draw in the semiwindup . . . . Farmer Tobin tossed Nore Jarlestrom . . . . Sam Leathers and Louie Allaire drew.

Here we are at Burlington, Ia., and from our airship it looks like plenty of action is taking place . . . . It is a free-for-all, with Art Shires, the former major leaguer right in the picture . . . . Karl von Ruhle wins over Jack Murphy in two falls . . . . He won the first fall on the up-and-up . . . . The second fall aided by Mr. Shires . . . . Murphy does not like Arthur The Great and is pulling his hair with all his strength . . . . Boy, is the action fast! . . . . Shires lands a hard right on Mr. Murphy and the latter is counted out by Mr. Shires . . . . Jimmy Baer and Eddie Drew went to a draw . . . . Maynard Harmon won over Jack Phearson . . . . The end—and all the wrestlers lived happy ever after—that is until the next show.

Lack of space prevents the carrying of all the results around the state. Mail your notes to me by the second of each month, and send same to 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa—and all you fans who wish an answer to your letters please enclose a stamp.

YOUR QUESTIONS—*J. A., New Orleans, La.* Yes, Marshall and Jones drew in ninety minutes at Des Moines, Ia. *W. O., Mason City, Ia.* What do you think? I wonder myself sometimes. *M. L., Boston, Mass.* Thanks. I think Frank Gotch would toss every one of the men you name in one night.

BOXING IN MEXICO

By CHARLES FULTON

SIXTO ESCOBAR, ranking bantamweight contender, fell a victim to Juan Zurita's crushing attack at La Arena Nacional before a capacity crowd of eight thousand fans. Zurita won eight of the ten rounds. Jimmie Fitten, Mexican matchmaker, wants to match Zurita with the winner of the match between Rodolfo Casanova and Midget Wolgast for the flyweight title.

Kid Azteca, who has beaten such boys as Eddie Kid Wolfe, Baby Joe Gans, Cerefino Garcia, Young Peter Jackson, Izzy Janazzo and others, is a great card here.

Baby Arizmendi, in a match held at El Toreo, knocked out Frankie Wallace in six rounds. Manuel Villa, Mexican lightweight champion, decisioned Young Peter Jackson, and the veteran Davey Abad decisively beat the Negro, Henry Armstrong.

Lou Brix of New York has made a lot of friends here . . . . Henry Moreno beat Ricardo Manzanillo and Alberto Guerra in La Arena Nacional . . . . The fight between Arizmendi and Wallace drew more than forty thousand pesos.

The Mexican amateur fighters who went to San Salvador beat all the Central American boxers . . . . Mexico's boys proved to be too strong in boxing for the other countries.

The fans can get THE RING at Av. Juarez and Letran.

NOTICE—Good boxers with records who want to come here, should get in touch with the writer, who can be reached at Iturbide 16, Mexico, D. F. Especially bantams, featherweights, lightweights and welterweights.

Answers to Cross-Word Puzzle from Page 44

My Trip Around the World

(Continued from page 20)

have not been accustomed to it.

From first to last, South Africa impressed me as one of the most interesting and beautiful countries in the world. Too much praise cannot be accorded the warm hospitality of its people. Like the Australians, they are virtually sport-crazy, and my first ring battle with Laurie Stevens was witnessed by the largest crowd that ever patronized a South African boxing exhibition.

The paid admissions registered four hundred over the previous attendance mark, which was set when Young Stribling fought Don McCorkindale, the African heavyweight. There were more than eleven thousand eager fight fans on hand when I stepped into the arena, and practically all of them, as might be expected, rooting for Stevens, who is a tremendous favorite there.

My luck didn't hold good, as Stevens was declared the winner. Personally, I believed I won and deserved the verdict, as I am certain I outboxed him, and didn't have to extend myself to the limit at any stage of the battle. This is merely a sincere expression of opinion and not intended to cast any reflections on the honesty of anyone connected with the affair, for Laurie is a fine fighter and a gentleman, and those in charge of the show likewise were splendid fellows.

At all events, strong a favorite as Stevens was, the crowd booed the decision. And I have in my possession clippings of articles by every reporter present, each one of which stated that I won by a narrow point margin. There was so much argument over the affair that we were re-matched, much to my satisfaction. But the second time Stevens won, and I have no complaints to make regarding that decision. He won cleanly and neatly and proved to my satisfaction that he was my master. It was a fine fight and the better man won.

* * *

THE high altitude had done subtle work on me, at times it seemed as though I could hardly breathe. I was dead on my feet and couldn't step around as I should have done. My training had been a tough, cruel grind, for never since I started boxing had I such an awful time getting down to weight. The greatest consolation for losing was that both of my fights made a hit, even if I did come out on the small end each time.

I needed rest and recuperation, so right after the second Stevens encounter I took a vacation at Warm Baths, which corresponds to our Hot Springs. While there, I accepted an invitation to a sixteen thousand-acre ranch, where I was promised opportunities to hunt bucks, baboons, lions and anything else in the animal line I fancied. And then began what was for me an open-air circus that gave me even bigger thrills than when, as a kid, I saw the glories of the Big Top for the first time.

Among the many various hunting trophies on my friend's ranch were some leopard cubs, caught after the mother had been shot, which were as playful and harmless as kittens—that is, at their present age. They are shown in the illustration accompanying this article. But a mature leopard of either sex would not be a very reliable pet to have about. No hunter cares to take any rash chances with the leopard tribe.

Like a cat, they seem to have nine lives, and will always fight to a finish, disregarding any opportunities for escape. If it ever gets a grip on a person, it will just about rip that party to rags. There's no bluff or exaggeration about a leopard's fighting spirit. They do their hunting at night and one of their chief food-supply sources are monkeys and baboons.

* * *

I FOUND out that the baboons always have a sentry on watch, and if disturbed, the sentry shrieks a warning, and your chances of getting a shot at them are very small. Nor are leopards, unlike many other big game, afraid of man. They don't care to attack him particularly, but they are very fond of dog-meat and will prowl around a camp trying to locate and pick up some unsuspecting canine. Then if the dog's master shows up to interfere, he has a real scrap on his hands.

I had no chance of indulging in a gorilla hunt, as I did not strike what is known as the gorilla country, which is in the far-away Kivu region. But my friend had been there, and exhibited, as a trophy of the chase, the stuffed body of a male gorilla that completely took away any desire I might have had to hit the gorilla trail some day. This old boy's measurements were something for a trainer to dream over. His height wasn't impressive, for the tape showed him to be about as tall as Mickey Walker—five feet, seven inches.

But he'd tip the scales at 365 pounds, his chest was 63 inches, his arm 19 and his reach 97 inches. Imagine what a sweet entry he'd have been, when alive and full of pep, for the world's heavyweight title! I remember, when a kid, seeing a picture of a gorilla in the New York *Journal*, alongside an article by Editor Arthur Brisbane, which pointed out what a slim chance the best human scrapper on earth would have against the African terror. But it wasn't until I got a flash at the real thing that I realized just how true the Brisbane idea was.

* * *

I DROVE over five hundred miles in the Kruger National Park, which is three hundred miles long and fifty miles wide. Every twenty-five miles they have a fort built to keep out the lions, and if anyone isn't indoors by 6 P.M., relief cars are sent after them. As a matter of fact, there's a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars for anyone caught out of his car, except at the fort stations. During the days I spent in the park, I saw thirty lions, twelve giraffes, six water buffaloes and thousands of zebras, antelopes and many other kinds of odd game.

Then the lions! Believe me, the more you hear about lions, the more you respect old Leo. That foreleg of his, with the huge, claw weapon at the end of it, is a sure-enough guarantee of his strength.

Take a look at one the next time you visit the circus or zoo! In proportion to weight, it has about four times the strength of the most powerful man's arm. He can kill with just one punch from it. And he can break the neck of an antelope at one bite. Some force to that kind of a jaw, eh?

And how a lion can stand punishment! My friend tried to stop the charge of one by putting seven lead bullets from a .577 Express rifle through the shoulder, and he didn't drop until he got the eighth bullet spang through the head. And here's a curious thing:

Horses are not disturbed by a lion's roaring, but when they scent them, the nags go crazy. Even the close proximity of a lion's skin will send a horse frantic. I was told that in what's called the Selukwe district, where camels are sometimes employed for transport, the smell of a camel has the same effect on a horse as the smell of a lion.

* * *

MAN-EATING lions have been known to go right into a house, drag a victim out of bed and carry him away. While I was there, I heard of an incident of that kind which happened about six hundred miles north of Johannesburg. In that part of the country there are few white people. Natives are not allowed to have guns. So when six man-eating lions had killed thirty natives, they set to work and built a big fence around the underbrush where the lions were. They then sent a runner a hundred miles to bring back a white hunter to shoot the man-eaters.

An automobile is a curiosity to a lion, which is one of the most curious minded of beasts. He will come up and smell around a car, but the gas fumes are stronger than the scent of a human being. Although they see you in the car they won't attack, unless they happen to be of the man-eating kind.

They are not savage in the sense that they will kill for the mere sake of killing. The usual man-eater is an old lion, who, in the season of scattered game, isn't quite up to the job of catching animals for food. Consequently, he preys on native herds, or perhaps the natives themselves.

Of course, there are exceptions to this rule. There were the famous man-eaters of Tsavo, for instance, that cleaned up so many coolie workers that, for a time, construction on a portion of the Uganda Railway was abandoned. However, that was accounted for by the fact that these particular lions, a whole gang of them, young and powerful, became man-eaters through acquiring a taste for human flesh when they got hold of the bodies of coolies who had died and were thrown into the bush without being buried. After which they went on the hunt for men as a regular thing, and created havoc before they were finally run down and shot.

A man from Victoria Falls told me that, waking one night, he had the nasty experience of seeing a big lion poke his head in the tent door. But that beast, it appears, must have been only curious, for he retired without molesting him. Another man I heard of had to spend a night in a tree

while a lion made a meal of his horse.

There is no closed season on lions, and you may suppose that, after hearing a few of these yarns and seeing some of them prowling within a few feet of the car, I wanted badly to bag one. My friend gave me a 303 rifle, and I was all set to do a big hunting act. But life's a contrary mix-up. When I was riding around without a gun, I sighted plenty of lions. After I was armed and ready for business, never a lion did I see! So no lion skin accompanied me home that I can show and tell dramatic details about. But if I ever visit South Africa again, I'll get one, or get knocked out trying.

* * *

BOXING is booming nicely in the so-called Dark Continent. Just as was the case in Australia, the sport veterans love to tell yarns about the early days of the late nineties, when the fistic game got its start there, how Joe Goddard and Denver Ed Smith cleaned up a sweet pile of sucker money, when Smith laid down to big Joe, or how Kid McCoy came there under an alias, was matched to fight Bill Doherty of Australia, and was all set to make a fortune, by having Doherty a heavy favorite, when some American who knew him chanced to meet him in Johannesburg, spilled the beans and spoiled the Kid's game. But McCoy knocked Doherty kicking just the same, and to this day the old-timers talk about what a speed-and-hitting marvel he was.

They haven't forgotten Jack Grace, the famous veteran globe-trotter, either. Jack fought battles, managed scrappers, put over ringers, and raised merry hell generally in Africa, and is remembered as one of the smoothest propositions and most engaging talkers that ever came from the United States. Funny, when you think of it. The fight game really began with all sorts of crooked stunts over there, but today everything is strictly on the up and up, and the boxing authorities rule the whole situation with a hand of iron.

* * *

AFTER my hunting fever died down, I got back to business and on October 5 won a decision over Louis Botes at Durban. About a week later, we sailed for Cape Town, where I boxed Jackie Flynn, the Irish lightweight champion, on November 5. I lost the decision, but here again I figured that I should have been declared the victor, as it seemed to me that I had a lead in every round.

We left Africa on November 15 and sailed for Europe. We had a special Thanksgiving dinner for a party of five that included Eddie Brink, an American boxer, and his bride, whom he wed in Cape Town; Thor Jensen, a wrestler; Harry Gordon, and myself. We arrived at Marseilles on November 30, and went on to Paris, where we took life easy, sightseeing and enjoying ourselves, while waiting for permits to enter England.

There was trouble getting these, as they had my birth record listed as my having been born in 1900, which would have made me an ancient geezer, so far as fighting goes. The record should have read 1910, and I had a hard time getting the matter straightened out.

My next battle was in Liverpool, just one day after my arrival there on December 13, and I defeated Boyo Rees, Welsh lightweight champion. I also won easily from Harry Brooks at Blackfriars Ring in London on December 30. In my third fight, with Jimmy Walsh at the Royal Albert Hall, it looked odd to see men and women in full evening dress at the ringside. I lost that bout on a foul in the third round.

The referee, who officiated sitting outside the ring, declared me loser, when Walsh's seconds claimed a foul. The punch was a left hook, and I am sure it landed way above the belt line, but, of course, there's no argument to be made in a case such as this one.

In my fourth fight, I knocked out Tommy Johns in two rounds with two of the best body wallops I ever landed. I was feeling exceptionally good that night and punching harder than ever I did before. In all four of my English battles, I had my opponent on the floor at least once.

We had a nice time in London, were well entertained, and saw all the chief points of interest, including a lot of famous historical locations I had read about and heard of, all my life.

On January 30 we were homeward bound on the *Ile de France*. I had had a marvelous time for over a year, and enjoyed myself to the limit, as well as making good financially. But grand as was the sightseeing in savage jungles and great foreign cities, the finest sight of all was when the good old Statue of Liberty came into view as we sailed up New York harbor on February 5, 1935!

* * *

IN closing, I want to say on behalf of myself and comrades on this marvelous tour, that we have much to be thankful for in that there is such a magazine as THE RING in existence. We were all astonished at the fact that wherever we traveled, even into regions where we expected to find little reading matter of any interest to us, we came face to face with THE RING.

That magazine is a bible of boxing so far as Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans and the British are concerned. They swear by THE RING, and if a fighter or a wrestler attempts to obtain any work in those lands and has been so unfortunate as not to have had his name appear in THE RING, either in the monthly ratings or in some form of praise, he is simply out of luck. The stories which were printed about our party in THE RING were thoroughly digested by the public, and when we reached Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, the fans knew all about us and that helped in our wonderful reception.

Incidentally, for the benefit of those who do not know it, no American fighter or wrestler is accepted in South Africa or Australia unless he gets the O.K. of Nat Fleischer, THE RING editor. Charley Lucas has had hundreds of letters from American fighters and managers requesting bouts, but not until THE RING'S cable of O.K. was received would Lucas accept any of the applicants. It was Nat who enabled our party to go to Australia and later he sent down Portney, who made a hit and still is doing well there, Wilson, Zwick, Cormier and others.

Boxing's Poker Face

(Continued from page 3)

when Brown swung full force to the cheek, and Louis didn't budge nor change his facial expression, and twice in the eighth, when Natie caught Joe with a very low left and followed that with a right that sunk wrist deep into Joe's stomach without a whimper from the Negro.

8—He has a style that seems all his own—no frills, no foibles, a poker faced battler who closely resembles the Buddha statues of the Hindus.

9—His method of hitting consists of landing the blow, stepping backwards or to the side to keep his opponent off balance, and quickly shooting right back with a follow-up punch, thereby getting double effectiveness.

10—Lack of experience, alone, may hamper his further rise when he faces the cream of the heavyweight division. It is problematical whether he can stand the gaff against the roughness of Carnera, the terrific hitting of Braddock, the combined cleverness and hitting of Art Lasky or Max Schmeling, or the dynamite punches of Max Baer. He knows, as he proved against Brown, how to handle himself against a weaver, although he is not as effective with his punches against a man employing that style. He is at his best against a straight, stand-up stylist, one whom he can measure and hit with all the power behind those punches of his.

11—He starts hitting, then misses often, his judgment of distance not being up to the standard. That is due solely to lack of experience. He'll overcome that within the next six months.

12—His shots are deadly if they connect properly. When he aims and hits, and the hit reaches the mark, there's nothing for his opponent to do but to go down.

13—He knows how to cover up and isn't an easy mark for the shots of his opponent.

14—His ring actions indicate determination. They show concentration on his subject—a great asset.

In short, he can fight and he can hit, and I'm certain that he can take it. That is my summary and, by way of conclusion, I'll add that I have an inward feeling that he will take Carnera through his hitting powers, just as did Baer. If Carnera is as wide open against Joe as he was against Impellitiere, the fans will be treated to a duplicate of the Baer-Carnera fight with the Italian taking the count.

Primo may not lose because he has proved his courage and his stamina, and if the bout should go beyond the tenth round, Louis will probably be the victim, but only because of a half a hundred pounds' weight-handicap and Carnera's roughness, both of which might prove too much for Joe.

Don't expect an answer to your letter unless you mail a stamped envelope with it. Foreign readers may send foreign stamps.

Ruth's Successor A Wrestler

(Continued from page 15)

Runt Moran, old Brave outfielder, to watch me and that evening Moran took me over to Stallings, who signed me.

"Stallings told me I would have to go away for some professional experience, and shipped me to Cambridge, Maryland, in the Eastern Shore League. Incidentally, I hit .349 in that league, which wasn't so bad for a kid just off a high school team.

"Well, when I arrived in Cambridge, I discovered a mistake had been made. They already had a satisfactory catcher. What they wanted was an outfielder, and they had been told by Stallings that he was shipping an outfielder." Selkirk laughed.

* * *

"I BELIEVE that Stallings meant to convert me into an outfielder and forgot to tell me about it. At any rate, after I had looked things over, I decided that I wasn't going to be cheated out of my chance to play ball. So I told the Cambridge manager I could play the outfield.

"I had one heck of a time out there. But I kept after it, and after the Eastern Shore League season had closed, found myself recalled to Rochester, where I played the last month of the International League season, and hit .268.

"The following winter there was a general switching of franchises. Rochester was transferred to Jersey City, so I went there to play in the outfield for four years. Then I went to the Yanks, and was farmed to Columbus, Toronto, and Newark. And here I am. I am tackling this job in the spirit which kept me going in wrestling. I can do it as well as the other fellow, and maybe better."

Selkirk added that he had tried to model himself after great left-handed hitters—Bill Terry and Frank O'Doul.

"However, it was no go. I found I had to be my natural self," George concluded. "So I quit modelling after others. So long as I hit, I am satisfied, even if it isn't so orthodox."

Mr. Selkirk, the former wrestler, is almost sure to make his mark with that famous No. 3, in the spot made famous by Ruth.

Nat Fleischer Says

(Continued from page 14)

in the footsteps of the Cuban Bon bon!

* * *

"Rules Risko Bout No-Decision Contest"—Such was the headline in the newspapers on the day following the award of the Babe Risko-Jimmy Belmont mill to Belmont, a Pittsburgh lad, by the referee after the judges had disagreed. The boys had fought for eight rounds in Cleveland and, according to the reports, the affair was a lively one with Belmont having a shade the better of the argument. At least, so most of the fans saw the bout, and the referee, according to his prerogative, gave the verdict to the man whom he thought had won.

While from time to time we have taken issue with the weird decisions of officials, we have maintained the firm stand that it is playing with fire to overrule the referee and thus alter a verdict. When a boxing commission appoints its judges and referee, under the law of boxing it automatically places full responsibility in the hands of those officials. In looking through sixteen booklets containing the boxing laws and rules in as many states, I fail to find one sentence that would permit a commissioner to overrule the official verdict if and when he is displeased with the decision.

Such action as Commissioner Oswald Jacoby took in casting aside the referee's decision in the Risko-Belmont bout borders on anarchy in boxing. It is such rulings that have placed the sport in jeopardy in more than one state and that will eventually lead "back to the club membership days."

* * *

THE death of Fireman Jim Flynn in Los Angeles a few weeks ago removes another colorful figure from the sports field. Although Flynn had been long in retirement so far as ring activity was concerned, he continued his interest in fisticuffs, as was evidenced by the many interviews he gave within the past three years on boxing in his days as compared to that of today. A heart attack put an end to his career at the age of fifty-five.

Flynn, who twice fought for the world heavyweight title, once with Tommy Burns, who won a fifteen-round decision over him, and the second time when the police halted his bout with Jack Johnson at Las Vegas, N. M., in the ninth round, clashed with the greatest fighters of his days, but as the purses then were not like the fabulous sums paid to the average good fighter today, Jim had little to show for his many hard battles. Only recently a request for help was broadcast by friends in Pueblo, Arizona, where Flynn ran a taxi, but little was forthcoming and, at the time of his death, Flynn's funds were very small.

Although Flynn's record entitles him to a high place in the history of modern pugilism, it was his knockout of Jack Dempsey, when the erstwhile Manassa Mauler was just a kid, that brought the Fireman his greatest fame, because that same boy whom he had stopped with one punch later became the most famed world heavyweight king of modern times. A year after dropping Dempsey, Jack returned the compliment by knocking out Flynn in one round at Fort Sheridan.

* * *

THE case of Jim Flynn was typical of the vast army of fighters who miss greatness and are battered into poverty and obscurity. In his twenty-two years of ring combat, Flynn fought all the great and the near-great without achieving anything for himself except a reputation for reckless courage and ability to take terrific punishment. He fought in one or more fights with "Tar Baby" Sam Langford, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Billy Papke, Tommy Burns, Luther McCarthy, Gunboat Smith, Carl Morris (himself known as the Sapulpa fireman), Jim Coffey, an Irish white hope, and Al Reich, the Bronx Adonis.

Jim Flynn was an Irishman. He was born Andrew Haynes at Brooklyn, N. Y., on December 24, 1879. When he began boxing, about 1900, he took on the name of Fireman Jim Flynn.

Dempsey, who now has a bar and restaurant of his own at Eighth Avenue and Fiftieth Street in New York City, when informed of Flynn's death, said:

"I'm sorry to hear Jim has passed on. He never won any championships, but he was a tough fellow to beat. He had a great fighting heart and was one of the gamest guys the ring ever saw."

The Ring's Globe Trotter

(Continued from page 17)

York Boxing Commission thinking. The deep purple haze which hangs over the commission is an agglomeration of thoughts. The Commission is in session to devise new rules!

It seems that there are only 6,578 2/3 rules on the books of the New York body. These cross and recross each other like the path a fox travels when he is being hunted. They often contradict each other like a naggy wife giving the husband a tough workout. They spell one thing in the morning and another thing in the afternoon, and when all the words are collected like so many letters in your alphabet soup, the answer is "hooey."

At the august session herein filmed, we find the N.Y. solons trying to dope out a way to prevent a fighter who has been knocked out from becoming unconscious. It has been voted that the sight of an unconscious man is brutalizing to boys under twelve, and must be obviated.

Now, boys under twelve do not go to fights in N.Y., but this does not eliminate the necessity for taking the unconscious out of the K.O.

One of the commissioners, who is hiding over on the left, suggests putting smelling salts in the gloves, so that no matter how hard a fighter be hit, the smelling salts will wake him up even as he is being put to sleep. Sounds daffy? Well, try it yourself, and see how it works.

Another commissioner says there isn't enough hitting in boxing, and suggests that each fighter be allowed a horseshoe in his glove. From a horseshoe, we come to a horse. The problem is solved!

* * *

CHICAGO, ILL.—JOE LOUIS IS ACCLAIMED: This is a very interesting reel. The Black Menace is back in boxing. First thing you know, Chumley, we will have the White Hope with us again.

Joe Louis, Negro heavyweight, is shown here with his sepian physique and his Senegambian smile. He looms a real threat to Baer and the rest of the mauling mob of big boys, and before long will have to be put through the big test. Is Louis, or isn't Louis? That is the big question in fistic circles, and the white lads cannot laugh him off.

Watch Louis going through his exercises. See the tigerlike grace of his leopardlike body. Or are we getting our animals mixed? Anyway, get a load of the bozo and get ready to hear how he mixes things up for the Caucasian heavies.

The time has come, say the Brothers of I Will Arise, to have a Negro heavyweight mess up that division with powerful punches, even as Jack Johnson messed up our own Jim Jeffries at Reno, yars and yars ago.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE heavyweights are showing plenty of vigor and with the approach of a championship match, interest has increased proportionately in the other divisions. During the past month several live bouts were staged. Jim Braddock's remarkable comeback at the expense of Art Lasky was the chief topic of discussion in fistic circles. Joe Louis gave Natie Brown a bad whipping in Detroit and Primo Carnera was credited with a technical knockout over Ray Impellitiere in nine rounds. Barney Ross engaged in an overweight match with Henry Woods but was never extended. Tony Canzoneri redeemed himself by turning the tables on Chuck Woods in their second encounter. Jackie Brown, English flyweight leader, over Pietro Georgi in Australia. Adolf Heuser kayoed Bob Carvill in six rounds and whipped Dominico Ceccarelli. Adolph Witt scored over Ernie Simmons. Billy Ketchell whipped Anson Green and Chester Palutis. Erich Seelig drew with Eddie Wenstob.

Paul Pirrone heads the middleweight procession with a one-round knockout over Frankie Misko and a victory over Solly Dukelsky. Frank Battaglia defeated Mickey Bottone. Fred Henneberry won from Jimmy Mitchell and Bob Thornton. Babe Risko whipped Sammy Slaughter, kayoed Benny Levine in two rounds, but was beaten by Jimmy Belmont. Freddy Steel kayoed Fred Apostoli in the tenth round.

Young Terry finished Joe Mandarano in three rounds. Alabama Kid split two decisions with Tiger Hairston and kayoed Joe Simonich in three rounds. Joe Smallwood scored over Tommy Rios. Vilda Jaks split with Kid Tunero in two bouts. Carmen Barth disposed of Abie Bain in one round. Tommy Romano whipped Joey Bazzone. Johnny Rossi scored over Dave Shade. Hookey Jackson whipped Bob Turner and kayoed Charley Eagles in seven rounds.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL

Here are my ratings for the month ending April 10:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Max Baer	World's Champion Bob Olin	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jimmy McLarnin
1—Max Schmeling	Maxey Rosenbloom	Vince Dundee	Bep Van Klaveren
2—Jimmy Braddock	John Henry Lewis	Young Corbett	Kid Azteca
3—Joe Louis	Tony Shucco	Paul Pirrone	Harry Dublinsky
4—Primo Carnera	Al McCoy	Frank Battaglia	Eddie Kid Wolfe
5—Art Lasky	Lou Brouillard	Teddy Yarosz	Cerefino Garcia
6—Steve Hamas	Joe Knight	Fred Henneberry	Jack Carroll
7—Patsy Perroni	Al Gainer	Jimmy Belmont	Kid Frattini
8—King Levinsky	Ambrose Palmer	Babe Risko	Izzy Jannazzo
9—Hank Hankinson	Adolf Heuser	Freddy Steele	Billy Hogan
10—Natie Brown	Leroy Brown	Carmelo Candel	Phil Furr
Lightweights	**Featherweights**	**Bantamweights**	**Flyweights**
World's Champion Barney Ross	World's Champion Freddy Miller	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Lou Ambers	Maurice Holtzer	Pablo Dano	Midget Wolgast
2—Tony Canzoneri	Baby Arizmendi	Sixto Escobar	Jackie Brown
3—Frankie Klick	Mike Belloise	Louis Salica	Benny Lynch
4—Tiger Humery	Petey Hayes	Speedy Dado	Joe Mendiola
5—Jack Kid Berg	Petey Sarron	Young Tommy	Maurice Huguenin
6—Cleto Locatelli	Juan Zurita	Little Pancho	Valentin Anglemann
7—Joe Ghnouly	Henry Armstrong	Baby Quintana	Tommy Pardoe
8—Lew Massey	Merv Blandon	Joe Tei Ken	Bobby Magee
9—Eddie Cool	Vernon Cormier	Mickey Miller	Joe Hardy
10—Leonard Del Genio	Frankie Covelli	Star Frisco	Maurice Filhol

and Benny Lynch, one of his leading rivals, fought a draw in England which comprises the more important bouts of the current month.

In the heavyweight class, Jimmy Braddock deserves first ranking with his victory over Art Lasky. Louis' victory over Natie Brown comes second with Carnera's triumph over Impellitiere following the procession. King Levinsky's tour of the Southwest has resulted in several victories. He whipped Babe Hunt and kayoed Bob Williams in one round and Joe Rice in two. Hank Hankinson stepped into the charmed circle of heavyweight contenders when he kayoed Charley Retzlaff in two rounds. Roy Lazer won from Adolph Wiater. Arturo Godoy scored over Tommy Loughran in South America.

Al Ettore disposed of Jack Phillips in four rounds and Artie Sykes in five. Tiger Jack Fox kayoed Red Barry in six rounds. Obie Walker finished De Miglio in eight rounds. Unknown Winston disposed of Mickey McAvoy in the first round. Abie Feldman whipped Steve Dudas while Steve kayoed Tom Patrick in six rounds. Ralph Ficucello whipped Al Borros. Eddie Hogan defeated Joe Davin. Johnny Vorce won over Dutch Weimer while Charley Belanger disposed of Alex Bell in six rounds.

In the light-heavyweight division, Bob Olin, the champion, scored over Mickey Dugan in an overweight bout. Maxey Rosenbloom is still going like a house afire. He whipped Frank Rowsey and kayoed Terris Hill in three rounds. John Henry Lewis scored over Emilio Martinez. Bob Godwin was kayoed by Leroy Brown in one round and Al McCoy in eight.

Lou Brouillard disposed of Babe Marino in seven rounds and defeated Swede Berglund. Al Gainer won from Al Borros. Ambrose Palmer won over Ervin Berlier. Joe Vignali whipped Willie Pal and Bad Boy Emanuel. Joe Zodda scored over Jimmy Casablanca and kayoed Joe Eaverone in six rounds. Bucky Keyes whipped George Levy. Jack Willis defeated Paris Apice.

Freddy Miller, the busy featherweight leader, continues his rampage abroad. He whipped Johnny Edwards, Douglas Kestrell, Luigi Quadrini, kayoed Joe Mico in three rounds, Harry Brooks in seven, and Zavier Torres in six rounds. Maurice Holtzer trounced Vittorio Tamagnini. Baby Arizmendi finished Frankie Wallace in six rounds. Mike Belloise whipped Johnny De Foe and kayoed Orville Drouillard in five rounds. Drouillard drew and lost to Jackie Sharkey. Petey Sarron defeated Joe Rivers. Juan Zurita scored over Sixto Escobar. Henry Armstrong kayoed Sal Hernandez in two rounds and Tully Corvo in five. Nel Tarleton was beaten by Johnny King.

Vernon Cormier whipped Young Eagle and beat Claude Varner on a foul in nine rounds. Varner kayoed Ray O'Brien in six rounds. Frankie Covelli defeated Irving Eldridge. Mose Butch kayoed Wesley Martin in eight rounds and whipped Roger Bernard. Phil Zwick won over Herb Bishop and Jimmy Purcell.

Al Hamilton won over Varias Milling. Baby Palmore disposed of George Alcantana in three rounds. Danny London was beaten by Jerry Mazza and Dick Welsh. Young Rightmire scored over Dave Sweezy. Simon Chocolate defeated what was left of the great Kid Chocolate. George Hansford whipped Gene Espinoza. Frankie Wolfram scored over Pete De Grasse.

Al Brown, head of the bantams, was beaten by Vincente Sangchili, drew with Ansini and whipped Henry Barras in overweight bouts. Pablo Dano turned in an eight-round knockout over Young Tommy. Little Pancho scored over Lew Farber and Speed Cabanela. Mickey Miller beat Ron Leonard. Farber was also beaten by Star Frisco. Kid Francis drew with Eugene Huat. Riethdorf, the German bantam, scored over Joe Mendiola, the Philippine flyweight, in France. Joe Eagle won over Cris Pineda. Poppi Decico whipped Carlos Flix. Lefty Gwynne won over Babe Triscaro. Victor Vallee stopped Jimmy Martin in two rounds.

Jackie Brown, English flyweight crack, drew with Benny Lynch and Kid Francis and whipped Maurice Filhol. Maurice Huguenin scored over Dupuis. Tommy Pardoe clashed on even terms with Percy Dexter. Bobby Magee disposed of Charley Hazell in two rounds, and whipped Tut Whalley. Phil Milligan whipped Fred Bilsborough and was kayoed by Joe Hardy in eight rounds, besides drawing with him. George Marsden kayoed Young Siki in six rounds. Ellis Ashurst whipped Johnny Patterson but was stopped by Jim Knowles in four rounds.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Pat Warburton, England.
Bantamweight—Jackie Treadway, Los Angeles, Calif.
Featherweight—Freddy Foran, Hartford, Conn.
Lightweight—Gege Gravante, Los Angeles, Calif.
Welterweight—Joe (Butch) Lynch, Plainfield, N. J.
Middleweight—Carmen Barth, Cleveland, Ohio.
Light-heavyweight—Tommy Farr, England.
Heavyweight—Billy Mahan, Trenton, N. J.

Bep Van Klaveren heads the prominent welters in activity with a victory over Carlos Solomon. Kid Azteca scored over Morrie Sherman, while Morrie whipped Carl Duva. Cerefino Garcia kayoed Baby Joe Gans in one round. Willard Brown defeated Bobby Wilson but was kayoed by Jack Carroll in twelve rounds in Australia. Kid Frattini whipped Tom Jones and Ralph Fulton. Billy Hogan won over Tony Falco and Ray Napolitano. Falco whipped Vincent Reed. Phil Furr disposed of Sid Silas in seven rounds.

Manuel Villa scored over Young Peter Jackson. Bobby Pacho won from Harry Carlton, Eddie Marks and Joe Zodda. Tracey Cox disposed of Pete Nebo in seven rounds. Frankie Hughes scored over Lou Lombardi. George Gibbs scored over Johnny Jadick and Billy Wallace. Teddy Loder whipped Jackie Davis. Cocoa Kid defeated Werther Arcelli. Gordon Wallace scored over Tommy Bland. Mickey Serrian whipped Nick Pastore. Paulie Walker won over Stanley Pyontack. Joe Pennino disposed of Bobby Bruno in six rounds.

Barney Ross, head of the lightweight class, whipped Henry Woods in an overweight contest, while Tony Canzoneri reversed the decision over Chuck Woods in decisive fashion. Tiger Humery scored over Jackie Kid Berg. Joe Ghnouly defeated Eddie Cool. Wesley Ramey won from Frank Sagilio but lost to Maxie Strub. Davey Abad scored over Henry Armstrong and Lester Marston.

Tony Morgano whipped Lew Feldman. Cecil Payne kayoed Johnny Chrismas in seven rounds. Billy McMahon drew with Steve Haliako and lost to Lou Lombardi. Holman Williams whipped Tommy Paul. Benny Bass defeated Mike Marshall. Johnny Morro disposed of Frankie Oben in two rounds. Johnny Lucas whipped Baby Manuel. Pete Nebo whipped Jumbo Rovira but

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MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

JIMMY JONES, Baltimore's fast-stepping welterweight, took a close ten-round decision over Lew Raymond at Carlins Park in Baltimore. Raymond got off to a lead in the early rounds, only to have Jones come with a rush in the final three heats to grab a split duke.

Charlie "Stumpie" Jacobs scored an upset at Norfolk, Va., when he belted out Roddy Davis of Washington in two rounds. Davis was a red-hot favorite to lick the Virginia veteran. Bob Lowrey, also of Washington, lost to Red Journee in eight rounds and Spider Hewett of the United States Navy knocked out Eddie Marks of New York in six rounds.

Frankie Wolfram of Canada bested Pete DeGrasse of New York in ten rounds at Washington. Wolfram was entirely too strong for DeGrasse and won with plenty to spare. Sid Sylas won a split duke over Roddy Davis in a hectic six-rounder. Davis was down in the first round but looked like a winner thereafter. Joey Green of Washington beat Leroy Dougan of Arkansas in the six-round semifinal. Wesley Martin and Mike Tardugno boxed even in six rounds.

Buckie Taylor and Jimmy Tramberia, two local featherweights, fought the fastest ten-rounder seen in Baltimore in many a day with Tramberia a winner. Taylor had his rival down once.

Kid Raspi licked Pete Galiano in the eight-round semifinal. Mike Sipio of Baltimore won on a technical knockout over Bill Bulluck of Washington when Bulluck pulled up with a broken hand. Bulluck did good for two heats but Sipio seemed the stronger boy and was coming plenty fast when the bout was terminated in round six.

California Joe Rivers lost a split duke to Pete Sarron in ten rounds at Washington. Rivers put Pete on the deck on three occasions and appeared a sure winner, only to have the verdict go against him. The referee cast the deciding vote, claiming Sarron a winner by one point. This is the second time Sarron has taken a split verdict over Joe and both fights have been replete with action. It was a great fight.

Sylvan Bass, veteran Baltimore welterweight, returned to the Monumental City and handed Jimmy Jones a boxing lesson in ten rounds. Bass got off to a good start, punching Jimmy plenty in the first heat and, from then on, fought a clever battle against the hard-hitting Jones. It was quite an upset to Jones who was looked on in Baltimore as their most promising welterweight in years.

Phil Furr, the welterweight king of the District of Columbia, was handed an easy assignment in Sid Sylas of New York and won just as he pleased. Furr had Sylas down in the first two heats.

Stumpie Jacobs of Norfolk, Va., repeated a knockout over Roddy Davis in one heat, and Red Journee won on a technical knockout over Bob Lowrey in five rounds when Lowrey pulled up with a broken jaw.

Charlie Gomer of Baltimore won handily over Joey Allen of Newark, N. J., in ten rounds at Baltimore. This match was a return affair, Allen having taken a duke over Gomer. This time Gomer was Allen's master.

PICK-UPS—The Washington fans are still squawking over the decision rendered in favor of Pete Sarron over Joe Rivers, but, if the boys get back in there again, it is a sure bet they will all be on hand to see the return affair. The Rivers-Sarron bout drew the largest gate of the indoor season. Boy, what a fight! Benny Benjamin, the Baltimore lad who trains Vince Dundee for all his bouts, is also managing the Commercial Hotel in the Monumental City and making a good job of it. Frankie Rice, the former lightweight boxer of Baltimore, is now a clothing salesman in his native city. Natie Brown's game stand against Joe Louis has won him plenty of admirers in Washington, where he was formerly unpopular. California Joe Rivers, the Mexican featherweight, has taken Washington by storm and is now the nation's capital's best drawing card. Rivers is attending law college in Washington. Pete Sarron has decided to make Washington his permanent home. Pete has plenty of sugar, the majority of which he brought back from Australia a few years back after a two-year stay in the Antipodes. Phil Zwick, the long featherweight, who is positively the world's best puncher at 126 pounds, went great guns in Australia, where he recently won the lightweight title in defeating Herb Bishop in fifteen rounds. He had the Australian champion on the floor for a nine-count in round thirteen. Phil is now on the high seas for England, where he will engage in a couple of bouts and then return to Washington.

Bob Wilson is another Washingtonian who has done well in Australia. Wilson lost a close duke to Williard Brown there recently after having Brown on the floor on four occasions. Wilson is matched to meet Jack Carroll, the middleweight champion, there shortly. Jackie Portney, the Baltimore lightweight, is also in Australia after a short visit home. Portney has made money in Australia and may make his home there if he can induce the Mrs. that way. All of the above lads got to Australia through the recommendation and O.K. of Nat Fleischer, THE RING publisher.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

BY MICKEY McINTIRE

WITH big time boxing coming back in Michigan, all the gyms are beginning to fill up. There shouldn't be any dearth of pugilists this season. Boys are coming to Michigan instead of leaving it as they have been doing for the past three years.

Joe Louis, Detroit's Dark Dynamiter, packed the Olympia again, this time with Natie Brown as his opponent. The crafty Jewish fighter from Washington, D. C., remained the ten rounds, but took a terrific beating all the way. Louis had him down for a nine-count in the first round, and from then on Natie was content to keep vertical.

Johnny Vorce took a disputed decision over the Arizona Cowboy, Dutch Weimer, in the secondary attraction. Roy Lazer from New Jersey had to fight hard to beat Adolph Wiator of Green Bay. Wiator has given Joe Louis his hardest fight to date.

Gene Stanley made a good fight with Al Diamond of Paterson, N. J., but lost the decision.

Lefty Gwynne, Jimmy Brady's boy, came through in his biggest test, winning handily from Babe Triscaro, well-known bantie from Cleveland. Gwynne will soon be ready for the best of them.

Chuck Woods' bubble was exploded when Canzoneri defeated him in Chicago. Chuck went all right for three rounds, but from then on Canzoneri outboxed him all the way.

Wesley Ramey outscored the hard-hitting Frankie Sagilio on the same card. Sammy Chivas drew with Dick Sisk of Chicago, and Orville Drouillard was no match for the smart and tough Mike Belloise.

Chuck Woods stopped Charley Bochio in the seventh round at Kalamazoo. Bochio gave Chuck a hard scrap.

Holman Williams looms as another black menace from the Detroit district. Holman has been going like a house afire, and in his last start scored an overwhelming victory over Tommy Paul.

Nick Torres defeated Vince McCoy in Frankie Erne's most recent show at Hazel Park. Charlie Grundish surprised by kayoing George Sutka in the semifinal. Johnny Kanasky beat Joe Stalnes in the main preliminary.

Pete Petrowski of Jackson, a brother of the Pete Petroskey from Muskegon, is giving all the welters trouble. Petrowski, a graduate of the amateurs, turned in a decisive victory over Ward Snider in the six-round main go at Dearborn. Bobby Buckles, Jackson middleweight, beat Ted Easterbrook in the semifinal.

Recently I have received several requests for promoters' lists in which the senders didn't even enclose a stamp. I can't answer letters when stamps are not enclosed, let alone send them the lists. Anyone wanting the list of Michigan promoters should send a quarter to Mickey McIntire, Deckerville, Mich., and then the lists will be mailed.

The local tournaments have all been completed, but there are quite a few amateur shows going on around the state. A few of the more important amateur results: Howell King shaded Alex Kilpatrick; Carmen Duva beat Ed Smith, as did Ed Kozole; Lester Corsini beat Sam Amico; Walter Smigel beat Art Welser; Tom Morris shaded Al Tucker; Vic Zywicki beat Hub Kovells, and suffered a cut eye in his bout with George Burnett which caused his seconds to toss in the towel. Billy Larkin lost to Elmer Cousineau and Ernie Horn; Stan Ceislik outpointed Danny Sanchez; Corky McCorkindale beat Babe Spieles and Peewee Buright. Buright lost to Bob McIntire. Tony Rupinski beat Casey Jones.

From latest reports, the boys to make the trip to the Nationals at St. Louis will be Lorenzo Pack, Charley O'Day, Clinton Bridges, Dave Clark, George Burnett, Alex Kilpatrick, Al Nettlow, and Edgar Waling.

HOLYOKE NEWS

By GEORGE KID ROSS

RICHIE GIBBONS, Springfield, Mass., won the New England amateur championship in the lightweight class at Boston, Mass. He has been coming along nicely under the direction of Billy Snider.

Ted Gauthier of Springfield, Mass., returned from Florida, where he had a very successful winter campaign. He is ready for any of the bantamweights.

Billy McMahon, New York, and Steve Halaiko of Buffalo fought a ten-round draw in the Arena. Joey LaGray of Passaic, N. J., won over Butch Nichols of Hartford, Conn., in eight rounds. Billy O'Brien of Springfield, Mass., was handed a licking by Tommy Howells of Buffalo, N. Y. Jerry Maloni, Springfield, Mass., K.O.'ed Francis Carter, Worcester, Mass., in the fifth round of a six-rounder. Carlo Daponde won over Dave Duval, both of Springfield, Mass., in the four-rounder.

Lou Lombardi, Jersey City, won a close decision over Billy McMahon, New York, in the main bout of ten rounds. Roland Lecuyer, Holyoke favorite, won over Lou Fox of New York in the eight-round semi. Eddie Millson of Boston, Mass., K.O.'ed Jerry White of Jersey City in the fourth round of a six-spot. Johnny Scibelli and Teddy Gauthier fought a draw in a six-rounder. Richie Thurer of Springfield won over Eddie Micheals of Westfield in the four-rounder.

Irish Eddie Brink, Scranton, Pa., won a split decision over Joey Greb, New York, at Holyoke. Joey Zodda, New York, won a technical K.O. over Joe Eavarone, Scranton, Pa.

Frankie Hughes, Washington, D. C., won a decision over Lou Lombardi, Jersey City, in ten rounds. Frankie O'Ben of Puerto Rico lost to Jimmy Murray in eight rounds. Ruby Bradley won a six-rounder over his rival, Johnny Scibelli, Springfield, Mass. Richie Thurer, Springfield middleweight, won over Eddie Gates of Pittsfield, Mass.

Alex Pallazzi K.O.'ed Bill Lozeau, Leominster, Mass., in the third round of a four-spot.

Springfield sport fans are still trying to get a boxing bill past the Legislature.

Desso DeBryant, Springfield, Mass., won the New England light-heavyweight championship in Boston, Mass., which entitles the boy to a trip to St. Louis this summer for a try for national honors. DeBryant, while at Classical High School, was a member of the varsity crew and varsity football squad.

Youngsters wishing to learn the manly art should get Nat Fleischer's books on boxing, *How to Box, Training for Boxers* and *How to Second Boxers*. In these they will find a vast amount of information not found in any other boxing books.

ADDITIONAL HAWAII NEWS

By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

THE Volcano Arena, promoter Richard Nakatani in charge, presented the first professional fight in the territory for 1935. Several changes were tried out in the first smoker, namely, shortening the rounds from three minutes to two, and eliminating the judges, the referee having the sole authority in rendering verdicts.

In the main event Joe Velasco, a 127-pounder from Honolulu, took a walkaway decision from Joe Ledesma of Hilo, who tipped the scale at 124 pounds. Velasco's speed and cleverness proved too much for Ledesma, although his blows weren't so damaging . . . . Sabas Jamito won from Hisashi Nishii in six. The fans booed the decision . . . . Husky Perreira knocked out Thunder Eugenio in the third round . . . . Lightning Feliciano beat Kid Perreira . . . . Harry Katsumoto and Juan Atanacio fought a draw . . . . Katsup Okuna won from A. Biragio . . . . Bulldog Emilio beat Nigger Kobayashi in the opener.

Six thousand fans jammed the Civic Auditorium to witness the last amateur smoker, many of them fighting for a berth on the Hawaiian boxing team which will invade the States. The championship fight results follow: Flyweights—Gilbert Murakami (J-ABC) won from Yoshio Nakamura (Palama). Bantamweights—Paul Ishimoto (J-ABC) decisioned Eddie Yasui (Citywide). Featherweights—Eddie Townsed (J-ABC) beat Leboy (Palama). Lightweights—Jacob Lui (Aiea) won from Joe Oliveira (Citywide). Welterweights—Ben Ahakuelo (Pal) decisioned Lawrence Rego (Citywide). Middleweights—John Lorenz (Navy) knocked out Tony Medeiros (unattached) in one round.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

THE first outdoor show in Chicago this season was to be held at Western Stadium, Western and Devon Avenues. The arena, which seats approximately three thousand, is managed by Sam Abruscato, with assistance from Eddie Long, veteran fight manager. Long piloted Bud Taylor and Sammy Mandell to leading positions in their respective divisions about ten years back. He now represents Art Sykes, Elmira, N. Y., and Corn Griffin, Columbus, Ga., both heavyweights, and Walter (Puggy) Weinert, Chicago welterweight.

Other Chicago promoters are to join Long and Abruscato by presenting their opening outdoor shows this month. They include Johnny Coulon, Midway Arena, 6115 Cottage Grove Avenue; Maurice Rivkin, Marigold Gardens, Broadway and Grace Street, and Billy Cepak, Cicero. Chicago Stadium officials expect to be able to arrange "a few" big cards this summer for presentation in either of the two big league ball parks or Soldiers' Field.

The Stadium, under the new personnel of James Norris, Sr., and his son, James Norris, Jr., and James C. Mullen and Nate Lewis, has had a successful indoor season. Several shows offered under the auspices of this combination have made substantial profits. Maurice Rivkin of Marigold is reported to be the only other local promoter who can show a financial profit for the past indoor semester.

Chicago Indoor Stadium corporation is what officials now call the big West Side sports arena . . . . O. O. McIntyre, newspaper columnist, recently wrote, "Primo Carnera doesn't seem to have a spark of interest since his knockout embarrassment by Max Baer." . . . Some critics are of the opinion that this statement will not ring true until after Joe Louis hands him a beating in their scheduled match this month . . . . Frank Harmon's grill, adjacent to the Stadium, comprises an investment of twenty-five thousand dollars . . . . Chairman Joe Triner of the Illinois Boxing Commission and his co-worker, Secretary Gene Meany, are close rivals of Joe Louis for the gum-chewing championship.

A new Loop gymnasium has been opened at 227 West Madison Street by Felix Kolk, popular physical culture and boxing instructor, and Paul Poloski, Milwaukee, Wis., wrestling promoter. The gym, equipped at a cost of five thousand dollars, is extremely lengthy and has considerable floor space. Two rings include equipment. Harry Dublinsky, West Side contender; Davey White, Max Elling, John Mirabel, Solly Dukelsky and numerous others already have joined. Dick Mastro, Golden Gloves graduate, who promoted several shows on the West Side, has rented an office and registered fifteen amateur boxers there. The telephone number is Dearborn 6077.

Whenever Max Baer, California Adonis, wants to put on weight he drinks a bottle or two of beer . . . . Edward C. Foster, president of the National Boxing Association, says there is a reawakened interest in boxing for the first time in three years . . . . Credit for it is given Joe Louis, Lou Ambers, and Freddy Miller . . . . Donald (Red) Barry, Washington, D. C., heavyweight, and Musky Jackson, manager, are indefinitely suspended in N. B. A. territory . . . . Those reinstated include Tait Littman, Cudahy, Wis., middleweight . . . . Louis Lazerowitz, Paterson, N. J., never misses a fight in which his heavyweight son, Roy Lazer, is a principal.

OPENING THE MAIL BAG—
From Harold Steinman, Tulsa, Okla.—Have bought the Chicago *Tribune* every day since the King (King Levinsky, heavyweight challenger) and I left Chicago, last February, just to read your column.

Ans.—Thanks, thanks, and thanks.

From James Lococo, 615 South May Street, Chicago—Kindly tell me the addresses of Jack Dempsey, Barney Ross and Tony Canzoneri.

Ans.—Dempsey can be reached at Dempsey's Restaurant, Eighth Avenue and Fiftieth Street, New York; Ross's address is 1307 Independence Boulevard, Chicago; and Canzoneri can be located at THE RING, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York.

From Dan Florio, 2011 Vyse Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.—Mike (Kid) Frattini, lightweight champion of Italy, just keeps rolling along, chalking up victory after victory, but the topnotchers consistently refuse to meet him. Seems I'll have to send the Kid back home unless you give us a little help and boost my charge.

TEN YEARS AGO—Jack Delaney, born Oliver Chapdelaine, beat Paul Berlenbach in fifteen rounds for the light-heavyweight championship . . . . Jack Dempsey engaged in eight unimportant exhibition bouts . . . . Johnny Dundee lost two decisions to Sid Terris . . . . Jock Malone lost a twelve-round decision to Dick Evans at Youngstown, Ohio . . . . Jack Doyle was making a name for himself as a promoter in California . . . . Luis Angel Firpo, the Wild Bull of the Pampas, retired from the ring.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

JOE RENO, former ace welter, is back in Trenton from Bucknell College, where he is boxing and soccer coach. His duties through until September, Joe intends to stage a comeback in the square circle. Reno has always kept himself in good condition by boxing with the boys at school, so he figures that he can pick up a few dollars for the summer.

Young Terry, former idol of local fight fans, successfully opened his comeback campaign with a three-round technical knockout over Joe Mandarano of Manayunk, Pa.

Paulie Walker disposed of the latest threat to his title of city champion when his savage assault on Stanley Pyontek earned him a technical knockout in the fourth round of a scheduled ten. One week later Pyontek went back in a six-rounder where he belongs and boxed a draw with Georgie Gano of Long Branch.

Ray Maguire won over Tony Belardo in a four-rounder. Maguire dropped Belardo for a nine-count in the first round.

Joe Pershing, young lightweight of Trenton, scored three knockouts in as many fights. He stopped John Durkau of Newark in four rounds, Paul Kelly of Riverside in four, and Young Dundee of Trenton in two.

The Mooch Murphy-Johnny Brennan bout is hanging fire. This match has created plenty of interest. If the promoters can get them together they sure will have a great bout and a sell-out.

Tony Pastor of Jamesburgh won by a technical knockout over Stanley King of Trenton in the first round.

Joe Cazar of Trenton won by a technical knockout over George Knipper of Newark in the sixth round at the Arena in Trenton. Ten days later, Cazar lost a six-round decision to Mark Hough of New York at Teterboro Arena.

Ralph Fulton, Trenton welter, lost a hairline decision to Mike Frattrini of Italy in an eight-round bout at the Amusement Center in Plainfield.

Frankie Warno of Trenton lost to Joey Woods of Newark in a four-round bout at Trenton.

Geo. Levy, lightweight of Trenton, lost to Bucky Keyes in ten rounds at the Laurel Garden in Newark. This makes it the third time that Keyes has beaten Levy.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLO

TONY MORGANO, Philly junior lightweight star, has made quite a success in Hollywood. Tony has been boxing steadily at the Stadium there for Charley McDonald. He defeated George Hansford, Tommy Paul and drew with Jimmy Christy. McDonald ran out of opponents for him. Frankie Klick and Leo Rodak absolutely refused to meet him. Finally Lew Feldman agreed to take him on.

Frankie Caris, middleweight and stablemate of Morgano, has returned home from Hollywood after several wins there. After seeing him in action several times, we predict Caris as the next big thing in the middleweight class.

Jimmy Toppi has opened a night club in the main line. Jimmy gave up promoting at the Broadway A. C. after ten years of running weekly shows. Claims he has enough of promoting after having lost a fortune. This leaves two clubs in the active role, the Cambrai A. C., running weekly shows, and the Arena A. C., under the promotion of Taylor and Gunnis, running at the average of once a month.

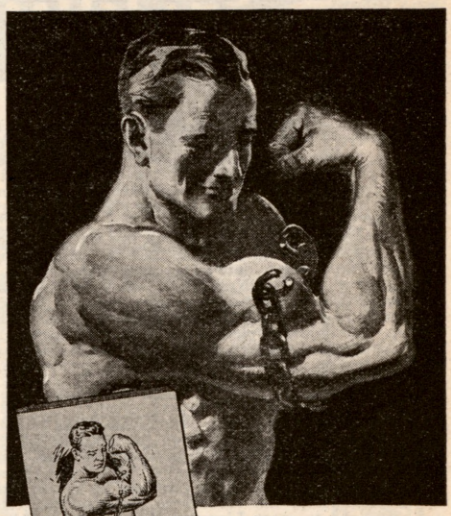
Johnny Santo, Italian welterweight of this city, is mourning the death of his father. Santo, under the management of Max Hoff, is a former amateur champ. He lost two decisions out of thirteen starts since turning professional. At the rate he has been stepping, he will be knocking at the door of the welter stars within six months.

Tommy Sparton and Milt Jacobs are two featherweight youngsters who are climbing to the top rapidly. Tootsie Bashara, who has shown successfully in Philly, is now in Texas and will return here soon. Tootsie made a great hit when he defeated Lew Massey in Philly.

Georgie Gibbs, colored junior welterweight, is going at a great pace here.

Matt Adgie, fighting iceman, is now a referee in this state. Good luck, Matt.

MOULDING A MIGHTY ARM



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From Hollywood *to* New York

By EDDIE BORDEN

WITH this issue and for several to come, my boxing notes will be sent from Hollywood, California, where I am now temporarily, and perhaps permanently stationed as the Coast representative of THE RING. During my stay in the West, I shall have an opportunity to compare the methods of promoters, managers, and boxng commissions in this neck of the woods, and see wherein the East can benefit from the methods adopted by the West and vice versa.

One thing I have learned in my short stay here is that boxing enthusiasm is at a much higher grade in California than it is in New York and that fight fans come out in greater number for what would be deemed an ordinary fight in New York, thus showing that the Coast fans have been accustomed to getting honest-to-goodness battles and will give their wholehearted support to the boys and promoters who have worked on the basis of "the public-be-pleased policy." That is how it should be and I take my hat off to the Californians for keeping the sport alive even during these hard times.

The past month has found the heavyweight division coming forth with a rush, and all because of the activity of the leaders who were aiming for a shot at Max Baer's title. Although Max Schmeling proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that he is the outstanding contender and that through a process of elimination he is deserving of the first crack at the championship, his refusal to come to this country to fight Braddock, for the right to meet Livermore Max, has resulted in Jimmy falling into the soft spot. By soft I do not mean to insinuate that Braddock will find Baer soft, for such is far from the case, but that he fell heir to the leading challenger's position, although, candidly, I do not believe he belongs there.

Unfortunately, the action of the New York Boxing Commission, with its meddling ways, and the fact that Baer had been negotiating with Schmeling and Walter Rothenberg for a bout abroad, played a big part in the firm attitude assumed by Schmeling, and I blame both the New York Commission and Baer's mentor, Ancil Hoffman, for steering such a fight away from this country, where it belongs. A Schmeling-Baer bout would gross at least $600,000, whereas the Baer-Braddock fight, which at this writing I am not certain will take place, won't gross more than $200,000 at best.

Thus we find again that the Garden is sadly in need of a Tex Rickard to guide it on the proper path. Had Tex been at the helm, it's dollars to doughnuts that Tex, despite all handicaps, would have had the Baer-Schmeling natural back in New York or in some other part of this country, and that neither the New York Boxing Commission nor any other obstacle would have been able to stand in Rickard's path.

But now that Braddock has been definitely named as Baer's opponent—even though at this writing Hoffman has declared himself as opposed to that match—Jimmy's well-wishers stand solidly behind him. He is a fine young man, a fellow who has had his ups-and-downs, and if we cannot see a Schmeling-Baer bout, then I am happy to see Braddock get the first call. Jimmy may not be colorful and will not draw a heavy gate, but he will give Baer a tough battle, though I cannot see wherein he has a chance to beat Max. Here on the Coast, the promoters, managers, fighters, and scribes, look upon the Braddock choice as a joke and they predict that Jimmy won't go more than a few rounds. In New York, however, where we know Braddock's courage and fighting spirit, we don't regard Jimmy in that vein. He is first and last a fighter, and we predict that Baer will know he has been in a scrap when he's through defending his laurels.

Ray Impellitiere had the opportunity of a lifetime in his match with Primo Carnera in the Garden recently, but failed to make the best of it. Harry Lenny, Carnera's manager, built Ray into something that he was not and though Ray did make a valiant effort, he failed to come through. Carnera was rough in the clinches and violated many ethics to gain that victory and Referee Jack Dempsey cautioned him several times but the damage had already been done.

Lenny jumped into the ring in the ninth round and called a halt after Ray was gradually weakening. He and Dempsey engaged in hot argument, but it gave Carnera credit for a technical knockout, though his work was far from impressive. Abie Feldman banged out a victory over Steve Dudas in the semifinal of a corking scrap. Eddie Mader scored over Norman Barnett and Melio Bettina scored over Jimmy Varelli in the four-round opener. The house was jammed to capacity and drew $38,206 net figures.

During the past month, Tony Canzoneri returned to Chicago and gave Chuck Woods a good whipping in their return go. It merely proved the erroneous judgment used by Slim McClelland in their previous Detroit scrap. Tony made a punching bag of Woods, and it was only a workout for him and a poor one at that. Mike Belloise gave another good display in stopping Orville Drouillard in five rounds.

Wesley Ramey, after a long return from this country, turned in a good fight to defeat Frank Sagilio. The show drew $19,384, another tribute to Canzoneri's drawing powers in the Windy City. It seems a foregone conclusion that Ross will never step into the ring with Canzoneri again so Tony will have to dispose of sundry rivals just for the exercise and purse involved but never to get that desire fulfilled, that of meeting Ross again.

Ollie Downs is now handling Babe Triscaro in Cleveland . . . . Jake Friedman, long identified with Phil Glassman in the management of Lew Tendler, Danny Kramer, and Benny Bass, is now in Minneapolis with Al Ettore, and keeping the Philly youngster busy in that locality . . . . Jakey claims the best prospect he has seen in years is Young Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight . . . . The recent defeat of Kid Chocolate at the hands of Simon Chavez in Venezuela should be the final convincer that Chocolate is finished with the ring . . . . Sixto Escobar ran into a snag in Mexico City when he was beaten by Juan Zurita . . . . Escobar was laid up for several months with a bad ankle and it is possible that the long layoff affected him in many ways . . . .

Jack Brady has opened the Sportsmen's Cafe at 114 North Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia . . . . Brady handled Tommy Loughran in his most important battles . . . . In addition to the many injuries that the various commissions are inflicting on the public they have started the practice of reversing decisions . . . . Oscar Jacoby tried it in Cleveland, when Jimmy Belmont was given the verdict over Babe Risko, by resenting the referee's verdict and calling it "no decision," which is beyond the comprehension of anyone in his right mind . . . . Billy Wallace lost the decision to George Gibbs in Philadelphia and, next day, the Commission decided to hand the verdict to Wallace on a technicality . . . . There is no telling what the next move will be.

Jim Braddock's victory over Art Lasky put him right in the front rank of heavyweight contenders. His victory was overwhelmingly decisive, even though it was rumored that Lasky entered the ring with a bad hand, which the Commission was aware of several days before the fight—Braddock's victory, however, was convincing and he gained the Baer shot as a result . . . . Steve Dudas disposed of Tom Patrick in the sixth round . . . . John Anderson drew with Gus Lesnovich, Terry Mitchell scored over Ralph Ficucello, and Gordon Donahue bested Sid Cohen in the opening four. The show grossed about $22,000 and Lasky was guaranteed $5,000 flat by Joe Gould, so the financial arrangement proved satisfactory to Braddock.

The New York team of the Golden Glove amateurs were whipped in Chicago eleven victories to five . . . . It's a shame that the attitude of the *Daily News* prevented New York from showing its first team, due to some financial misunderstanding.

Joe Louis continued his money drawing campaign at Detroit by whipping Natie Brown and drawing the sum of $24,515 for Promoters Jim Mullen and Nate Lewis. Louis dropped Brown in the first round and had the situation in hand until the finish. He is going to prove one of the saviors of the boxing game this year and we hope he continues his progress . . . . Much of the credit attributed to Louis' success should be given to Mullen and Lewis, who nursed him along until he became a big money maker, without trying to horn in on the managerial end . . . . We hope that Louis and his mentors understand the meaning of the word gratitude.

Jerry Luvadis (Jerry, the Greek) has a training camp in Sogus, Calif., and is devoting his spare time to Victor Chermallo, a promising light-heavyweight . . . . Bep Van Klaveren, still campaigning on the Coast, had no trouble in whipping Carlos Solomon, scoring three knockdowns. Laddie Tonelli, a protégé of Earl Mastro's, and Sammy O'Dell, pride and joy of the Suey Welsh stable, fought a draw in the semifinal . . . . Lew Feldman got off to a bad start in stacking up against Tony Morgano, a southpaw at the Hollywood Legion. The style proved bothersome and Feldman could not show at his best but expects to do much better in the future.

At this writing, the Pacific Coast looks like the Gold Rush of '49 as far as the pugilistic fraternity is concerned. Every one of any account in the East is at present sojourning in the vicinity of Los Angeles. Bob Olin, Charley Massare, Abie Feldman, Frankie Covelli, Tony Morgano, Conrado Conde, Johnny Ladao, Pete De Grasse, Antol Kocsis, Eddie Houghton, Maxey Rosenbloom, Mickey Genaro, Al White, Leo Rodak, Mickey Beal, Johnny Pena, Johnny Miler, Davey Abad. Midget Wolgast are among the boxers present, with such managers as Bob Levy, Harry Levy, Hymie Caplin, Harold Scadron, Suey Welsh, Johnny Keyes, Gus Wilson and hordes of others.

Some of the old-timers and recently retired boxers working in the film industry are Johnny Indrisano, Phil Bloom, Mushy Callahan, Jackie Fields, Bing Conley, Gorilla Jones, Joe Glick, Joe Stanley, Bert Keyes, Frank Moran . . . . Armand Emanuel has a good law practice . . . . Fireman Jim Flynn is running a beer garden and restaurant, and Bud Taylor opened an elaborate café a few weeks ago . . . . Jim Jeffries is running weekly amateur boxing bouts at a barn in Burbank and drawing capacity houses . . . . Tommy Ryan owns a food dispensary.

Gus Wilson, world famous trainer and manager of fighters, has combined with Terry Hunt in the association of the Studios of Physical Culture, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, where they intend to convey their knowledge to the business men of the country through a correspondence course . . . . They have compiled an authentic, modern course of gymnastics, constructive and comprehensive, and thorough in every detail, which explains various exercises and why they are taken. Hunt has trained such stars as Clark Gable, Frederic March and Gary Cooper, and Wilson is known for his association with Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier.

The American Legion Stadium at Hollywood is one of the most amazing arenas in the history of boxing. Each week, regardless of the attractions, a capacity house is in attendance . . . . They average $4,000 weekly and occasionally reach $4,600 which is the capacity for the present prices . . . . Mickey Walker and Tom Patrick hold the present record in their battle last year which attracted $4,900 . . . . Week in and week out the same faces are seen at the same seats and a compilation of stars present would fill the Hall of Fame . . . . They are tough audiences and demand blood and slugging in every bout. They are exacting and yell murder when a fight slows in action . . . . The crowd is cosmopolitan and is always with the winner.

A good winner at the club can demand almost anything but they never have any places for the loser. A hero today and a tramp tomorrow, is the manner in which fighters are regarded here . . . . Charley McDonald holds the post of matchmaker, while Dick Donald conducts weekly shows at the Olympic on Tuesdays . . . . A new policy has been installed at the Olympic with twenty-five cents to one dollar as the scale. They have a seating capacity of 10,400, and invariably average about $2,600 with every show . . . . Tod Morgan returned from Australia to spend a brief vacation here . . . . He is going back to Australia where he still remains little short of an idol.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

AL HAMILTON, Price Hill lightie, scored number two victory over Varias Milling, Filipino star, at the Music Hall and at the same time removed all doubt as to his superiority over Pete Reilly's foreign ace.

Pat Wright, who is matchmaker for Jimmie Guest in Houston, Texas, may get first right to the Cincinnatian's services. Manager Bonner is contemplating a trip down Texas way and will probably take Hamilton, Tiger Flowers, Joey Palmo and a couple other of his star battlers along on the southern jaunt.

Rough House Glover, Jacksonville, Fla., negro light heavyweight, stood number three trick over Carl Knowles, Rome, Ga., plowboy in the other main attraction at Music Hall. Knowles looks fairly good against other opposition, but when he climbs in against the Florida negro, it's just not in the jibe.

Joey Palma, who claims the state bantam title, defended it in Hamilton, O., recently by trimming Lee Waltz. Scotty Howard is the promoter in Hamilton and he is operating at Renner's East End arena.

Roy Fischer of Cincinnati calls the writer's attention to the fact that Joe Mueller, his 170-pound German localite, is under his direction. Mueller has been going along at a pretty fair pace recently. He is a product of Camp Washington.

Alabama Kid, the clouting Dover, O., negro light-heavyweight, had easy sailing in his latest embroglio at Dayton, O., stopping the veteran Joe Simonich of Butte, Montana, in a couple of heats. The Kid also beat his old nemesis, Jocko Walter, in ten rounds at Springfield on March 22. In the other Springfield ten, Young Helms, Cincinnati lightweight, pulled an unexpected win over Al George of Columbus.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—The writer received his "Flashes" from Motor Square Garden, Pittsburgh, thanks to my friend Luke Carney . . . . sure is dandy reading . . . . Lee Cox is getting to be a busy scrapper since his rejuvenation . . . . Lee, at this writing, has matches in Bluefield, W. V., and Toledo, O., with several prospective shots in view . . . . Lee is mixing for Fred Batsche . . . . Danny Davis ran into another snag of tough luck recently, outside of Monroe, Michigan. He and several of his fighters, returning to Cincinnati, figured in an auto crash which sent Billy Burke, Davis' high shooting Irish southpaw featherweight to a Monroe hospital for several weeks and also laid Danny low for several days . . . . Cricket Helson, wrestling promoter at Madisonville, O., plans an outdoor arena this summer in his suburban town which will house both the mat and the mitt game . . . . Cricket can be reached at the Gold Dragon Club, Madisonville, Cincinnati, O.

Bill Saffin, Mount Washington, is also slated to get back in the harness at his summer arena . . . . Jeffersonville, Ind., is also reported to be considering weekly fights . . . . promoters there are after a Al Hamilton-Wishy Jones battle . . . . Bill Hawkins, brethren-writer of THE RING from Sioux City, bulletins me my mistake about the Slater-Swezy fight which I carried in a recent number as the main event of a Christmas show in that city . . . . it was really Frankie Wolfram and Young Rightmier who tangled in the feature . . . . my mistake, Bill, glad you called my attention to it . . . . Jimmy Dyer of Akron has a promising stable of scrappers who would sure make a hit in Cincinnati . . . . Chuck Sutter a heavyweight, Buddy Scrutchings, a real foe for Tiger Walker, Mickey Lyle, 175, something real for Glover or Knowles and Chubby Jones a good prelim feather.

Andy "Kid" Brown, one-time leading feather and lightie, inquires of the scribe re Tiger Walker, whom Brown claims he was aide-de-camp in breaking in . . . . Brown also writes about the prowess of U.S. Chocolate a featherweight . . . . Chocolate has had Orville Drouillard, a big Cinci favorite, on the floor and that is enough to "sell" the Chocolate man to Cinci fans . . . . Louis Lissy, New Orleans fight pilot, is tuning up Chester Jones, the Dixie Flash, for a Cincinnati campaign . . . . Lissy wants Alabama Kid.

Jimmy Kelly, boxing instructor at the Tavern Club, location of the Transient Recreation Club, has some pretty good prospects who would help Herman Katz's weekly programs a great deal . . . . "new faces" is a hypodermic to any sport and Herman should grab off a few of Jimmy's battlers . . . . the Ace Club Arena, latest of Cincinnati's gyms and wrestling-boxing clubs, is still hankering with the Cinci Commish for a license to operate boxing . . . . if the local Commish would only get down to brass tacks and allow the smaller clubs a chance . . . . the game would soon pick up, what with the development of new talent in all divisions.

The writer is aiding a group of Price Hill business men, headed by Morris Goldman and Frank Katinsky in making the matches for the wrestling programs. The arena is located at 2123 W. Eighth Street, Cincinnati, O. . . . . visiting fighters are always welcome at the Ace Club . . . . and so long until next month.

The wrestling ratings which the writer compiled some months ago and released for the second time on March 15, have made a tremendous hit with the wrestling fans and fraternities. March 15th release doubled those of the previous month and April 15th release looks like a triple of the past month. Four divisions, which include about every heavyweight, light-heavy, middle and welterweight in the country, is 25 cents IN COIN with stamped envelope. Individual ratings of divisions are 10 cents IN COIN each with stamped envelope. Ratings can be secured through the writer at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O. Also any information in the boxing and wrestling game hereabouts through the same source.

Fighters with good records who are without strings and would like to make reliable connections here should get in touch with Bob Bonner at 911 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, O.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

BOBBY PACHO, the Mexican welterweight fighter, outpointed Harry Carlton in a ten-rounder at Lou Brix's professional boxing show at the Foot Guard Hall.

Nathan Mann, the New Haven light-heavyweight kayo king, stopped Jerry Wright in the third in the semifinal.

On the same card, in another ten-round star bout, Eddie Unknown Winston, the Hartford Negro heavyweight slugger, displayed his knock-out punch by halting Irish Machkey McVoy in the first round.

Jimmy Riche, Hartford featherweight, scored a point decision over Jimmy Stewart in a four-spot.

Freddie Foran, featherweight, of Hartford, stopped Don Phillips in the second frame.

Al Nelson Gainer, colored light-heavyweight belter, doled Al Boros, Bridgeport heavyweight, a neat licking in the ten-round main event at the New Haven Arena, staged under the promotorial auspices of Al Caroly.

In the eight-round semifinal, Nathan Mann, the New Haven light-heavyweight skull crusher, who is a great crowd-pleaser, gained a technical knock-out victory over Frank Lobianco in the fourth heat.

Buddy Mignault, Brockton, Mass., light-heavyweight, was awarded a six-round decision over George Glover of Boston.

Jerry Maloni, welterweight, of Springfield, was declared the winner over Frankie Smith of Norwalk in six rounds.

Joe Palooka, welterweight battler of New Haven, rocked Jimmy Wilson to sleep in the first.

Joe Vignali, local lightweight, who has been fighting in New York for the past eight months, whipped Willie Pal in eight rounds at Albany.

Eddie Hogan, Waterbury's leather-tosser, lost a ten-round decision to Johnny Pacek, former Golden Glove champion, in the Chicago Stadium, and then, a week later, won the verdict over Joe Davin in six rounds on the supporting card to the Braddock and Lasky set-to at the Madison Square Garden.

On the same card, in the other preliminary, Al Boros, heavyweight, lost the duke to Ralph Ficucello in six.

Louis Kid Cocoa outboxed and outsmarted Werther Arcelli of Boston in the eight-round semifinal at Holyoke, Mass.

Charley Eagle, the Waterbury scrapper, made his first appearance in the Albany ring, where he was defeated on a technical knockout in the seventh round of a billed eight-rounder.

MAINE BOXING NEWS
By CHARLEY MILLER

ONE of the best bouts that Biddeford has seen in many a day was staged by the Kiwanis in a charity show which featured Kayo Costillo of Bath and Paul Junior of Lewiston, with Junior taking the decision. In the semifinal, Dave Castilloux of Waterville knocked George Perkins of Biddeford down twice but failed to put him away. Buster Carroll of Portland outpointed Lee Calendo of Waterville, while Frisco Dick of Waterville knocked out Nugget Russell of Biddeford in two heats. In the opening, Young Delaware of Waterville put the K.O. on Kid Lee of Biddeford in the third.

The latest sensation from this State since Al McCoy is the young welter from Waterville, Dave Castilloux. If this boy is handled right and taught the same as McCoy was, he will go places. His latest win was over Flash Dutil of Lewiston in the main bout at the Colonial Club. In the semifinal, Ernie Delaware of Waterville scored a victory over Jimmy Breton of Augusta. Breton was on the floor five times. These bouts were held at Waterville.

Ad Zachow, the Portland Adonis, will be seen in many rings in this state during this summer. Ad was one of the best middleweights that this state has turned out in several years. He has made arrangements to train at Charley Miller's Camps on Moosehead Lake, where many champions have trained in the past.

Young Audet of Waterville gave String Bean Jovin plenty of competition in the main bout at Rockland. In the semi, Charley White took the count in the opening round in his bout with Mike Bowen of Waterville. Kid Robinson of Rockland and Boots Keizer of Thomaston went to a draw.

Al McCoy of this state is probably the most-sought light-heavyweight boxer in the country today. His recent K.O. victories over Tait Littman and Bob Godwin have done much to establish him as an outstanding contender for the class title. Tony Shucco, who holds the so-called title up here in New England, refuses to meet the hard-hitting Adonis from Maine. He'll be the next champion of his class. Bill Geagan of the Bangor *Daily News* and "Doc" Almy of the Boston *Post* have been singing the praises of McCoy for three years and it seems that their predictions are coming true.

Any fighter not connected with managerial contracts and who wishes to get going in this state or Canada for the summer months, please get in touch with the writer at Miller's Camps at Greenville, Maine, on Moosehead Lake.

At Rockland, on June 24, the American Legion will hold an outdoor boxing show. The following night the police of Augusta will hold a benefit show, and Bangor will also be in on it, with the writer as promoter, while the Kiwanis of Millinocket will sponsor a boxing show. The writer expects Jack Dempsey to referee all the above shows as he expects Jack and Hannah to be fishing some at his camps at Moosehead at that time.

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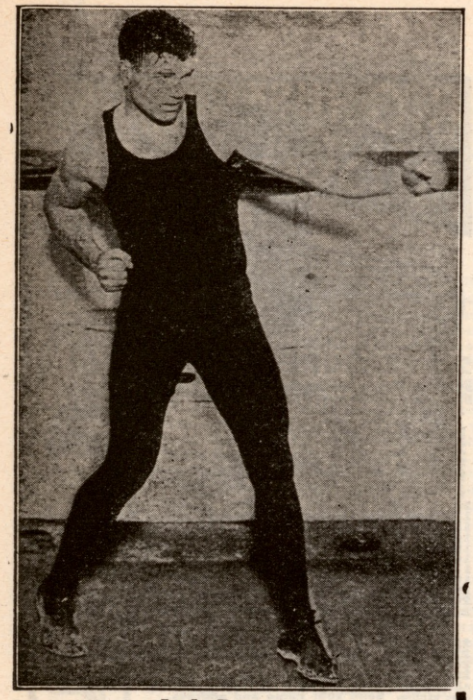

Jack Dempsey

WHAT ARE THE NECESSARY QUALIFICATIONS OF A

REAL MAN?

People realize today that, to be a real man, requires more than just physical strength. A keen mind, ability to think quickly, self-confidence and courage, poise and alertness are necessary in addition to well-developed and trained muscles. There is a way open to every man and youth whereby he can become a real, upstanding man as described above.

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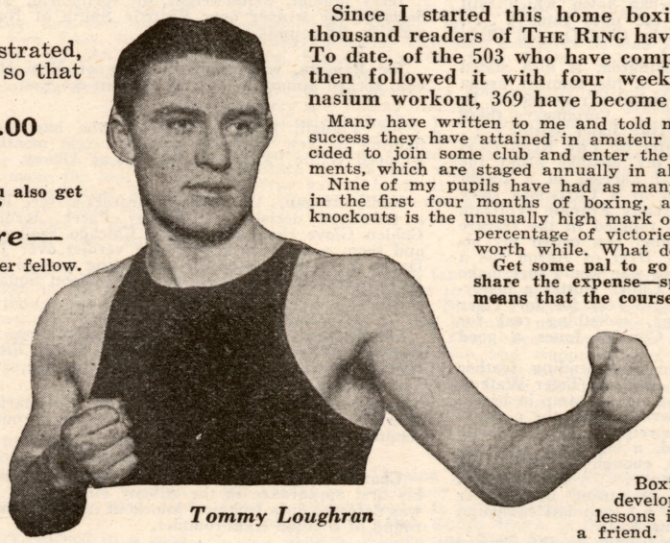

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ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

FANS of this locality are indebted to Nat Fleischer for his help in getting up the rules under which boxing is being staged here. He formulated the rules for boxers, managers and seconds, thereby again proving what a great help he and his organization have been for the sport.

Irish Jimmy Boyne is no longer handled by me. His failure to train properly was the cause of the break. Best of luck, Irish.

I received word from C. B. Carigan of Edmonton, Alta., that he is the manager of Jack Tebo, Western heavyweight. I received a similar letter from one other manager, hence I presume that Tebo must be burdened with mentors. Tebo was K.O.'ed in Seattle, his last time out.

Tommy Bland gave the Wetern welterweight, Gordon Wallace, a real battle, but lost by a shade.

The Y.M.H.A. staged some good bouts on its Amateur night. Baby Yack turned in the best performance.

Cliff McWhirter, sterling Canadian feather, is still winning. He easily beat Ray McIntyre of California in his last London, Ont., twelve-rounder. Mac has fought some of the best and is still on the best side of 21 and is going places with 23 straight wins under his belt. He's a mighty likely looking boy.

Word from Ed. Sigalet's manager, of Kamloops, B.C., brings a challenge to any heavy in Canada and my own heavy, J. J. Walsh of Minburn, Alta., is willing to try conclusions with him any time and place. Same can be arranged by writing to me at this address—58 Charles St. W., Toronto, Canada.

Word was received from Halifax, N. S., promoters by the writer, to bring Jack Renault to meet their Black Menace, "Tiger" Warrington.

Chas. G. MacDonald of Brooklyn, N. Y., the writer's representative in the good old U.S.A., has a very good boy, Lou Keiswetter, a heavy of promise, who has just returned from his home in Moose Jaw, Canada, to Mac's summer camp in Brooklyn.

Would like all news to be in my hands not later than the first of the month. Address, 58 Charles St. W., Toronto.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

GORDON WALLACE, Vancouver's peppery performer, is the new Canadian welter champion as a result of his victory over Tommy Bland, rangy Toronto stylist, in the final of the tourney staged in Vancouver by Promoter Jack Allen, the dapper Vancouverite who made his presence known in boxing circles as manager of Billy Townsend, Vic Foley, Allan Foston and other stars. Wallace scored a close verdict over Bland in a hard-fought twelve-rounder after eliminating Billy Townsend and Sonny Jones. His title status is officially recognized by the Dominion Boxing Federation and all affiliated Canadian commissions.

Armand Vincent is apparently not going to promote in Montreal this year. He seems to have hooked up with good connections in England and was in New York to bid for the Baer-Schmeling fight to be held in London. The matchmaking maestro went to Europe during the winter as agent for the Canadien Hockey Club to arrange for a Canadien-New York Rangers tour there, which has failed to materialize. Armand appears to have sound backing from a syndicate of London sportsmen who authorized him to bid $275,000 for Baer's services with $50,000 slapped down when the contracts are signed. It looks as though the game in Montreal will be nil unless someone else does the promoting.

Eddie Wenstob, Edmonton light-heavy, is capturing the fancy of British boxing bugs. Your correspondent has received several letters from English fans asking information about the Viking, Alberta, Norseman and which show keen interest in him as well as high respect for his ability. Battling Tracey, the rugged Norwegian middleweight who is well known in New York, Montreal, and Winnipeg, having made his living quarters in these cities for long periods, is also enquired about. He made the trip with Wenstob under the management of "Kap" Kaplansky, Edmonton promoter and a former Montrealer.

Henri Pilotte, Montreal's southpaw socker, has been bowling over opposition steadily in his campaign of small clubs in the vicinity of New York. There has been a rumor floating around Montreal that Pilotte will meet Kid Chocolate on the first Forum card here. It may be only a rumor but it was started by an announcement of that probability in one of the local French dailies. It seems that the local boys are up against the alternative of making their way in out-of-town rings or doing practically nothing. Pilotte is doing it, Gollob will have his big test against the rugged and highly rated miner, Bobby Allen, by the time this is off the press, while Joe Marsh, Joe Dunn, Greggie Gregersen, and other local lads are also battling away from home.

Tiger Warrington, Liverpool, N. S., light-heavy sensation, thoroughly erased the one blot on his escutcheon when he stopped Steve Carr, New Haven, Conn., in nine rounds at Boston. Warrington had dropped a disputed decision to Carr early in December and his youthful manager, Garneau Seaman, smoked up on the return bout trail and the result justified his statement that the first bout's decision was incorrect. Warrington is an idol in Halifax and a big favorite in Boston. The colored clouter will be heard from a-plenty in future.

The Canadian heavyweight crown does not lack for claimants, though none of them are official. Jack Tebo and Steve Trojack, Western Canada's best, claim it, while many look upon Tiger Warrington, the Maritimes' light-heavy, as the superior of any man in Canada, which, incidentally, this writer does not dispute. Now comes another claimant, Ed Sigalet, Vernon, B. C., whom, F. S. Douglas, his manager, claims, has won twenty-four straight—nineteen via the sleep potion route.

STRAY SHOTS—Amateur boxing getting primed for big doings at the time this goes to press . . . . Provincial championships in larger provinces slated for late April . . . . Montreal will send team to Edmonton, Alberta, for Dominion championships . . . . Quebec meet staged under auspices of Quebec Branch, A. A. U. of Canada . . . . Joe Gollob tickled over being matched with Bobby Allen . . . . he wants no build-up, but would rather take the "make or break" chance with a highly rated fighter like Allen than work slowly in the prelim ranks with mediocre talent . . . . that's the ol' fightin' spirit . . . . Halifax plans big show with Tiger Warrington on top against a good heavyweight . . . . they have the right idea for building up boxing interest in the Maritimes . . . . correspondents of yours truly will kindly pardon delays in replies . . . . pressure of time and business, etc. . . . readers, fans, boxers and managers asking information must be reminded that the letter box clicks at a fast rate here so return postage should be enclosed . . . . cheerio till next month.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HAVANA slowed down a bit during March in fisticuffs, but the few fights carded at Cristal Arena, by Pincho Gutierrez and Luis Paraga, were of excellent quality.

Sixton Morales, Cuba's lightweight champion, easily won over Valentin Miro, a new Spanish importation. Morales had the better of nearly all the ten rounds. Miro proved tough and game. Miro later won in eight rounds over Mulo Alvarez. Jesus Alvarez scored a five-round kayo over Kid Sabates.

Allie Todisco came over from Florida and drew in ten rounds with Alex Yanes, one of Cuba's good featherweights. Todisco pleased the fans. Eddie Reilly, New York lightweight, lost a close decision to Baby Face Quintana of Cuba, and Joe Bello drew in four with Martin Ogrady.

Fillo Echevarria scored a four-round knockout over Russ Gonzalez of Tampa. Fillo is an aggressive and colorful featherweight and should go over big in New York. Fillo's previous victory was over Baby Quintana of Panama, and he looked good in his work. His manager, Manolo Brana, is now in Mexico negotiating some bouts.

Joe Coego, Cuba's sturdy hard-punching southpaw welter, scored a clean victory over Arthur Poey in eight rounds.

Joe Legon, is one of The Island's most promising lightweights. He is a fast, hard puncher, and knows how to please the customers. He is managed by Anisio Orbeta, former lightweight of note.

Manolo Garcia, local light-heavyweight amateur champion, who went to San Salvador Olympic games, came through with flying colors, winning the championship of his division.

Pedro Proenza, one of Cuba's sterling light-heavies, just came back from a two year stay in Jamaica, where he piled up a good record. Proenza may show his wares here before he leaves. Proenza, a real hard puncher, is in great demand by local promoters.

Isidoro Gastanaga, Spanish heavyweight, is back on these shores again. He will meet some worthy American pugilist at the Cristal Arena.

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NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

As all the world loves a winner, Boston and New England fans now are singing the praises of Al McCoy, a French-Canadian boy, originally from Winslow, Me., but now of Dorchester, Mass., who, because of a string of outstanding ring victories in the light-heavy division, is being picked to yet annex Bob Olin's crown. Whether such roseate predictions work themselves out, remains to be seen, but we incline to the view that McCoy is not being overrated. Furthermore, it is correct that all efforts thus far to induce Olin to risk his title against McCoy in a Boston ring have failed to interest the champion. Despite rebuffs, the Goodwin A. C. continues hopeful of bringing the pair together either next month or June for an outdoor championship mill.

Months ago, McCoy made his real start in Boston by defeating Red Affinito of New York in a savage ten-round battle fought in the Boston Garden, following which he took on Vince Dundee, then middleweight champion, and was outpointed by the latter by a small margin in a ten-round, non-titular fray. Following several minor wins in Boston and New England rings, McCoy encountered Al Gainor of Hartford. He downed the latter, but failure to follow up his advantages cost Al the decision. McCoy got going again in real earnest during the recent winter season when he whipped Don Petrin, a larger and stronger chap than himself and no mean antagonist as the game is today.

Then came several more minor affairs, all victories for McCoy, which brings us along to the night of March 8, when he encountered Tait Littman of Milwaukee in the Goodwin A. C. feature staged in the Boston Garden. At Littman came here with a win over Lou Brouillard, whom he had defeated by a wide margin, also victories over lesser lights, he was regarded as far from soft. For six rounds it was fairly close with Tait bothering McCoy not a little with his fine straight left- and right-hand drives. However, in the seventh, Al ducked under a well-meant left, came up with a left hook to jaw that shook his foe. He followed with two rights to body and Littman dropped to his knees. He took a count of four. He came up very wobbly and again was dropped to his knees. As Tait was plainly all done, the referee stopped the affair, the award going to McCoy. The time of the round was fifty seconds.

McCoy took this fight with the understanding that he was to meet Tony Shucco of Boston, holder of the New England light-heavy title, on March 22, but the latter asked for more time. So the Goodwin A. C. brought Bob Godwin of Florida here for that date.

Godwin started off all right and for a time looked very good, but soon began to show the effects of McCoy's superior punching. After a bad fourth for him, Godwin made a fine rally in the fifth, taking that round. It was his last real showing. Bob was downed in the sixth and seventh, and again in the eighth, his last chapter. At the start of this round the Dixie boy, who had put up a wonderfully game battle, was knocked into the ropes, collapsed over them and then slipped down to the floor, a badly whipped fighter. A towel from Godwin's corner ended it.

Following this affair, negotiations were resumed for a McCoy-Shucco bout but without avail. Shucco pleaded ill-health and, despite a very good cash guarantee, refused to take on McCoy. At this writing, the chances favor that there will be no McCoy-Shucco fight, with the latter retaining his title until deprived of it by Commission action.

Incidental to the foregoing feature bouts, there came to the front on both occasions a new ring luminary as regards hard hitting—one Charley Settino of Dorchester, a 175-pounder who, when not wearing the spangles, is a wielder of the lather brush and razor. Having taken great care of himself and being a bug for gym work, this boy can not only punch like sixty with either hand, but also can take it.

Under the McCoy-Littman affair, Settino knocked out Joey Kemp of Cambridge, hitherto picked as going places, in one round. On the same card, Tiger Warrington of Liverpool, N. S., reversed a prior decision scored over him by Steve Carr of Waterbury by knocking his man out in nine heats. Settino came back into the limelight on the McCoy-Godwin card when he spilled Johnny Buckley, a game, tough Lexington, Mass., light-heavy, in the initial stanza.

Before these notes find their way onto the newsstands, it is likely that the Boston Garden will have returned to boxing life with a show of its own to be staged in the Boston Arena, which it controls, on April 16. As baseball officially opens here that day, the chances favor that the show will go over. At this writing, Fanis Tzanatopolous, known as the "Greek Tiger," and Terry "Tiger" Warrington of Liverpool, N. S., are scheduled to clash in the feature. No title will be involved, but the bout should furnish plenty of biff-banging fighting of the variety enjoyed by Bostonians.

These chaps, light-heavies, are kayo artists with worth-while records. In twenty-six starts, Warrington has flattened twenty-one opponents, among the number, Steve Carr of Connecticut, the lone chap to win a decision over him since he became a "pro." The Greek, after nineteen straight kayos in his favor, lost to Johnny Curcio of Rhode Island, whom he later knocked out, also to Bob Olin, a ten-round decision.

This coming fight is worthy of particular note inasmuch as the chances favor that Warrington and Tzanatopolous will battle on a winner-loser basis for a definite purse, the first time for years that a main bout has been staged in this country on such a basis. According to Matchmaker Cass of the Garden, his organization will place $1,500 or $2,000 in the hands of the State Athletic Commission, the money to be paid either winner-take-all or on a 75-25 plan—75% to the winner and 25% to the loser, the club to pay the training and other expenses of both men. We believe such a system is absolutely correct and a one sure way of giving the public what it pays for—a fighting fight. We further believe that any ringster, if he is as good a performer as his manager and publicity agent say he is, should be willing to go in there and demonstrate the fact by fighting winner-loser for a definite purse.

Daniel O'Mahoney, the wrestling "find" of the Curley-Bowser-Mondt & Co. group, continues to flourish here in Boston like a green bay tree—meeting all comers and busting them up like nothing at all. For a chap with not more than three months' experience in wrestling as it is now conducted in this country, he has proved himself to be a wonder. The night of March 29, Danno—as O'Mahoney is familiarly known—attracted fully twenty thousand spectators to the Boston Garden, all that could get in, with about three thousand outside who could not, for his bout with George Zaharias of Colorado.

Danno won by two straight falls, the first in 11:05 with a lift and slam, a new hold with him, and the second with his "whip" in 13:43. Zaharias, big, rough, tough and experienced wrestler that he is, was on the losing end for the greater part of the way. The affair drew a gate of about eighteen thousand dollars, with every customer well satisfied with the result.

Prior to this affair—the night of March 15, at the Garden—Zaharias had a shy at Ed Don George and the latter's world's title, which bout attracted about five thousand customers, a small house for the Garden as George is not so hot even here in his stronghold. It was a melee much of the way, with Zaharias winning the first fall in 14:27. George took the second in 14:20.

Coming out for the third, they fell to on each other. After Zaharias had been repeatedly warned to cut out the strangle, he was disqualified, the fall and bout going to the champion in 8:55. But this merely started the action. The Greek immediately bowled over Charley Donnell, the referee, and, when various seconds rushed into the ring, piled them all in a heap. Had not a squad of police come to the rescue, one of whom pulled his club with every intent of slamming Zaharias on the head, the Greek might have wrecked the place. The bout with O'Mahoney, referred to in another paragraph, was given him to soothe his feelings.

Sonnenberg, after a long absence, made his reappearance on a Boston mat at the Arena the night of April 3, defeating George McLeod in a really classy wrestling match which attracted about seven thousand cash customers. Gus seemed to be in good trim and went over very good. Sonny won the first fall in 19:16, and his second—the third of the contest—in 12:19, both with the flying tackle. McLeod won the second or odd fall with a flying head scissors in 4:15.

The card under the feature was a good one all the way. A notable incident, or series of such, in connection with the fray was Gus' effective defense against the whip. Every time McLeod, a skilled veteran, grabbed Sonny's wrist for a try at the whip—a pull in and shoulder heave of the flying mare species—the former champion promptly winged him to midriff with his foot, a tactic that not only broke up the attack but usually landed McLeod on the canvas. If Sonny can beat Lewis to a bout with O'Mahoney, as he hopes to do, Danno will have to develop a new one or he will be in for plenty of trouble. One thing is certain, a Sonnenberg-O'Mahoney bout will pack the Garden to the doors at prices which should pile up a gate of more than thirty thousand dollars.

The annual New England amateur boxing championships, always a big event in Boston, were boxed on Monday night, April 1, at the Boston Arena, forty-seven bouts going into the ring. Seven ended in kayos. The boxing was about fifty-fifty. The boys as a whole were very willing—there was plenty of hot mixing. The best performances were in the lighter classes. The winners: 112 pounds, Albert Mancini, Providence, R. I.; 118, Sam Garcia, Quincy; 126, Abe Denner, Boston; 135, Phil Salvatore, Chelsea; 147, John Studley, Boston; 160, Walter Gardner, Riverside, R. I.; 175, Desso DeBryant, Springfield; heavy, Richard Hogan, Charlestown. None of the 1934 New England title-holders defended their crowns. Abe Denner, a 1934 state champion, also winner in the 126 class, was one of the several promising performers. The show attracted about four thousand customers.

Hardly a Boston item, though of general interest—we have received a letter from Tom Andrews of Milwaukee, the record book man, that his annual of boxing statistics will not be published this year. The break, due to "the times," will mark the first since Tom started to issue his annual back around 1903. His book, always a mine of facts and figures, will be greatly missed by thousands of followers of boxing and sports writers. Prior to Andrews' book appearing in the Boston field, Nelse Innes, one-time Hub sports editor, now gathered unto his fathers, issued a boxing records annual, starting about 1895 and continuing up to 1902. Ahead of Innes was Lamphier, a Summer Street printer, whose annuals pertaining to the old-time ringsters and their records have become very rare.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY

By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

TRACY COX, Indianapolis, Ind., junior welterweight, shot his dynamite in New Orleans, and as a result, Pete Nebo, veteran Seminole Indian from Key West, Fla., bit the dust in seven rounds. Nebo, easy to hit, took a severe pounding throughout, but made good use of a left hook, causing Cox no end of trouble while it lasted.

The Seminole warrior, a week before his Cox encounter, made merry with Jumbo Rovira, a local lightie, punching him at will for ten rounds. Nebo, however, lost his initial appearance in the Crescent City, being outpointed in ten heats by Southpaw Ervin Berlier, another local fighter.

Eddie Flynn, the question mark of the New Orleans fistic colony, again put forth a disappointing exhibition, being soundly whipped over the ten route by Sylvan Bass, Baltimore, Md., Jewish middleweight. Again dropped to the semifinal spot, Flynn, the following week, put the sleeper on Cliff Greenwood of Sarasota, Fla., in five rounds.

Fully recovered from hand injuries, George Murla, young Spanish bantamweight and the latest New Orleans preliminary favorite, returned to activity by stopping Angelo Musso, New Orleans. In Texas, where Murla gets main events, he won two.

Lou Terry, St. Louis, Mo., lightweight, hustled about in New Orleans and obtained five bouts in six weeks. The past month he decisioned Jimmy McNamara, New Orleans, in ten stanzas and Carl Schaffer of Detroit, Mich., in eight rounds. However, Schaffer soundly trounced Terry in a ten-round return affair.

Other imbroglios during the month came out this way: Elmer Freas, New Orleans, stopped Battling Burroughs, Pascagoula, Miss.; Ralph McCulf, Biloxi, Miss., stopped Lester Whitfield, Knoxville, Tenn., all middleweights. Kid Glover drew with Roy Calamari; Al Kearney drew and lost to Jesse Green, all welterweights. Mike Battalino lost to Mike Cusimano; Louis Vera beat Adam Cook, all lightweights. Jimmy Perrin, essaying a comeback, decisioned Dave Barry of Chicago; Alvin Pellegrini trounced Vincent Bono; Joe Fryou downed Santos Hugo and Joe Engi; Dick Batiste and Crusty Lindsey drew, all featherweights.

K. O. White, New Orleans colored junior welterweight, re-established himself with his formerly large following by two excellent wins. White stopped Chocolate Bon Bon of Atlanta, Ga., and outpointed Kid Norfolk of Baltimore, Md., in ten rounds.

After waiting several weeks for a chance to show, Jimmy Thomas, Pittsburgh, Pa., lightweight, fought his way through all opposition so far. During the month, Thomas hung a T.K.O. on Kid Franklin of Montgomery, Ala., and decisioned Kid Spibbens and Young Danno.

The other ebony boys went through their jousts in this manner: Roughhouse Bowman decisioned Arkansas Kid and kayoed John Thompson; Arkansas Kid beat Tiger Varrett; Mike Doyle outpunched Roy Garnier; Baby Bowman downed Royal Jones; Young Jack Johnson lost to Baby Willis; Levi Young and Battling Siki drew, all middleweights. Joe Cuevas stopped Joe Reed; Tiger Stewart kayoed K. O. Franks; Kid Smith hung one on Kid Nathan; Battling Siki stopped Jimmy Bennett and decisioned George Lawson, all welterweights. Eddie Kid Brown outpointed Chocolate Bon Bon; Newboy Brown defeated Johnny Simpson; Israel Robinson kayoed Battling Briscoe, all lightweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—Pete Nebo, who made a fortune in the ring, is broke . . . . Wesley Farrell, intending to study law after his fistic career is over, is married to a nurse . . . . Louis Ovalasiti, former promoter of colored fights in New Orleans, contemplates staging shows in Houston, Tex. . . . The amateurs wound up their tourney in New Orleans with a financial flop . . . . Holman Williams, Negro lightweight from Milwaukee, Wis., was greeted on his first visit to New Orleans by a crowd of around a thousand with a band . . . . The writer's address is 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

FREDDIE MILLER, world's featherweight champion, continues to gather in the "dough" with his consistent fighting. One thing Miller has shown us while on his European tour is that we have seen a real, live, fighting world's champ. After his bout with Benny Caplan, in which he received a badly damaged eye, he journeyed over to Belfast two days later to keep an engagement with Douglas Kestrell, the young Cardiff featherweight, and gave a masterly exhibition for eight rounds before a big crowd, and won on points. Again after forty-eight hours' rest, Pete Reilly and Freddie Miller took a plane back to meet Johnny Peters (Battersea), who will be remembered for his successes in United States.

After being on the receiving end for nearly four rounds, and surviving four knockdowns, Peters was led back to his corner by the referee, who stopped the bout.

A day on the golf links was all Miller needed to put him in shape for his bout with Stan Jehu (Welsh featherweight champion), which took place at the Pavilion Arena, and in a one-sided affair, Miller was returned the winner. Miller concluded the week with four bouts in eight days.

By the time these notes appear in THE RING, Freddie Miller and Pete Reilly will have arrived back in the States, but I predict it won't be for long, as Miller has proven to the British public that he is a fighting champion, and such fighters will always be welcomed in these British Isles of ours.

Harry "Kid" Farlo (Stepney) showed a distinct return to form when he easily outpointed Harry Brooks (St. Georges) at the Devonshire Club.

Pat Butler, welterweight champion of Great Britain, seems to have gone to pieces since his defeat by Paul Schaefer, the hard-hitting Canadian. The champion has not won a bout since. He was beaten easily by Jack "Kid" McCabe, Preston, in twelve rounds at Drill Hall, Wolverhampton.

Tommy Watson, Newcastle, defeated Sonny Lee, Leeds, on points in one of the eliminating lightweight championship bouts. The bout drew a record crowd at the Drill Hall, Portsmouth. Watson got the verdict.

Reggie Meen, ex-heavyweight champion of Great Britain, has given up boxing for a living and is now a wrestler. At Granby Hall, Leicester, he packed them in when he met in his first fight and won in the second round by a K.O. over Johanfesson, who used to be a boxing referee. I should call this getting one's revenge!

Larry Gains, ex-Empire heavyweight champion, knocked out Charlie Smith, Deptford, in the third at Sparkbrook, Birmingham.

Tommy Pardoe, Birmingham, and Percy Dexter, Sheffield, furnished the fireworks in the semi-final, a twelve-round draw.

Jackie Brown, England's world flyweight champion, was considered fortunate to receive the division when he met the Scottish champion, Benny Lynch, over twelve rounds at Kelvin Hall, Glasgow.

Archie Sexton, the Bethnal Green middleweight, is trying to follow in the footsteps of Freddie Miller, in his program of one fight every forty-eight hours. Sexton defeated three opponents in five days and proved that he will soon be forcing Jock McCavoy to meet him in his long-wanted return bout. Sexton's first opponent was Al Miller, a Negro middleweight from Birmingham, whom he K.O.ed in the first round at the Ring, London. The same left hook did damage to Dave Fitzgerald, Hanley, who lasted one minute of the second round before he was counted out at the Alcazar, Edmonton. The third took place at the East Ham Baths against the ex-cruiserweight amateur champion, George Brennan, Derby, who, with an advantage of fourteen pounds, and four inches in height, was stopped in the eighth.

Jimmy Walsh, Chester, defeated Louis Saerens, Belgium, in twelve rounds at Leeds Town Hall. Walsh followed up this victory three days later by defeating Billy Smith, Belfast, at the Liverpool Stadium in twelve. Smith, who holds the lightweight championship of Ireland, could not land a damaging punch on the fast-moving Walsh.

Tom Curran, Walton-on-Thames, gave another demonstration of hitting when he met the South African middleweight champion, Eddie McGuire, at East Ham Baths and won in two rounds.

Dave Finn, Stepney, and Phineas John, Wales, went twelve fast rounds at the Stadium Club.

Jack London, West Hartlepool, can now lay claim to the Northern Area heavyweight championship, by reason of his victory over George Slack, the holder from Doncaster, who came in as a substitute for "Long John" Pettifer, who has a damaged hand. The bout took place at West Ham Baths, London, and was halted in the tenth.

Norman Snow, Southern Area lightweight champion, easily defeated Nobby Baker, Wales, in twelve rounds at Northampton before a big crowd.

Erich Seelig, the German Jewish middleweight, who now resides in France, met the tough and promising Canadian cruiserweight, Eddie Wenstob, at the Empire Pool, Wembley. The bout, scheduled for twelve rounds, was fought at a hurricane pace, with plenty of hard knocks, and ended in a draw.

Johnny Quill, Stepney, and Dave McCleave, Camberwell, two welterweights with designs on the title, fought a close bout for five rounds, but in the sixth McCleave was ruled out for a low blow. Al Burke, Shepherds Bush, acted as a pitcher, and Battling Tracey, Canada, as a catcher, in another eight-rounder. The biggest surprise of the evening was when Norman Baines, Cheshire, upset the big odds when he defeated Ben Foord, South Africa, on points after eight punishing rounds.

Benny Caplan, St. Georges, retrieved his position as a contender for the featherweight championship of Great Britain by cleverly outpointing Benny Sharkey, Newcastle. Sharkey had previously defeated Caplan by a two-round K.O.

Pat Butler, welterweight champion of Great Britain, again was on the losing side, which makes it four straight losses since he won the title. This time it was George Rose, the clever Bristol welterweight, who won every one of the twelve rounds at Bristol.

Another Jack Doyle, and from the same town, was the opinion when Harry Levene introduced his new heavyweight find. His name is Jack McCoy. He was born in Cork twenty-three years ago, stands 6 feet 3, and weighs 210 pounds. It was the veteran George Cook who gave him his first lesson, and now perhaps George may be the means of bringing to Great Britain a real, live, fighting world's champion who comes from Ireland. I have great hopes in this being "the real McCoy."

Len Wickwar, Leicester, surprisingly defeated the ex-welterweight champion of Great Britain, Harry Mason, in twelve rounds at Granby Halls, Leicester.

Jackie Brown, world's flyweight champion in England, tried to give a good fighter like Kid Francis, France, six pounds in weight in a bout over twelve rounds at the Belle Vue, Manchester, but the best he could do was to get a draw.

George Daly, Blackfriars, who is known as "Jeff Dickson's office boy," came another step towards the lightweight throne when he outpointed Boyo Rees, lightweight champion of Wales, in fifteen rounds at Mountain Ash. Daly won well on points, and showed good form.

Jimmy Walsh, the Chester lightweight, and this same George Daly met in what was to have been a twelve-round bout at the Stadium Club, London, and Daly lost on a foul.

Joe Connolly, the Scottish featherweight who is sponsored by Judah Solomans, the Glasgow cloak and suit man, gave Benny Caplan, St. Georges, a close call in their fight at the Ring, London. The bout ended in a draw. Other Scottish boys on the same card resulted as follows: J. B. Boyle lost to Seaman Storrie, Chatham, in the third round, the referee intervening. Bob Williamson lost to Arthur Crane, Battersea, on points. Frank McCudden K.O.ed Alf Homer, Stratford, in the third round. Angus McGregor stopped George Morris, Battersea, in the second round.

Freddie Miller had his farewell bout at the Ring, London, and finished his British tour with a K.O. over Harry Brooks, St. Georges, in the seventh of a ten-round bout. Brooks, with an advantage of height and weight, could not cope with the southpaw stance of Miller and was the recipient of many hard blows to the head and body. In the fourth the bout looked all over when Miller caught Brooks with a left uppercut as he (Brooks) was coming in, which resulted in a nine-count, and a "groggy Brooks" arose to be put down again for nine, the bell coming to his rescue. In the seventh round, Miller sent Brooks down for the full count. It was announced after the fight that Miller, after his engagements in Spain (where he is immensely popular) would return to U.S.A. to again defend his title, and if successful, would return to Europe to engage in more contests. He received a big hand from the crowd.

Paul Schaefer, the Canadian K.O. artist, made another appearance at the Pacilion Arena after a rest owing to damaged hands. His opponent, Bob Nelson, Birkenhead, who has never been K.O.ed, was forced to retire with a badly damaged ear in the third round.

Archie Sexton, Bethnal Green, again demonstrated his punching power when meeting George Brown, East Ham, in a catchweight match at Lime Grove in twelve rounds. The bout ended with Sexton scoring a spectacular K.O. in the third round.

Jimmy Walsh, Chester, after scoring a win over George Daly earlier in the week, met another title contender in Frankie Brown, Liverpool, at the Liverpool Stadium, and won.

Harry "Kid" Farlo, the Stepney lightweight, who has been showing very good form lately in his last six bouts, won again when he met Jim Anderson, Waltham Cross.

Nel Tarleton, featherweight champion of Great Britain, received a rare surprise at Belle Vue, Manchester, when the local ex-bantamweight champion, Johnny King, defeated him in twelve sparkling rounds. It was one of the most hectic bouts seen here this year. After Tarleton had sent King to the canvas with body blows, the referee told him to keep his punches higher, and amid great excitement the local boy rose and tore into Tarleton, giving him a warm time.

Jackie Brown gained a hollow victory over Maurice Filhol of France at Birmingham in twelve rounds.

Eddie Wenstob, the Canadian Cowboy, won his first bout in Great Britain when he defeated Ernie Simmons, Birmingham, in twelve rounds. Another bout on the same card at Granby Halls, Leicester, was between Ben Foord, South Africa, and Harry Staal, Holland, which ended with a win for Foord in the tenth round, when the referee intervened as the Dutchman had received a very badly cut eye.

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IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

A NEW sensation has bobbed up in the middleweight ranks in this section in the person of Eddie Saxon, a colorful, hard-hitting colored boxer. Saxon is a wizard with the gloves, and there are few 160-pounders in the division today who can hold a candle to him. Only the fact he is unable to entice the topnotchers into the same ring with him prevents Saxon from crashing the Big Time.

Saxon is originally out of Jersey City, and formerly was known as Paulie Sykes. Perhaps the fact he changed his moniker has something to do with his current success. In any event, the clever Negro will be heard from before long. He has what it takes. Jack McCann is managing Saxon, and doing a good job.

A correction—In our column for May we credited Eugene (Bad Boy) Emanuel with a decision over Al Traino in a bout at Syracuse. We wish to take this opportunity to correct this statement. Traino won the decision in that contest.

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Binghamton has pro boxing once more, and Johnny McIntyre is matchmaker for the Kalurah Legion of Honor, now operating under the Arista A. C. license at Kalurah Temple. Bingo fans have already witnessed two great shows. In the initial offering, Joe Lyons, rugged Buffalo middleweight, slugged through eight rounds to a draw with Eddie Saxon. The second card was even better than the first. Lyons beat Al Salbano of Syracuse in a furious eight-round slugfest.

Salbano-Lyons card at Binghamton—Pedro Lorenzo, Philadelphia, dropped the duke to Tommy Howells, Buffalo featherweight, in the semifinal of six rounds. Eddie Swider, Syracuse, stopped Young Gaylor, Binghamton, in three, while Billy Cahill, Binghamton, shaded Sherman Rosen, Utica, in six. Freddie Sallus, Syracuse, beat Johnny Panko, Binghamton, in the four-round opener.

On the Saxon-Lyons card at Binghamton—Johnny Van Durick, Scranton, outpointed Harry Pinti, Rome (6); Sherman Rosen, Utica, defeated Jimmy Knight, Scranton (6); Young Gaylor, Binghamton, outslugged Johnny Stanley, Ogdensburg (4); Frankie Eagan, Buffalo, outboxed Freddie Mitchell, Utica (6).

On the Risko-Levine card at Syracuse—Joe Vignali, Waterbury, beat Eugene (Bad Boy) Emanuel, Syracuse (8); Al Traino, Rochester, and Eddie Dempsey, Syracuse, drew (6); Teddy Smith, Cleveland, knocked out Johnny Baker, Rochester (2); Sam Matrone, Syracuse, lost to Bud Fisher, Newark, N. J. (4).

Tommy McBeigh, Vancouver bantamweight, has been booked for three bouts in Bermuda by his manager, Irving Robbins . . . . Jack McCann is handling the affairs of Art Budman, a promising young heavyweight . . . . Jack Lewis has fully recovered from a nervous breakdown which had him in a local hospital for three months . . . . Rumors are afloat Billy Leonard, former welterweight boxer, will take over the Arena fight club . . . . Stanley Calahan, popular Utica manager, is directing the ring destinies of Harold (Honeyboy) Hughes, clever Granville, N. Y., lightweight . . . . Joey Kushner, former Golden Glove champion of Cleveland, is now proprietor of a thriving gas station in Syracuse, and is happily married . . . . Connie Morris, local colored welter, is going great guns around Newark, N. J. . . . Baby Joe Thompson, who recently retired from the ring, is now a full-fledged butler at Middletown, N. Y. Hookie Jackson, Westport, R. I., knocked out Charlie Eagles of Hartford in the sixth round at Albany . . . . Write this scribe at 1009 Cadillac Street . . . . Johnny McIntyre, Binghamton promoter, travels all over the state in search of talent for his shows . . . . Mac believes in seeing what he is getting before signing the boys on the dotted line . . . . McIntyre, incidentally, is the owner of the Hotel Martine in Binghamton.

Frankie Wallace seems to be slipping . . . . He was knocked out by Leonard Del Genio in New York, and kayoed by Baby Arizmendi in Mexico City . . . . Mickey Barron ran into some hard luck in Manhattan when he forgot to duck and was clipped for the full count of dismal decimals by one—Tin Can Romanelli.

Tommy Bland is on the Coast, where he boxed Gordon Wallace . . . . Tommy's Canadian welterweight title was at stake . . . . Jackie Brady pays the rent on his New Deal gym by staging monthly boxing smokers . . . . The last one drew a crowd of three hundred . . . . Amateur boxing draws fine crowds in Endicott, Johnson City, Cortland, Auburn and Rochester . . . . Primo Carnera begins training at Enna-Jettick Park, Auburn, this month . . . . Syracuse fans never fail to stop at Jack Dempsey's restaurant when in New York City.

Syracuse is the best boxing city upstate, for the fans will turn out in droves if they are given real attractions . . . . Buffalo packs them in, with Big Boy Brackey, young heavyweight ace, and the only box-office draw in the Bison City at this time . . . . Binghamton recently re-opened and got off to a fine start with two well-matched action cards . . . . Rochester has no pro boxing; the amateurs, however, are turning them away . . . . Albany runs weekly shows and draws fair crowds . . . . Utica is in the doldrums with Convention Hall dark at this time . . . . Wrestling is getting a good play there at the old armory.

Babe Risko returned to the home town for the first time since he crashed the limelight and scored a two-round knockout over Benny Levine of Newark, N. J. The former sailor trounced Sammy Slaughter in a one-sided contest at Philadelphia, and engaged in a losing bout at Cleveland with Jimmy Belmont of Braddock, Pa., a fistic upset if there ever was one.

ROCHESTER, N.Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

JULES BAUMAN, the veteran wrestling impresario for the Acme Sporting Club, is packing them in at his weekly shows. Jules is showing some of the best wrestlers in the game at his shows. He is expecting to run outdoor shows during the summer months.

The Acme Sporting Club, holder of the only pro license for boxing and wrestling in this city, claim that they will run a few outdoor boxing shows this summer. That is, if they can get a few good matches, and a good man that knows the racket to make the matches. Jules Bauman, the wrestling promoter, doesn't want any part of boxing.

The only boxing show in Rochester that is running is the Amateurs and they are packing them in every week at the Elks Club.

Al Traino, Rochester's good little lightweight, is going great guns. On February 26, at Syracuse, N.Y., Traino defeated Bad Boy Emmanuel in Syracuse in six rounds, and two weeks later, Traino came back and gave Eddie Dempsey a good licking, having him on the floor twice. The bell saved Dempsey in the third. At the end of the sixth round they called it a draw. Traino is liked in Syracuse and will show on the next card there.

Rochester has a great prospect in Irish Jim Flood, amateur middleweight champ. Flood is one of the best amateur middleweights in the country. He has fought and defeated the best boys around, and is packing them in at Johnson City, N.Y., Endicott, N.Y., Rochester, Jamestown and Buffalo, N.Y. He has had 78 fights in the past three years, and has won all but three of them. Two of them were home-town decisions in out-of-town rings. Jim fights both left and right handed.

At the Elks Amateur Shows the following boys displayed their wares: Joe Birdie stopped Bob Smith in three rounds; Patsy Guerra K.O.'ed Joe Moore in two rounds, Douglas Vanderburg stopped Brud Geyer in three rounds; Sammy Gority defeated Sammy Brown in five rounds and Joe Stephano defeated Jackie Wilson in five rounds.

On March 18, Rochester defeated Williamsport, Pa., boxing team. The following boys showed: Cliff Brone R. defeated Ernie Kahler W. in five rounds. Hughie Smith R. defeated Freddy Wetzer W. in five rounds. Suraky Joneski W. defeated Danny DeJohn, of Syracuse, and Ralph DeJohn defeated Cal McCaslin.

Joe DiGarlo, Rochester welterweight champ, is going great guns in out-of-town rings. Joe finds it hard to get fights in Rochester. Nobody wants any part of this fighting fool.

Jimmy Downs took the run-out powder in Syracuse last month. Jimmy is a fair fighter but his manager, Frank Powerly, doesn't know a thing about managing fighters. He should go back to life-saving and not try to manage fighters.

The following pro fighters are training daily here: Joe Lillich, Chuch Simpson, Bill Fogarty, Tiger Smith, Al Traino, Mike Rago, Sammy Boscairo, John Polino, Johnny Baker, and Izzy (Jigger) Newman.

Tiger Smith, the boy who defeated Bucky Lawless, Eddie Ran, Jackie Brady and others, is training daily, and he is looking real good in his workouts. Tiger has no manager and no contracts with anybody and he is willing to fight for anybody that can get him a fight. Tiger has a good record, and he is a good show man. Tiger can be reached by getting in touch with the writer.

THE RING is on sale on the 5th of each month at Levins and Rickles' newsstand at Clinton and Main Streets.

The writer will gladly answer all mail. Kindly send stamped envelope to 121 N. Union Street.

Binghamton is running semi-monthly pro shows and Jack McIntyre is making the matches. He is packing them in every show.

Auburn is running weekly amateur shows. So is Endicott and Johnson Cities, N.Y. Will see you next month.

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OKLAHOMA NEWS
By "DOC" NIELAN

WITH the professional game at a low ebb, amateur boxing in Oklahoma has experienced a decided revival with strong teams fighting out of Chilocco Indian School, Bacone University, Oklahoma Military Academy, Tulsa, Oklahoma City, Ada, Blackwell, and Choctaw. The state has been divided into four districts, and the district champions and runners-up in each class competed in the state meet, sponsored by G. M. Bryerly and Harry Gilstrap of Oklahoma City.

Billy Prince, flashy, hard-socking flyweight has been the finest prospect to be uncovered in the lighter classes in years, and in his eleven amateur battles has won ten by knockouts, uncovering a wallop that has made him one of the best prospects for the Missouri Valley championship in the forthcoming meet.

Prince defeated Carl Bell for the district championship on a technical kayo after a thrilling battle, and won the finals in the state meet on a default when Bell was unable to compete after defeating Mashino, the hard-hitting Japanese flyweight from O.M.A.

In the welterweight class, Carl Brandt, an iron-fisted lad from Choctaw, waded through all competition to meet Herman Colston of O.M.A. in the finals, and lost a much-disputed decision to Colston after a slam-bang battle. Few of the fans agreed with the decision and the battle was one of the best in the meet. In our estimation Brandt won the second and final rounds, while the first was even. Brandt floored Colston once in the second round, and staggered him several times in the last stanza.

In the first bout of the state meet, Brandt knocked out Jess McNiven of Bacone in the first minute of the first round with his usual battering attack, and in the second bout, won over Wilbur Cannon, Blackwell district champion, after knocking him down six times in three rounds. Brandt will be heard from in the future, and is the ace of the hard-hitting Choctaw team handled by Duke LaMoore, former professional star.

Frank and Pete Cutsinger, two rugged fighters from Perry, showed the Oklahoma City fans their wares this year, and Frank won the state heavyweight championship after a slugging battle with Serg. James Maxwell, last year's champion. Pete lost a decision in the finals to Buddy Scott of O.M.A., although the bout was close and hard-fought.

Otis Maertz, one of Oklahoma's newer professional fight promoters, put on his first show with Clyde Chastain, light-heavyweight star, winning over George Brown of Houston in the main event. Chastain put Brown down for the final count in the sixth round after several knockdowns. The supporting card was starred with knockouts, and the house was fair.

BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS
By C. E. "DOC." MITCHELL

AT Butte—Irish Johnny Stanton, of Minneapolis, took a ten-round decision over Leonard Videtich of Denver. Both weighed 137½. Ralph Hockings, Butte, 127, decisioned Bruce Fisher, 127, Helena, in six; Emmet Sullivan, 169, Butte, kayoed Larry Hughes of Ennis in the third; Billy Sutton, Butte, was K.O'ed by Jimmy Shea, Butte, in four. Harold Heard, Butte, drew with Bobby McKay, Missoula, in four.

At Butte—Hube Dennis, "Bozeman Wild Cat," punched out a twelve-round decision over Irish Johnny Stanton of Minneapolis. Ray Cotes, Butte, took an eight-round decision over Billy Lancaster of Missoula. They are welters. Jimmy McClusker, Bozeman, won from Benny Tropelli, Livingston, in a four-rounder.

At Cody—Billy Hyde was awarded the decision over "Wild Man" Lou Cozzens of Byron, Wyo., on a foul in the seventh. Billy Hardee of Powell decisioned Sam Shilroff, Billings, in six. Paul Hindman, Cody, and Eddie Mack, Billings, battled to a draw in four.

At Bridger—Solly Strecker, Billings, gave Maurice K. O. Hendrix, Fromberg, a shellacking in six rounds. They are junior welters.

At Crow Agency—Kid Topp of Wyola drew with K. O. Dunham, Hardin, in eight rounds of a real slugfest. Dunham substituted for Mexican Paralsas. Young Jack Brooks of Custer drew with Bob Petty of Billings in six.

Belle Fourche, S. D.—Jimmy Kerwan, Miles City, Mont., stopped Jack Harding of Sioux City in the third round of a scheduled eight-round fight. Harding was dropped for three nine-counts before the fight ended.

Baker, Mont.—Jimmy Kerwan decisioned Ethan Carter, both weighing 155, in an eight-round main event. Carter is a C.C.C. worker from Pennsylvania.

Get your ring dope in by the 25th of each month.

At Billings—Billy Vaughn of Torrington, Wyoming, and Babe Daniels of Minneapolis drew in one of the sweetest boxing bouts seen in Billings. Both boys fought from bell to bell. The next best fight was a four-rounder between Harry Hunter of Roundup and Eddy Strecker, Billings. Hunter proved the superior. Jimmy Kerwin received a nod over Rudy Groshell, and Donald Claus got the nod over Chief Gideon.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

WHAT'S wrong with boxing? That's the question you hear wherever fight enthusiasts congregate. The writer blames no one but the promoters and matchmakers for the low ebb of fistic doings around these parts. The shows around this locality are simply not up to the standard as advertised. The writer always maintained that if you give the fans what they want, they'll patronize the fights regardless of the price. However, matchmakers around here will never build up fight talent if they insist on paying four-round fighters six, seven and eight dollars for their services. Counting all the expenses for gym, bandages and the like, the boys have nothing left for their hard work. Let's be fair with the preliminary lads.

Elizabeth—Tony Galento knocked out Larry Johnson (5); Mickey Salem kayoed Andy Teley Mondi (4).

Patterson—Carl Duva beat Tony Lambert (6); Sammy Miller decisioned Bobby Larkin (4); Lew Greenberg knocked out Joe Delanzo (2); Johnny Pilozolla finished Frankie Van (3).

Newark—Buckey Keyes decisioned Georgie Levy (10); Charlie Gordon beat Pete Gulotta (8); Rockey Stone edged out Norman Wolf (6); Joe Pershing kayoed Jim Durkin (4); Joe Delanzo lost to Johnny City (2); Joe Pastore drew George Knipper (4).

Teterboro—Bobby Bruno decisioned Joe Moresco (6); Frankie Martin drew Jesse Townsend (6); Sonny Standt shaded George Hightower (4); Bill Fenter drew Eddie Smith (4); Willie Wright kayoed George Dixon (2).

Patterson—Ernie Ratner beat Mickey Sciortini (6); Baby Mack beat Joe Timpanart (4); Lew Greenberg stopped Ernie Tackett (2); Lenny Mazza drew Angelo Fracasso (4); Champ Seiger drew Paddy Duffy (4).

Lou Lombardi traveled over to Holyoke, where he scored a great triumph over Billy McMahon in a thrilling ten-round bout at the Valley Arena Sporting Club. On the same card Johnny Scibelli, Jim Thure's welter, fought to a six-round draw with Teddy Gauthier.

Patterson—Louie Lepage decisioned Hans Birkie (10); Benny Berman won over Dave Bungy (5); Billy Comiskey beat Sonny Standt (5); Popeye Belmont drew Harry Cambell (5); Billy Devries stopped Frank Confroth (3); Tippy Larkin kayoed Johnny Fiore (2).

Teterboro—Allie Rowan kayoed Paddy Gordon (3); Al Kenny decisioned Mickey Sciortini (6); Herman Ziefle knocked out Vince Gibbons (2); Seabon Ashley kayoed Ronald Rahming (1); Fred Fitzgerald kayoed Paul Henderson (2).

Elizabeth—Nickey Williams knocked out Jose Dodriques (1); Mickey Makar beat Tommy Dell (6).

A great amateur card was presented to the fans by the Pierce A. C. in their club rooms in Jersey City. The star of the show turned out to be Leo Kaljian of the Effert Association. Leo, displaying a dandy left hook and a straight right to the heart, gained possession of his trophy by knocking out Barto Cotuguo in the second in the final of the 135-pound sub-novice class.

If Billy Cheslock does not climb to the top of the ladder within the year, I'll miss my guess. Billy showed true fighting heart in his fight with Irish Jimmy Brady at the Union A. C. in Elizabeth. Taking the initiative from the first round, Billy hooked, jabbed and "uppercut" his way to a decisive six-round decision which featured the show at George Cobb's club. In the semifinal, Marvin Hart decisioned Joe Ferraro in a great six-round bout. Billy Mosca and Willie Lewis fought to another six-round draw on the same bill.

Patterson—Paul Cavalier outpointed Phil Johnson (10); Ben Berman decisioned Steve Ketchel (5).

Newark—Joe Kukal drew Frank Zamoris (8); Willie Lewis stopped Tony Lambert (3); Julie Katz beat Ernie Ratner (6); Mickey Makar won over Charlie Gordon (6); Marvin Hart beat Sam Panico (6).

Plainfield—Mike Frattini won over Ralph Fulton (8); Joe Lynch kayoed Jimmy Phillips (2); Andy Moten stopped Sammy Miller (4); Eddie Capana was kayoed by Young Canzoneri (1); Jack White knocked out Tony Orrico (3).

Lou Lombardi, classy Jersey City lightweight, dropped a close ten-round decision to Frankie Hughes of Washington, D. C., in Holyoke, Mass. Johnny Scibelli and Ritchie Thurer of Union City fought on the same bill, the former losing to Ruby Bradley in a six-rounder, and the latter won over Eddie Gates in a rough sixer.

Newark—Frank Zamoris beat Abie Bain (8); Mookie Goldman drew Roy Frisco (8); Nickey Williams beat Ray Miller (6); Al Nove beat Paul Cortlyn (5); Dom Pascalli stopped Phil Lamott (4); Jess Townsend decisioned Red Allen (4).

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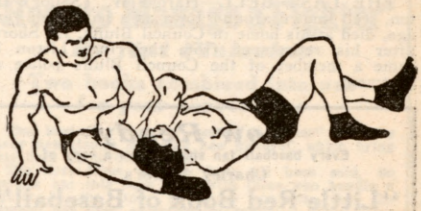

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

THE Riverview outdoor boxing arena will be operated as usual this summer. Mrs. Bess Jones, widow of the late Harry Jones, will supervise all bouts, and has appointed a commission of five well-known Sioux Cityans. The commission will be composed of Joe Gantz, chairman; W. W. ("Wally") Wilson, Syl F. Cusack, Harry Welsh, and A. R. ("Tony") Perasso. Frankie Pasha, who was assistant matchmaker to Mr. Jones for five years, will do the matchmaking. Mr. Pasha has been mixed up with the boxing game for the past fifteen years, and knows the sport from A to Z. He knows fighters and he knows their styles. THE RING magazine extends congratulations.

Hawarden, Ia.—Jack Harding, Sioux City welterweight, and Kid Jobe went eight fast rounds to a draw; Terry Griffith, Sioux City, defeated Billy Clancey of Leeds, Ia., in six rounds; Hartwell Boner lost to Kid Brocco in another sixer.

Onawa, Ia.—Packy MacFarland won by a T.K.O. over Bill Bonnar in three rounds. Speedy Ricco won over Babe Barnes; Guy Clouse won over Paul Randall; Skinny Bryan won over Johnny Ploof; Cappy Wooten and Kid Newman went to a fast draw.

Shenandoah, Ia.—Leonard West won a shade decision over Wes Freemand; Dick Pierson won over Battling Geer; Art McMahon lost to Fred Fike.

THE LAST BELL—Harold W. (Sailor) Liston, well known around Iowa as a boxer ten years ago, died at his home in Council Bluffs, Ia. Shortly after his retirement from the ring, Liston became a member of the Council Bluffs police department.

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Spencer, Ia.—Verne Trickle, hard-punching Albert Lea (Minn.) heavyweight, halted Don Rhymer, classy Sioux City youngster, when he scored a T.K.O. in two rounds. "Socko" Cadwell, Sioux City welter, scored a T.K.O. over Kid Hargraves in five rounds. Killer Kilcoyne, Albert Lea (Minn.) featherweight, won by a T.K.O. over Kid Cramey of Hartley, Ia., in four rounds. George Lorenz beat Scotty Latta; Herb Leighter beat Joe Girris; Kid Hayes eked out a win over Mickey Preston.

Ida Grove, Ia.—Speedy Ricco, Colorado Springs featherweight, halted the winning streak of Packy MacFarland of Onawa, Ia., when he punched out an easy win in six rounds. Cappy Wooten won over Ronnie Tubbs in six rounds; Bob Russell defeated Paul Randall in four; Elmer Jardine beat Shine Burton; Bill Hartgenbush beat Buzz Clowser; Young Burton won over Jack Beigle; Ed Deal beat Junior Piper.

Onawa, Ia.—Burt Woods, Soldier (Ia.) lightweight, and Roy "Kid" Newman, Sioux City, fought six fast rounds to a draw; Cappy Wooten won from Ben Nemoriski; Paul Randall won from Red Klegge; Larry Schannell knocked out Stanley Conway; Grit Schellenberger and Dudie O'Dell fought to a draw; Clipper Dale won over Buddy Thompson.

Creston, Ia.—Al Van Vleet, Orient middleweight, scored a three-round kayo over Jack Smith of Omaha, Nebr. It made eighteen straight wins for Van Vleet. Freddy Penn, Omaha featherweight, and Hymie Spiegel of Lincoln, Nebr., went to a draw in six rounds.

Onawa, Ia.—"Socko" Cadwell, hard-punching Sioux City welter, scored a victory over Jimmy Wooten of Omaha in six rounds; Burt Woods and Chuck Alvis went to a draw; Casey Ingham won from Don Waddell; Young Lehan won from Cyclone Miller; Clipper Dale won from Gordon Rich.

O'Neil, Nebr.—Virgil Ott won over Clarence Selah; Bob Smith defeated Raymond Bausch; Delbert Warner scored over Joe Langdon; Max Wolfe beat Floyd Bellar; Robert Gunn trimmed Charles Herrick; Marvin Van Every beat Vernon Spangler; Clate Bellar beat Robert Clouse.

Pierre, So. Dak.—Eight Golden Gloves champions of South Dakota were crowned in the annual tournament sponsored by the American Legion. Governor Tom Berry presented medals to the winners and runners-up. The results of the finals were as follows: Flyweight—Joe Stahl, Huron, won over Clifford Brammer, Vermillion. Bantamweight—Jack Bickett, Watertown, knocked out Fred Diejensen, Bruce, in the first round. Featherweight—Wilbur Bielke, Sioux Falls, won by a T.K.O. over Bob White, Watertown, in the first round. Lightweight—Keith Gordon, Huron, won over Russell Arneson, Pierre. Middleweight—Warren Grandle, Pierre, won over Bernard Perry, Yankton. Light-heavyweight — Roland Laroche, Flandreau, won over Harry Osibov, Mobridge. Dave Fosse, Vermillion, won the heavyweight title by dropping Paul Kelly, Miller, for the count in the first round.

Rapid City, So. Dak.—Joe Duran, 132, Scottsbluff, Nebr., knocked out Eddie Reynolds of Sioux City, in two rounds; Deal Barnes, Rapid City featherweight, outpointed Baby Joe Creek of Fort Meade in eight rounds.

Hawarden, Ia.—Roy "Kid" Newman, Merrill (Ia.) lightweight, scored an eight-round win over Speedy Clayton of Sioux City in a close fight.

ALONG SIOUX CITY'S GREAT FITEWAY—The meeting spot for the local fistic elite is the Martin Billiard Parlors . . . . managers, fighters, trainers, and others connected with the sport, can be found there daily, and you will always see someone reading THE RING Magazine . . . . The local Y. M. C. A. is where the boys work out . . . . "Pop" Rightmire, father of Sioux City's great featherweight prospect, Young Rightmire, has a number of youngsters under his charge . . . . Andy Dans, veteran manager and boxer, is also training a few prospects . . . . Howard Graack is one of the best gatemen in this section.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS . . . . THE LAST BELL—Thomas Mays, well-known Des Moines boxer, died in Des Moines, Ia., following an eight-week illness . . . . Jimmy Fontanta was the only Golden Gloves boxer from Iowa to reach the semi-finals in the Chicago *Tribune* tournament . . . . Scotty McLean, Davenport (Ia.) lightweight, is going good in Chicago . . . . The best looking prospect around the Tall Corn State is Jackie Burns, a middleweight, who hails from Lone Tree, Ia. . . . He receives our vote this month . . . . He looks good . . . . He is under the management of G. E. Churchill of Lone Tree, Ia.

The Macrae-Cooper Post, V. F. W., will sponsor boxing cards at Clarinda, Ia., this summer . . . . Eldora, Ia., and Armstrong, Ia., are also on the map . . . . Fred Mason is promoting at Carroll, Ia. . . . Mel Rice, local welter, and Lloyd Weaver are back from the Southland . . . . Socko Cadwell, local welter, has decided to move into the middleweight class . . . . A bill creating a state athletic commission was passed by the North Dakota legislature and was signed by acting Governor Walter Welford . . . Under it, amateur and professional boxing will be legalized . . . . The bill to legalize the sport in Iowa was filed in the State Senate by Senator Paul W. Schmidt of Iowa City during the past month.

Boxers and managers wishing to book through a dependable booking agency would do well to get in touch with the Sioux City Boxing Enterprises, c/o Howard Graack, 2205 N. Lafayette Street, Sioux City, Ia. . . . We paid a visit to our friend Tommy McHugh in Kansas City during the past month . . . . Tommy is one grand fellow . . . . Boxers, managers and promoters having news for this column, please mail same by the second of each month, and shoot them to 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa . . . . My next promoters' list will be ready on May 16 . . . . it will contain a list of best spots and other information of value . . . . Will see you later.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

BEAUMONT fight fans were treated to one of the finest exhibitions of how to handle a pair of gloves ever witnessed in the East Texas city when Ralph Sikes clashed with Clifford Babin. The San Antonio boy was on top of Babin all the way and literally punched him full of holes. Sikes showed the best form he has shown in months and won every round by the proverbial country mile.

Kingfish Levinsky proved a big hit in his Texas début, trouncing Babe Hunt at Dallas. It was reported to have been one of the greatest fights ever staged there and played to a large crowd. The "King" not only is a very pleasing fellow in the ring but is also very popular outside it. He is booked to appear in several Texas cities and will probably draw a banner house at Houston.

Dallas seems to have a corner on all the good fights in this locality. George Salvadore and Chief Parris staged a thriller there that will be long remembered. Salvadore was given the decision, but it was so close that a return match is in the making. When those two meet it's like the irresistible force meeting the immovable object, and something just has to happen.

Toots Bashara, classy lightweight from Philadelphia, is in Houston, and made a big hit with the fans when he stopped Mike Battalino. Toots has plenty on the ball and will probably be a big favorite here this summer. A match between him and Tracy Cox or Tony Herrera would be a honey. Incidentally, Toots says that THE RING's article about Lou Ambers last month erroneously carried his name as a knockout victim of the New York boy. It was brother Tommy whom Ambers stopped.

Jimmie Guest, popular Houston promoter, has reopened his big outdoor arena and is doing quite well. Pat Wright, formerly of Louisville, Ky., is the new matchmaker.

The writer's address is Houston Press, Houston, Texas. All correspondence promptly answered, but please enclose stamped envelope.

OTHER RESULTS OVER THE STATE—Ace Dodge beat Bob Williams; Moon Mullens defeated Jimmy Lacoume; Steve Roberts and Frank Mackery drew; George Brown shellacked Charley Montgomery; Wild Bill McDowell beat Joe White, Young Sena and Alis Alvarez; Bobby Murray won over Sammy Alfano; Choc Stewart K.O.'ed Steamboat Lowrey; Johnny Wallace stopped Herman Sorenson and decisioned Joe Mazzagete.

Chief Parris beat Johnny Lindsay; Ace Dodge knocked out Maxie Brown; Jack Kirkland stopped Marlin Owens; Jodie Cason shaded Ernie Epps; Earl Capps beat Louis Hasso but was beaten by Paul Dempsey; Ed Dunaway beat Ray Archie and George Brown; Jim Perry K.O.'ed Frank Ellis and drew with Ray Archie; Harry Benson K.O.'ed Widrow Tidwell; Battling Sam won over James Garrison.

Cullen Williams knocked out Louis Beard; Danny Britt beat Spider Moran; Charley Montgomery drew with Sid Hunter; Jack Hall beat Bobby Ortega; Curtis Mullens decisioned Wildcat Monte; Gene Clark beat Gene Stitsel and K.O.'ed Dago Kid; Louis Hasso beat Spider Moran; Moran drew with Joey Pelle; Battling Sam beat Blue Heaven, drew with Bradis Flowers and lost to Flowers.

Bad Boy Harper beat Johnny Lacaille but was stopped by Louis Beard in a great fight; George Murla, classy bantam from New Orleans, stopped Jimmy Devodi and trounced Johnny Wallace; Adolph Meave lost to Wild Bill McDowell; Santos Hugo and Angelo Musso drew; Jesse Green won from Red Wright; Johnny Lindsay, the most improved fighter in this section, decisioned the veteran Bobby Garcia; Dago Kid K.O.'ed Frank Hall; Louis Hasso and Harry Basquez drew; Lee Broussard beat Charley Pond; Ellis Gallier and Gene Stitsel split a pair of decisions; Lester Ryder K.O.'ed Scott Thomas; Tiger Carter stopped Henry Thomas.

Rough House Glover, negro ace from Florida, gained additional recognition to his fast-attaining pace when he knocked out Tony Zale of Chicago in nine rounds on the last card presented by the Katz's Parkway Club at the Music Hall Arena.

MINNESOTA FLASHES
By CLYDE SMITH

FRANKIE BATTAGLIA, contender for the middleweight crown, eked out a decision over Al Diamond of Paterson, N. J., in ten rounds. Jackie Gibbons scored a kayo over Billy Mack in three rounds. Lee Savoldi lost to Frank Androff; Larry Udell won over Russ Schultz; Barney McLaughlin knocked out the Ace of Spades, Minneapolis Negro, in the second round; Bill Radke and Freddie Atkinson went to a draw. The card was held in the Minneapolis Auditorium.

Other results for the month were as follows: Jack Gibbons scored a sensational victory over Al Diamond and moved up another notch in the light-heavy ranks; Al Ettore of Philadelphia, now living in St. Paul, stopped Art Sykes of Chicago in seven rounds; Russ Schultz scored an unexpected kayo over Barney McLaughlin in five rounds; Ace of Spades won over Johnny Simpson; Harold Siegel won over the Deuce of Spades; Freddie Atkinson beat Caddy Casey; Young Rightmire scored over Paul Lee; Leonard Dixon won by a T.K.O. over Jim Browner in four rounds; Sherald Kennard won the nod over Bill Radke in four rounds; Stan Savoldi put the kayo on Billy Bittner in two rounds.

Breckenridge, Minn.—The Ace of Spades defeated Al Christie in six rounds; Andy Moen won on a foul from George Deck after wrestling for twenty-two minutes. Both men staged a fist fight after the decision.

Grand Forks, No. Dak.—Babe Daniels, Duluth lightweight, defeated Kid Rippatoe in six rounds; Kid Fettig, veteran heavy, upset the dope and scored over Stand Dorgan.

Managers and boxers, please have your notes in my hands by the last of each month and mail same to 746 So. Smith Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Grand Forks, No. Dak.—Max Kalbrenner, Moorhead welter, stopped Danny Walsh again in two rounds; Tommy Neilson dished out a beating to Johnny Baker.

OUR HASH PILE—Curley Ulrich, popular referee in these parts, celebrated his fifty-ninth birthday . . . . Johnny Stanton, that hard-socking lightweight, is a big hit around Butte, Mont. . . . Sammy Levine has put on sixteen pounds since he put the gloves away . . . . Over at Potts' gym, we see Billy Hayes, former Golden Gloves champion, making ready to turn pro . . . . Everyone is wondering how good this Ronnie Malcolm, the Iowa welter, is . . . . according to my dope he is a pretty good boy . . . . Stan Christy has decided to hang up the gloves . . . . Everett Rightmire, the Sioux City featherweight sensation, is certainly a big hit around here . . . . Larry Udell has put the gloves away . . . . Gene Connolly is still going good in Chicago . . . . Jack Hurley has a heck of a time trying to get fights for his lightweight, Babe Daniels . . . . Just too tough, is the cry . . . . Percy Villa, local columnist, knows his fighting news . . . . Sailor Liston, who fought the best around the Middle West, died at home in Council Bluffs, Iowa . . . . He was only twenty-eight years old . . . . George Barton, local sports editor, for the seventh time officiated at the Chicago-New York Golden Gloves meet.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN—Billy Koenig was packing them in on Tuesday and Thursday nights? . . . . Dandy Dillon went to New York under the management of Sammy Goldman? . . . . Fred Fulton was arguing over his contracts? . . . . George Barton refereed the McArthur-Sharkey bout at Sioux City, Ia.? . . . . Murray McLean was keeping Stewart McLean swamped with work? . . . . Johnny Creeley, Omaha manager, found a heavyweight prospect, and he (the heavyweight) went to sleep in the first round? . . . . Tommy Gibbons was getting in shape for his fifteen-round bout with Harry Greb in New York? Gunner Joe Quin was getting in shape for a pile of bouts? . . . . Harry Lennon had Tommy Comisky? . . . . Solly Goldstein with his new chicken shack in the National Hotel Dutch Room? . . . . C. H. Starr, manager of Gordon McKay, Pocatola (Idaho) middleweight, was in town trying to sign bouts for his boys? . . . . Big Bill Steel, the heavyweight champ of Canada, was looking for bouts?

Mike Gibbons dished out a licking to Stock-Yards Tommy Murphy at Peoria, Ill.? . . . . Jack Joseph, Minneapolis lightweight, sued for a divorce from his managers, Benny Haskell and Tommy Russell, and for three hundred dollars damages? . . . . Eddie De Beau had a sprained elbow and injured thumb? . . . . Buddy Logan began making his headquarters in Omaha, Nebr.? . . . . Johnny Tillman was getting set to fight Harvey Thorp at Tulsa, Okla.? . . . . Eddie Reddy and his new billiard parlor? . . . . Labe Safro going to the Coast? . . . . Bill Hart of Bemidji? . . . . Mike Tornado Paulson? . . . . Saph McKenna, St. Paul featherweight, with an offer to fight Harvey Bright? . . . . Frankie Sullivan, known as the Tarzan of the featherweights? . . . . Billy Miske sold his automobile business in St. Paul? . . . . Artie Shiere hanging a kayo on Billy Williams? . . . . and Fred Fulton stated a Minneapolis syndicate handed him ten thousand dollars to sign a four-year contract? . . . . Jock Malone going to Tulsa, Okla., to fight Kid Palmer? . . . . Al Van Ryan checking in a win over Archie Ammons? . . . . Hang around, you old-timers, and we'll see what next month will produce.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

AT Greeley, Colo.—Hank Bath, terrific hitting Fort Morgan farmer boy, rang up another knockout in his string that has reached sixteen now. Benny Yanulivc, Denver light-heavy was the victim. Yanulivc's seconds tossed in the towel in the fifth round of a scheduled ten-round go. Bath had already scored five knockdowns when the fight was halted.

Bath weighed 175 pounds, with Yanulivc scaling eight pounds less.

At San Luis, Colo.—Eddie Trujillo, Denver, and Johnny Johnson of Las Vegas, N. Mex., fought a fast ten-round draw.

At Pueblo, Colo.—In a twin main event card, Ernie Lara, state featherweight champion, was awarded a ten-round decision over Johnny Nichols of Oklahoma City. Both weighed in at 126 pounds.

The other half of the card saw Chuck Reed of Sterling, and Lee Medina of Walsenburg, swap swats for ten heats with honors all even.

At Greeley, Colo.—Tex Wright, Dallas, Texas heavyweight grappler, died shortly after a wrestling match with Ali Yumed, Turk wrestler of Denver. The match, which was a thirty-minute draw, was an unusually clean one, with practically no rough stuff. Wright had returned to his dressing room and had changed to his street clothes when he collapsed.

Coroner Armstrong gave the cause of death as a chronic inflammation of the heart. The Turkish opponent was absolved of any blame.

Wright recently came to Colorado from California, and had made a hit in local wrestling circles. He is survived by a wife and two children.

At Denver, Colo.—John Henry Lewis, Arizona light-heavy, won a very close ten-round decision over Emilio Martinez, Denver Mexican. Though the negro was awarded the decision, most of the fans were of the opinion that Martinez had the edge. Martinez' puzzling southpaw style had Lewis all at sea during the early rounds, but Lewis with a nine-pound weight advantage, finished fast, which no doubt caught the official's eye.

Christy Lewis, John Henry's kid brother, won a close six-round go from Joe Jaramillo of Denver, in the semi-windup. Both weighed in at 151 pounds.

It was one of the best cards staged in Colorado in years, and attracted $4,485 worth of cash customers.

At Cripple Creek, Colo.—Chester Paasche, burly 200-pound miner from Penrose, kayoed Bill McGlothin of Victor in the fifth round of a scheduled ten-round bout.

Young Mecci, Colorado Springs, and Jimmy Redman, Cripple Creek, fought a savage six-round draw in the semi-final. They are welters.

At Laramie, Wyo.—Johnny Nichols of Oklahoma City won a close ten-round decision from Johnny Gardino, veteran Denver battler. Gardino rallied in the late rounds but was unable to overcome the Oklahoman's early rounds lead. Both men weighed 127 pounds.

At Las Vegas, N.M.—Mike Montoya, hard-hitting middleweight of La Veta, Colorado, scored a technical kayo over "Cuban Jack" Allen of El Paso, Texas, in the ninth round of a scheduled ten-round bout. Montoya was master of the negro from the opening gong, and only Allen's gameness carried him along till the ninth.

In the semi-final, Johnny Johnson, superb Las Vegas lightweight, stopped "Kid" Azteca, also of El Paso, in the fourth round of a one-sided bout. Johnson carried far too many guns for the Texas youngster.

At Sterling, Colo.—Eddie Anderson, Colorado state welterweight champion, kayoed Kenny Austin of Grand Island, Neb., in the second round of a scheduled ten-round battle. Anderson had the Nebraska lad on the floor four times before he landed the finisher.

Remember, anyone wanting any fight information concerning this section of the country, can get it by addressing T. W. McNiel, P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colo. But don't forget to enclose a stamp if you expect a reply. I also have a complete and up-to-date list of fight promoters out here that you can have for a thin dime.

A CORRECTION

In answer to Martin Burge's query in the last issue, "How many times did Jim Corbett fight in New Orleans," it was erroneously stated that Corbett fought only once. He fought twice. On February 18, 1890, he beat Jake Kilrain in six rounds and later he beat Sullivan.

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By GENE VINASSA

JOE LOUIS' drawing powers surprised even the most skeptic critics in San Francisco when he attracted a net gate of $9,450 at Dreamland arena. His opponent was the rough, tough Washington, D.C., Reds Barry, and Louis stiffened the Capital City mauler in three heats. The finishing blow was a sharp left hook to the body that even knocked Barry's skipper, "Silent Mushky" Jackson, off his stool in the corner.

Tim McGrath, a keen judge of fighters who has been following the game for over forty years, says the Detroit Negro looked better than Jack Dempsey did in 'Frisco the night he fought 'Gunboat' Smith. Larry White, manager of Young Corbett, claims Louis will stiffen out Primo Carnera in four of five heats while Tomasco Laird, able sports editor of the *S.F. News*, opines that the dusky destroyer is without doubt No. 1 man under Max Baer in the heavyweight ranks.

During their stay in 'Frisco, the Louis party received offers from towns up and down the Coast. Nate Druxman of Seattle, Joe Waterman of Portland, Dave Miller of Tacoma, Ora Forman of Oakland and Lonnie Austin of Spokane, Wash., were all seeking dates for the Negro. John Roxborough and Julian Black, co-handlers of Louis, declared they planned to return to the Coast in three or four months with their star belter.

"Hank" Hankinson, the big Swedish heavyweight member of the Suey Welch stable, packed 'em in at the Stockton, Cal., arena and gave the natives there a big surprise when he flattened Fred Feary, Stockton ring giant, in one minute, with two smashing rights to the jaw. Feary went out like a light.

Suey Welch says, in his humble opinion, the three outstanding trainers of the country are, namely: Jimmy Dunn, Jack Blackburn and "Red" Hetzel.

George Parnassas will soon invade Eastern rings with two good fighters, to wit: Ceferino Garcia, Coast welterweight champion, and a deadly socker; and Milford "Swede" Berglund, middleweight, who kayoed "Babe" Risko when the latter was fighting under the moniker of Sailor Pulaski. Berglund has also defeated Ben Jeby and gave Lou Brouillard a pretty tough evening at Hollywood Legion Stadium in a ten-rounder.

Since the Olympic in Los Angeles reduced its prices to 25 cents for the gallery and $1.10 for the main floor, the attendance has been picking up and the receipts, too. Pablo Dano and Young Tommy did better than $5,000 at those prices. Bill Miller, Olympic press agent, has been working like a Trojan and his efforts have brought results, as well as the clever matchmaking of Dick Donald.

The Dreamland arena has a capable assistant matchmaker and secretary in the person of Johnny Rogers of Lewiston, Maine. The New England Irishman has a pleasant personality and holds forth in his office from 9 A.M. until 10 P.M. Rogers managed "Bing" Conley, rugged middleweight, about twelve years ago.

Lou Brouillard proved during his invasion of the Coast that he is one of the three best middleweights in the world. The Worcester southpaw belted out Oscar Rankins, Jimmy Rivers and "Babe" Marino in a row—all tough babies—and yon a duke over Berglund in a torrid encounter that sold out Hollywood Legion Stadium at 7:30 P.M. More than 1,000 persons were turned away.

RANDOM SHOTS: I'm picking Joe Louis to knock out Carnera inside of six rounds . . . . and IF (and you can use capital letters, Mr. Printer) the dark boy ever gets in the ring with Max Baer a new champion will be crowned . . . . Louis is under-rated, while I believe the champion is over-rated . . . . Al Lang is of the opinion that Louis would flatten Baer in a couple of sessions . . . . Bob Perry, well-known night club owner of Hollywood, and former New Yorker, is one of Louis' biggest boosters and picks him to beat any heavyweight in the country . . . . Ditto Tom Kennedy, former "White hope" heavyweight . . . . George Wilsman of St. Louis is in Los Angeles with Al Stillman, Allen Mathews and Babe Davis . . . . George Parnassas is assisting him in the booking of his scrappers on the Coast . . . . Jerry Pelton has developed two good fighters from the amateur ranks who have been stealing the "pro" shows at the Olympic . . . . they are Wally Hally, Irish featherweight, and Toby Vigil, Mexican feather . . . . don't be surprised to see Pelton back on Broadway with both fighters in another two years . . . . Johnny Forbes, out of Cleveland, has popped up with a sweet 120-pounder named Jackie Treadway . . . . the kid has registered a string of kayoes and is a big card in Southern California . . . . Willie Orner, proprietor of the Main Street gymnasium in Los Angeles, and former Brooklyn fighter, flew up to 'Frisco for the Louis-Barry fight and wagered $250 against $500 Louis would score a K.O. in four heats . . . . Orner is getting a big play at his gymnasium where he has a 75-foot bar and six bartenders on shift all the time.

Buddy Baer came through with a good K.O. win at Oakland, Cal., when he put the crusher over on Frank Connolly in one round. The latter was former Coast amateur heavyweight king and had scored a number of wins in the "pro" ranks. Promoter Ora Forman made a nice profit on the show, which netted $3,586 at a 40-cent gallery.

Willie Meehan is a special copper in 'Frisco . . . . Leo Lomski is a "bouncer" in a night club in the same town . . . . Dan Carroll postcards Johnny Rogers that he will bring Patsy Pirrone, Tony Schucco and Sammy Fuller to the West Coast during June and remain out here for several months . . . . Lonnie Austin is drawing good gates in Spokane, Wash. . . . the former Seattle promoter has a legion of friends along the Coast . . . . his shows average around the $1,500 mark . . . . Johnny Indrisano plans to take out a referee's license . . . . none of the middleweights care to mingle with the cagey Bostonian . . . . he is getting plenty of work in pictures, and, although he is not a Gable or Barrymore, manages to get "bits" that pay him better than $200 weekly . . . . as this was sent in to THE RING, Bill Robinson, famous tap dancer, told the writer he planned to fly back to Gotham for the Louis-Carnera battle.

KANSAS AND VICINITY

By L. R. FORD

NEWTON, Kans.—Winners of the various divisions in the A.A.U. state boxing tournament: Heavyweight, Tuffy Parker; light-heavyweight, Harold Burress; middleweight, Al Locke; welterweight, David Howard; lightweight, Bob Crow; featherweight, Harold Grindell; bantamweight, Lefty Honn; flyweight, Joey Hernandez; colored light-heavyweight, William Ray. Class B—Heavyweight, Ed. Huebner; light-heavyweight, Harold Nichols; middleweight, Clyde Smith; welterweight, Joe McLean; lightweight, Clay Summers; featherweight, Sandy Lawson; bantamweight, Billy Moyer; flyweight, Ned Larrado.

Ft. Scott, Kans.—Jack Kraft defeated Fred Reese in ten hard-fought rounds. Kid Mickey Walker knocked out Homer Kirk in two. Olin Loy and Stubby Bulla drew in six. Dalton Burt beat Spider Umstead in four rounds. Johnny Lockwood promoted the show for the V. F. W.

Manhattan, Kans.—Amateur boxing results: Bud Schildknecht knocked out Meatball Cochran in two; Floyd (Red) Hall beat Jack Running; Earl Hancock beat Al Graland; Leonard Rowland beat Domingo Esperango; Pat Schoenberger knocked out Ralph McAninch in one; Johnny Coke beat Deck DeKeyser; Don Breese beat Vernon Gregory.

Wichita, Kans.—Results of amateur boxing bouts on the big Annual Tractor Show: Eight Chanute boxers participated against a picked field of amateurs from all parts of the state. Amos Livers beat Howard Williams; Jack Shipley knocked out Leo Nutter in one; Billy Fitzgerald knocked out Kenneth Clark in one; Jess Brown beat View Sigler; Everett Ogle beat Marvin Brown; Clay Smith beat Swede Anderson; Bat Childers beat Red McDonald; Curley O'Neal beat Earl Baird; Joe Haymaker beat Delmar Burrows; Spider Deffenbaugh beat Red Young.

Topeka, Kans.—Frank Gilleece, executive secretary of the State Athletic Commission, recently issued a bulletin from the home office to organizations sponsoring boxing, promoters and fight managers, and one to the writer of this column. Mr. Gilleece, here is my opinion: It is a novel idea, gives the news of what is happening over the state—informative fodder for thought, if I may term it that way. Make it a bi-monthly or monthly issue. I make a motion you keep up the good work.

Manhattan, Kans.—Manhattan amateur boxers defeated St. Benedict's, five to one. Ray Pyles knocked out Clarence Frederick in two. W. J. Sherard beat Jack O'Connor. George Garrison beat Alvin Drieling. Russell Madison beat Kid O'Rourke. John Crawley beat Norbert Heim. Charles Briggs beat Ray Lowry.

DICK RUSSELL, formerly associated with Les Showers in promoting amateur boxing tournaments, get in touch with me at once. I have important news for you. Address L. R. Ford, 3½ So. Santa Fe Street, Chanute, Kansas.

Pittsburg, Kans.—Johnny Wagner and Jack Rivers fought ten rounds to a draw. "Wild Bill" Ferns knocked out Clarence White in two. Olin Bryan knocked out Chuck Collins in two. Chuck McMurray and LeRoy Benner fought a four-round draw. The bouts were held at the Shrine Mosque.

Salina, Kans.—Johnny Apt, boxing promoter, is starting his initial fight card of the season in April with a first class pro show. Apt has lined up some of the best boxers in this section for his card, including Breese, Lou Vine, Pug Grubbs, Bobby Hull, Mickey Nolan, Chic Roth, Tony Laredo, and George Heidenrite.

Franklin, Kans.—Emil Nanny of this city is managing a good stable of fighters. His ace is "Wild Cat" Ferns, light-heavy, who is stopping all opponents by the K.O. route. Nanny says he will match this lad against any light-heavy in this section. Olin Bryan, welter, is another comer ready for the best of them.

Ft. Scott, Kans.—Amateur boxing results: Jim Bines beat Bill Jacovitch. Homer Kirk knocked out Tony Morrani in one. Fred McKean beat Leslie Jones. Dalton Burt knocked out Roy Boyd in one. Vern Burt knocked out Dewey Ard in one. James Lacey beat Jack Banta. Charles Williams beat Ellis Bradley. Buddy Jackson knocked out David Bishop in two. Don Beeman beat Lee Murray. Kenneth Austin beat John Brown. Austin Campbell knocked out Wesley Brannum in two rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Neil (Pug) Grubbs and Jimmy Garrison fought ten rounds to a draw in the main event. Roy Donohue knocked out Jack Rymer in two. Jack Menlo shaded Chick Rogers in six. Alonzo Stevens beat Harry Campbell in four. Herman Hughes defeated Deacon Pierce in four rounds.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Clyde Chastain knocked out George Brown in the sixth round of a scheduled ten-round feature bout. George Salvadore knocked out Mickey Mack in one. Danny Britt outpointed Billy Pike in six. Jimmy Lacoume knocked out Hoyt Carr in one round.

Kansas City, Mo.—Joe Ghnouly defeated Eddie Cool in ten rounds. Jack Charvez beat Frankie Lee in eight. Jimmy Garrison outpointed Truman Kennedy in eight. Karl Lautenschlager trimmed Roy Donohue in four. Paul Estrada and Dave Barry drew in eight. Pete Alcanter beat Curly Martin in four rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Amateur boxing results: Tommy Knight beat John Smart; Amos Tiger knocked out Paul Ladd in two; Jack Sykes knocked out Willard Jennings in one; Floyd Green won on a foul in one from Johnny Egan; Joe Osborn beat Walter Jones; Billy Carter beat Lee Leeds; Clyde Greeson beat Harry Cruzan; Paul Osborne beat Freddie Holt; Dan Foley defeated Glenn Thomas.

Manhattan, Kans.—Amateur boxing results: Ross Latimer beat Chic Roth; Don Glover beat Glen Anderson; Marvin Ross beat Joe Wise; Red Perrigo beat Charley Barry; Earl Hancock won an unpopular decision from Victor Murphy; John Coke beat Eddie Dechants.

A New Group

Owing to many requests from wrestling readers of **The Ring**, we have decided to place seven current stars in an extra group and these are now ready at the low price of 7 for $2.00. This added group to our photographs includes **the Irish Free State star, Danno O'Mahoney; the great Indian wrestler, Little Chief Wolf; the Afghan stars, Ghafoor Khan and his brother Ayub; Dr. Henry Fields; Hans Kampfer, the German strong man, and Alphone Bisignano, the leading Italian heavyweight.**

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AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES
By HERB McHUGH

WILLARD BROWN has been breaking much of the fistic spotlight over the last few weeks. His bout with Bobby Wilson will ever be a feature in the "I remember—" list. Entering the ring a nice favorite against Al Lippe's pet puncher, four seconds before the round ended, Willard was the best sample of an unconscious human ever seen, and the fact that he miraculously recovered to eventually win the fight on points, still has local fans walking in circles wondering how he did it.

With the opening stanza nearly over, Brown ran into a short, left hook. It did not seem a particularly hard punch, nevertheless it had sufficient weight behind it to put Willard on the floor. However, he smilingly jumped to his feet at the count of two, but the fact that he dropped both arms to his side, proved that he was badly rattled. Grasping the opportunity, Wilson threw over a right hand that dropped his opponent in a heap, his head resting on the press benches. There was no doubt about it, Brown was out to the world, but the count of four saw the bell bring the round to a close.

Dragging Brown's helpless form to the corner, chief second Sammy Hart worked like a Trojan to bring him back to normal. Just how Sammy did the trick is a matter of conjecture, but the fact remains that Brown walked into the fray again when the bell clanged for the second round. But what a beating he took for the first two minutes. He was down twice, and it looked as if referee Wallis would stop proceedings. And then another bombshell. Brown pulled himself together and set sail into Wilson like a tornado let loose. A clear example of a fighter doing his job through sheer instinct.

Try as he would, Wilson failed to clinch matters during the third and fourth, despite the fact that Brown was yet in a daze. However, from the sixth, Brown's backers were in a position to breathe more freely, and had the satisfaction of seeing Wilson on the receiving end. Repeatedly Brown's right hand crashed on Bobby's chin, and at times it looked as if the "titian" would have a close smell of the resin. Wilson tired to nothing as the fight progressed and he was a happy young man when the final gong belched out.

Naturally, Wilson was very disappointed in losing out when he had Brown so well wrapped up in trouble. It must be said for him that perhaps he was a little overtrained, which can be accounted for by his having been in Sydney over ten weeks waiting for his first fight. No blame could be attached to the promoters here for the delay, as opponents previously selected for Wilson suffered mishaps which brought about postponements.

The value of the six seconds which enabled Brown to free himself from the grip of Morpheus in the Wilson bout can be calculated from the knowledge that his fight with Jack Carroll, two weeks later, attracted over $10,500 worth of customers. It was the biggest roll-up of enthusiasts since the Stribling-Palmer fight.

In the battle with Carroll, however, Brown received the neatest lacing of his career and at the end of the twelfth was forced to cry enough.

After the first five rounds, Willard was never in the picture. Admitted that early on Brown seemed to be handling the Australian champion with confidence, it is just as well to bear in mind that Carroll enters the ring at such long intervals that every fight is really in the nature of a "come-back." But when he really got going in the seventh round he literally cut Brown to pieces. Game as they make 'em, Brown tried desperately to stem the tide, but the further it went the more hopeless his position became. The finish saw him with both eyes cut, nose and lips badly busted, but protesting against the referee's action in stopping the slaughter.

Later in the dressing room when he had thought over things, Brown admitted that Carroll was much too good. "He's the fastest hitter I have ever met." That remark hits the nail on the head. Carroll is not a deadly puncher, but he hits his man so often that his opponent is bewildered, beaten and ready for home about half way through the piece.

Banking on Wilson's qualifications as a hitter extraordinary, matchmaker Lucas has arranged for him to meet Carroll two weeks hence. If Wilson can get through Carroll's defence, he'll become famous in a night, if not, he is likely to get a pasting. Whatever happens, he'll get some money, which can be appreciative balm in these difficult times.

On the matter of big crowds, Sydney Stadium is not the only place packing them in. Leichhardt Stadium was packed to the rafters at the meet of Ambrose Palmer and Pietro Georgi. Only a third the size of the Sydney arena, yet nearly $3,500 was taken at the box office, consequently the suburban people are well out of the mud in the initial expense in bringing Georgi out to this side of the world.

Palmer won on points, as was expected, but Georgi was going pretty well toward the finish and made his marble sufficiently good as to make some of the scribes write that he wasn't far behind at the finish. Palmer was a long way from being at his best. He was anything but sure of himself, his timing being much at fault. With a few more fights under his belt, perhaps Georgi will find the home champion a far more difficult proposition when they clash again. In the meanwhile, Palmer will meet Ron Richards at Leichhardt, with Georgi nursing a slightly damaged optic.

Leichhardt's second importation, Charlie Miller, will meet dapper Mickey Miller, in his debut. This looks a sure case of where Miller can't lose.

On information handed out by the Leichhardt people, it looks as if Leo Kelly and Johnny Pena will shortly be this way. This news should be pleasing to matchmaker George Barnes, who has been doing good work of late.

With Tod Morgan now back home, fight managers should be able to get first-hand knowledge on conditions out here. Very popular here, Morgan returned with a nice bank roll.

Phil Zwick has had two fights in a week. At Sydney Stadium he outpointed Herb Bishop after a gruelling set-to. Phil had the satisfaction of putting Bishop twice on the floor during the thirteenth round, two "hay-making" right-handers being responsible for Bishop's predicament. The other bout took place in Brisbane against Jimmy Purcell, a fast rising youngster with plenty of talent. Zwick, from all accounts, was rather fortunate to get the referee's nod.

Vernon Cormier and Claude Varner are to meet again. Cormier outthought Varner at their last start and should do so again. Cormier, by the way, journeyed to Newcastle, about 100 miles out of Sydney, and took out at the expense of a local rep, Young Eagle.

Still no break in the wrestling at Leichhardt. Tom Lurich continues to attract capacity business. As the bad man of the show, he has his public so intrigued that none can anticipate what he will do next. Nothing doing at Sydney Stadium from the grappler's angle. Harry Mamos and Ali Bey are in Perth. Jack Clarke has returned to Sydney after having campaigned in the West for over two months. His plans are indefinite.

Claude Varner was released for a fight at Parramatta, fifteen miles out of Sydney. He stopped a game youngster, Ray O'Brien, in six rounds. There is nice money at Parramatta and Newcastle, and the opposition is never tough enough to give the N.B.C.'s importations any cause for worry. The Parramatta club is under the control of Freddy Burr, a good ahead fellow, with Jack Cousins looking after the Newcastle show.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

BOXING in the West Indies is beginning to center in Jamaica. During the past months we have had big fight programs, practically once a fortnight, which have included the leading boxers of Cuba, Panama, South America, Mexico, and now we are starting to get them from New York.

Bingo Joe Banovic, the American heavyweight, stopped Jack Hawthorne, our light heavyweight champion, in the seventh round of a scheduled ten-round bout. The American's in-fighting proved too much for Hawthorne.

Charley Perex earned a victory over Syd Brown of Panama in six rounds. Paul Granda drew with Jack Cyclone in six rounds. St. Andrew Pup K.O.ed Young Schmeling in two rounds. Black Bill won from Jamaica Kid.

Thousands of boxing fans witnessed two leading welterweights in their return non-title contest. Kid Silver, the idol of Jamaica, won from Baby de La Paz, the Black Shadow of Cuba, in one of the greatest fights ever offered in the local ring.

Buzz Barton earned the decision over Bill Tate in a very disappointing scrap. Pancho Valdaz lost the decision to Senegalese Kid, a much heavier boy, in six rounds. Pal Silver and St. Andrew Pup fight was declared a draw and the fans expressed their disapproval of the referee's decision. Breezy Boy and Baby Al Brown fought a most thrilling bout, battling to a deadlock.

Baby de la Paz, the sterling Cuban welterweight, has returned to Cuba to visit his family. Bingo Joe Banovic's bout with Young Herrera is expected to be a big affair. Noted American fighters to appear in our local ring soon, are Mel Rice and Keith Weaver.

All correspondence should be addressed to J. Saunders, P.O. Box No. 127, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.

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IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

GUS SONNENBERG, former champion and exponent of the famous football tackle, made a popular hit at the local arena against our best in his brief stay of three months.

Gus defeated Tony Felice, New York Italian, Shunichi Shikuma, jiu-jitsu expert, Freddy Meyers, Professor Higami, and was held to a draw by Oki Shikina in his last appearance.

In defeating his men Gus mainly used his flying tackle to a great advantage. Higami gave a 45-pound advantage to Gus in his match.

Oki Shikina, local boy, is back from Australia. He has been away from the Islands for the past three years.

Einar Lindberg, popular groan artist from the State of Washington, passed away at the Queen's Hospital. Blood poisoning and pneumonia was the cause.

Proceeds from a wrestling show were turned over to Mrs. Lindberg to cover the expenses at the hospital. Wrestlers who performed on the show rendered their services free of charge.

AMATEUR FIGHT RESULTS: Three thousand fans attended. Joe Gushi (Citywide) won from Harry Shiroma (JABC); M. Tsukiyama (J.A.B.C.) beat A. Mederos (Aiea AA); Peter Nishi (JABC) TKO'd Camarillo (Aiea A.A.) second heat; Medeiros (UNat) decisioned Robb (Citywide); A. Frank (Pal) decisioned Ben Inakazu (Citywide); H. Ohye (Nuuanu Y) won from K. Umeda (J.A.B.C.); Mercado (White A.C.) decisioned T. King (Pal B.C.); Siarot Aiea A.A.) won from Eddie Yasui (Citywide); Alex Awo (Pal B.C.) beat T. Miyahira (Citywide); Benny Dawson (Citywide) beat Freddy Yasui (Nuuanu Y); Joe Oliveira, T.K.O.'d S. Nagahara (Waialua Agr.) fourth round; Jimmy Ing (U of H) won by T.K.O. from B. Ahakuelo (Pal B.C.); and Ed. Townsend (unattached) decisioned W. Sylva (St. Patrick's).

AMATEUR RESULTS: One thousand five hundred fans see fight. Harry Shiroma (J-ABC) decisioned J. Lagrimas (Waimanalo); M. Bochan (Pal) beat F. Gampona (Nuuanu Y); K. Honda (Aiea) won from I. Umeda (J-ABC); George Souza (Aia) beat John Akahane (Nuuanu Y); Y. Ishimoto (J-ABC) decisioned B. Mateo (Pal); James (Navy) decisioned A. Arakaki (Aiea); P. Cho (Pal) won M. Takeshita (Aiea); K. Nobori (J-ABC) decisioned J. Lui (Aiea); Y. Nakamura (Pal) won from Charlie Young (White A.C.); Eddie Yasui (Citywide) decisioned A. Samuel (Pal); T. Maruya (Pal) T.K.O.'ed E. Okumoto (J-ABC) fourth round; Leboly (Pal) decisioned S. Kinoshita (J.-ABC); A. Konaaihele (Citywide) decisioned O. Siarot (Aiea); and Jimmy Ing (U of H) won from L. Rego (Citywide.)

HAWAIIAN DEPARTMENT CHAMPIONSHIP RESULTS: "Tiger" Connell and "Iron Man" Roger retained their crowns. Bantam—Connell, 27 Inf., kayoed Wishnelwaki, Honolulu, in one heat; feather—Sordini, 19th Inf., won on foul from Roberto, Shafter, in the second round; junior-lightweight—Williams, 27th Inf., T.K.O.'d Joseph, Fort Kam, in two rounds; Viveros, 8th F.A., decisioned Rundle, Honolulu, a lightweight; junior-welters—Mecredy, 3rd Eng., beat Kraft, Kam; welters—Angelucci, 27th Inf., decisioned Winegar, Shafter; middles—Law, Fort Kam, beat Strozewski, 3rd Eng.; light-heavies—Rogers, Fort Kam, T.K.O.'d Barker, 8th F.A., in two rounds; and Frank, 21st Inf., knocked out Penkunis, Kam, in one heat in the heavyweight division.

The Department championship members and the following group of other members left for China to participate in the boxing tournament. They are: Captain Thomas Henry, 27th Inf., in charge, and his assistant Lieut. Charles W. Gettys, C.A.C. Trainers—1st Sgt. Ed. Smith, 55th C.A.C., Sgt, Cartwright, 27th Inf., and Pvt. 1st Cl Moody, 27th Inf. Boxers—Wisnowski, 55th C.A., bantam; Pepper Martin, 27th Inf., feather; Maguire, 21st Inf., junior-light; Dietz, 19th Inf., light; Kraft, 55th C.A., junior-welter; Huth, 27th Inf., welter; Jaworski, 15th C.A., middle; Bothel, 64th, C.A., light-heavy.

Manuel Calhau's Civic Auditorium is on auction at the price of $65,000 (minimum). So far no one is willing to pay the huge amount.

J. Donavan Flint, local attorney, was appointed chairman of the Territorial Boxing Commission by Governor Joseph B. Poindexter. He once managed Henry Kudo, one-time leading flyweight in the Islands.

Changes in the boxing commission are expected under the new commissioner.

Young Gildo, classy Filipino scrapper, after a successful campaign in the local rings left for the mainland in quest of the featherweight crown now worn by Freddy Miller. Gildo can hold George Hansford, Tommy Paul, Johnny Pena, Baby Arizmendi and the rest of the boys on even terms. He has everything that a fighter should have and undoubtedly the Coast boys will find that out when they meet Gildo.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!
By CONRADO MATA

A TEARING, battering Little Pancho subdued the aspirations of Speed Cabanela, flyweight champion, to the bantamweight title by giving the latter a shellacking. For ten rounds, Pancho made Cabanela look foolish and very crude and the decision of Referee Harry Repetto was not contested by the huge throng present that evening.

Two weeks later, Little Pancho defended his laurels for the second time when he scored over Lew Farber, of New York City, in a ten-rounder at the Rizal Memorial Baseball Stadium before a crowd estimated at 10,000. Jess Cortez, popular ex-mentor of Speedy Dado, promoted the show.

Word arrived in Manila to the effect that Jose Villanueva, outstanding bantam, was refused admittance in Japan for an alleged misconduct committed four years ago during an oriental olympic meet. Detained for two days in the detention house, young Villaneuva, however, was permitted to enter upon the guarantee of S. Sumarakai, Japanese sportsman.

Villanueva, is recognized in some quarters here as the 118-pound titleholder. He successfully defended his crown against S. Otushu, Japanese champion, in a ten-round scrap held in Tokyo. Later, he was held to a draw by Koeki, outstanding Nipponese featherweight.

Speed Cabanela wrested the flyweight honors from Young Santos, Cavite, in the latter's initial defense of it. It was a thrilling, savage set-to, and Cabanela's last round showing caught the eye of the third man who lost no time in awarding the tiff to Francisco Limjengco's charge.

Little Dado, Apeng Cuyugan's great 110-pounder, put a halt to the winning streak of James Eagle, 114 pounds, in the semi-final event to the Cabanela vs. Santos championship affair. Dado danced rings around Eagle and copped seven out of the scheduled ten frames. The round-by-round system of scoring was used by Maneng Eloriaga in this mêlée.

Showing the effects of Dado's hammering, James Eagle fared badly against Fighting Chua Lai, mediocre fighter, in an eight, a month later. Eagle is now in moth-balls, according to his brain-trust, Manuel Montano, which is the wisest thing one could do at the present moment.

Tony Beltran returned into the ring wars, after more than a year of absence, by pounding out a close go from Clever Henry, colored featherweight, in the main preliminary of Jess Cortez' fifth outdoor boxing show.

Boxing is literally booming here with the big crowds attenting Cortez' and Limengco's cards. The provincial stadiums which have been sleeping along with the cobwebs are now operating as in the days of old. Fans in the Islands are getting boxing-minded again. Yes, siree!

In what is dubbed as the best news of the month in local fistiana is the announcement made by Francisco Limjengco that he had taken over the Osmeña Boxing Park in conjunction with Mariano R. Sangle. Limjengco will henceforth act as the promoter while Sangle, who before acted in that capacity, will manage the Park.

Lew Farber proved to Manila fans his worth by hammering a ten-round decision over Cris Pineda at the Baseball Stadium in a benefit show sponsored by the Anti-Tuberculosis Society. Farber showed old-time form when he continually made Pineda look like a sucker in most of the rounds. Farber is scheduled to meet Little Pancho in a return engagement which is expected to draw a capacity house. Farber is under contract to the Eastern Boxing Club.

OTHER FIGHT RESULTS: Joe Eagle won a decision over Cris Pineda to grab the featherweight championship of the Orient; Small Doro held Johnny Mortell to an even Stephen (ten); Rockey Montañez bested Con Cordero and was held to a draw by Tiger Flowers; Clever Henry decisioned Kid Catajan in a six.

HERE AND THERE IN LOCAL FISTIANA: Bayan Rivera, former "prexy" of the powerful Managers' and Boxers' Association, successfully promoted the first Far Eastern Billiard Championship, which K. Kawahara, Japanese cue artist, won . . . . Bebeng Gutierrez is quite a handy man at the Eastern Boxing Club. Bebeng formerly was the right-hand man of Frank Churchill, late manager of the beloved Pancho Villa . . . . Limjengco's relations with the Eastern Boxing Club seems to fall under the heading of "On again, off again, Finnegan."

Rush Binoy and Young Teddy are on their way to Japan. These two scrappers are very recommendable . . . . Joaquin Quintos, boxing enthusiast, along with the writer, took his M. D. degree at the U. of Santo Tomas, oldest "U" under the American flag . . . . Doc Pablo Anido, sportswriter, poet, and physician of note, is doing fine with his lectures in zoology at the U.S.T.

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